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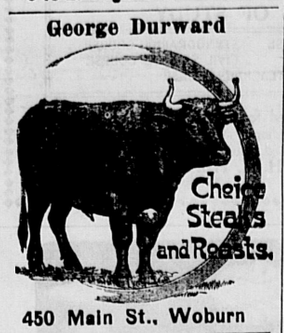
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1906.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m. 2.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.45 a. m., 2.00, 6.00 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.00 a. m. 5.00 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.00, 5.00, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.00 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 6.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
29	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
37	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
49	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kiley Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
312	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
361	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
913	Boggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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Fulton and the Clermont.

The first trip of Robert Fulton up the Hudson river in the Clermont was thus described in the American Citizen of Aug. 17, 1810:

"Mr. Fulton's ingenious Steam Boat, invented with a View to the Navigation of The Mississippi from New Orleans upwards, Sails today from the North River, near the State Prison, to Albany. The Velosity of The Steam Boat is Calculated at four miles an hour. It is said that it will make a progress of two against The Current of The Mississippi, and if so it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the Commerce of the Western States."

According to Edward Hagaman Hall's history, the Clermont made the trip to Albany in thirty-two hours. The state prison referred to stood on the block in New York now bounded by Washington, West Tenth, West and Charles Streets, in old Greenwich village.

Vessels That Failed.

There was a time when it was believed possible to prevent seasickness by means of specially constructed vessels, says the London Chronicle. The Calais-Douvres, a twin ship, was used on the channel service for many years. Great things were expected from this, but she proved a slow boat, and her passengers were by no mans immune from seasickness. Another attempt in this direction was the Castalia, in which the saloon was suspended like a hammock with a view to minimizing the pitching and rolling. This turned out an utter failure. If the rolling was less than in ordinary vessels the pitching was quite as bad and, moreover, the swinging mechanism occasionally stuck. After a very few trips across the channel the Castalia was taken off the service.

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Among People of Culture
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All the Local News, and
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Delivered Promptly.

AN ARCTIC KNIGHT

Story of an Exploring Party

By EDWIN B. ERHART

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Arters ceased biting his nails and rested a long, lean chin in the hollows of his hands.

"I could tell you something that would surprise you," he said, gazing at me across the table.

I stared at him expectantly.

"What?" I monosyllabled.

Arters gloomed meditatively, but showed no disposition to answer.

The girl on the cot flung a pitifully thin arm over her head and moaned and murmured in her sleep.

"Well, what?" I reiterated sharply. The long trip that day across the monotonous, never ending white plain had done little toward improving my temper.

Arters arose to his great height, squared his broad shoulders and tiptoed around the table.

"I am God!" he whispered in my ear.

I saw that I had to do with a madman.

"This is a strange world," continued Arters, a ruminant note in his voice. "Here we are come, you and I, to this forsaken country in a quest for a lost woman explorer and all for a miserable pittance doled out to us by a Chicago newspaper." He brushed an impatient hand across his eyes. "My memory isn't all that it should be," he confessed. "I should have remembered who I was—am—and then this trip would have been unnecessary."

Arters cast a furtive glance toward the cot in the dim corner. "Is she an angel," he murmured querulously, "or Ruth Proctor, the girl we came searching for? I can't seem to remember somehow."

"Both," I answered, and my companion was satisfied.

It seemed years since the Meteor had assigned us, staff reporters at the time, to the hazardous task of finding Ruth Proctor, the intrepid girl explorer, who had set out two years before to find the north pole and was now supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of the ninetieth degree.

The Meteor is not one to stint its embassies. We, the words of Arters to the contrary, fairly reveled in money, and the essentials of the trip were all forthcoming and were of the best. Our boat, the Lost Hope, was a marvel of technical construction, made for this very purpose and for our enterprising journal.

Miss Proctor, the young society woman who had forsworn New York and the callow amusements of her set to do something really worth while, had been conspicuous in the limelight on the eve of her departure and for twelve months thereafter. Now if she was referred to at all in the papers formerly enthusing over her nerve and daring she was given no more than a passing paragraph. Her fame bade fair to be niched with that of her illustrious predecessor, Andre, the fame of—failure.

But the Meteor kept an impatient eye northward, and when the relief expedition came home without her Arters and I were given the word to go in search of the girl.

Arters was the Benjamin J. Arters of much mad scrambling on the part of ambitious dailies that lusted for his efficient services. He was a writer keen of brain and pen and one of the highest salaried fact getters in the world of smudge and cheap paper. No college degree journalist was Arters, but a reporter.

Smith, the managing editor, had said to me, "You are to accompany Arters"—not on account of my stellar position on the staff, understand, but because I had been one of the adventurers in that first rush to the Yukon and knew my north.

Our ship had rare good luck, the ice drift allowing us at the last to come within a quarter mile of the silent Maid of Orleans, Ruth Proctor's boat. Of course it was deserted. The log book was gone. We had no way of telling whether the crew had returned to the trail after the original first rush toward the pole or perished of cold.

With four Eskimos, dogs and sledges we began the tail of our trip. Our route in all probability was the same as that of Ruth Proctor's party.

Eskimos are peculiar humans. Our men seemed perfectly contented, but one morning we crawled out of our sleeping bags to find them gone. They had taken with them our fastest dogs, two sledges and a large supply of our provisions. Wisely we decided not to pursue.

Fate must have planned our expedition with an eye for the melodramatic. At any rate, when we found the fur clad maid explorer she was alone, seemingly deserted by everybody and half crazed and sick. She had food, but in order to make this last she had been slowly starving herself to death. She was moving toward the pole! I fell in love with her straightway, and I guess Arters did.

Ruth Proctor was a witching thing despite her ugly, shape destroying skins, and the hunger and snow fever had made her dainty face but that much more pathetically beautiful. Despite her stern resolve to find the pole and the self reliance of her, she was a most feminine person.

We turned back. The girl, now that the incentive for keeping up was partially removed, grew seriously ill, and after nine days on the back track we came across a deserted shanty that had been a vantage point on our poleward trip and prepared to stay there until she was some recovered. We knew nothing of her struggle nor why we had found her alone. Her mind was gone temporarily.

I was worried, and had been for some time, about Arters. His gaunt face had metamorphosed into a pinched, weird caricature of its former leanness, and if I spoke to him suddenly he started curiously nor deigned an answer. Occasionally he broke out into a babble of meaningless sounds apropos of nothing whatever in our arctic world. He would sometimes catch himself at this and flush shamefacedly.

Arters was now again back in the rickety chair across the table from me, mumbling incoherently and with his great knotted hands clinching and unclinching restlessly.

This deserted shack, erected by some forgotten voyager who, Providence knows how, had got timber enough together for that same purpose, was the point of our first food cache. We had now eaten down to almost the last of our pemmican. Tomorrow we would dig up our treasure, enough to last us until we reached not too distant civilization.

Arters suddenly ceased his mad jumble of words. He pillowed his head on his arms and slept. I yawned, and, despite my resolve to stay awake and guard my mad comrade, the rhythmic breathing of the two sleepers lulled me to an unconscious condition.

I was awakened by a gentle shake of the arm. The frightened eyes of Ruth Proctor stared into mine. All illness seemed to have vanished from her.

"He is dead," she gasped and pointed an eloquent finger at the still form opposite me.

An investigative hand touching the iced flesh of him testified to the truth of this.

With infinite tact Miss Proctor came forward and placed a soft little hand in my own. "I will be little bother to you," she said simply. "The snow sickness has left me. What—what shall we do with"— The tears sprang from the black depths of her eyes, and she turned her head away, unable to complete the sentence.

"We must leave him here," I answered. "We have only one sled, you know. Later I will return for him."

"To think," came brokenly from the lips of the maid explorer, "that he gave up his life in his effort to save mine." Woman-like, she cradled her pretty face in her arms and abandoned herself to her grief.

It devolved upon me to still the wail in my own heart and be practical.

"Don't," I whispered, so close to her that I felt her fragrant breath brush my cheek as she raised pathetic eyes to me. "What is done cannot be undone."

In what would be the morning in the United States I went forth and dug for our reserve food supply and—dug in vain! Some vandal had pirated it during our absence.

With a heavy heart I returned to the shack. The girl stared interrogatively at my empty hands.

"Looted," I ventured briefly. What good for me to put off the truth? Eventually she would have to know.

"I am sorry for your sake," she answered, and again an inexplicable look came into her eyes.

"We must go at once," I warned. "We have only enough provisions for about two days."

After a meager meal I hitched the dogs (Arters had long since been laid at rest) and went back for the girl, who was donning her heavy arctic coat and mittens. A noise caused me to leap to the door of the hut just in time to see my huskies, mad, lithe streaks of gray, speeding across the snow in pursuit of that rara avis, an arctic hare.

Yelping excitedly, they refused to respond to my cries—in fact, it is doubtful if they heard me. With a heavy heart I remembered that everything was packed in the sledge.

I turned despairingly. The dogs were gone. They might return; more likely they would not. The arctic husky—more wolf than dog—is an unknown quantity.

In the open door, as I raised my eyes, I saw the girl. I knew from the pallor of her face that she had seen all, but I attempted a brave smile.

"They will return," I spoke reassuringly.

"Perhaps," she said softly. "I know them and their ways, you must remember." She smiled at me bravely.

Suddenly my arms were about her. I know not how it happened.

"My love," I said passionately, "must we die here just when we have found each other?" At last I had fathomed the secret in the eyes of her.

"Dearest," she said, looking up at last from my shoulder, "you will never know the snow as I do. Search again for your supplies. I have a belief—I can't tell why—that you will find them."

I looked. Sure enough, they were not two feet from where I had hunted.

Luck now cloyed us with her favors. That night the dogs came whining to the door, and—oh, marvel!—the sledge, though overturned, was with them.

"Ruth," I philosophized, "some good came out of it, for I am sure had the dogs not run away I would not have had the courage to speak."

And the lips of her came close—closer!

* * * * * * *

The trip was done in safety. The maid explorer was given over to my ship—a maid no longer, however, but, thanks to a venturing, gold hunting clergyman, my wife.

A Similarity.

"He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starvem, "and they say he rose from nothing."

"Well, well!" remarked Mr. Border. "That's just what I rose from—at the breakfast table this morning."

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EXPLODING A THEORY.

The Practical Method Adopted by a French Scientist.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the French Academy of Sciences offered to give a prize to the first person who would solve the following problem: If you take a vase full of water and put a stone or any similar body in it the water will flow over. If, however, you put into it a fish, the volume of which is equal to that of the stone, it will not flow over. Explain this phenomenon.

Learned essays on the subject poured in from all quarters, but the problem was not satisfactorily solved in any of them, and consequently the prize was not awarded.

In the following year the same question was again propounded, and for five years answers continued to pour in to the academy. Then it suddenly occurred to one of the academicians that, after all, the problem might be incapable of solution, and he determined to make a test for himself.

Filling a vase with water, he put a stone into it and saw that the water flowed over. Then he took out the stone, filled the vase again with water and put into it a fish, the volume of which was the same as that of the stone, and saw, to his surprise, that the water again flowed over.

He told the academy of his discovery, and the result was that the offer of a prize was at once withdrawn.

LONDON CABBIES.

And the Lost and Found Department and Scotland Yard.

"That lost and found property department at Scotland Yard is one of the best things they have in London," said a woman who has spent much time in England. "Last summer I had experience with it.

"I fell into a sort of habit of losing things. First it was a valuable umbrella. I did not miss it until I got to my hotel after an after theater supper. The next morning I made my husband take me to the theater and the two restaurants where we had been the night before, but without result.

"Then an American friend suggested Scotland Yard. I went there, and there it was. It had been turned in by a cab driver.

"Twice afterward I lost that umbrella and got it back in the same fashion, each time leaving as a reward for the cab driver a per cent of the value of the umbrella, as required. Then one night I lost a fine pair of opera glasses, and I got them back.

"It is an excellent system the police over there have of encouraging honesty. A cab driver who finds anything in his vehicle is required to turn it in, and he knows that if the owner claims it he will be rewarded."—Exchange.

An Old Welsh Custom.

The kindling of bonfires on hills is the simplest of celebrations at any time. The Druids made four great fires at their festivals in February, May, August and November. Wales seems to have been a country especially tenacious of this custom. Each family used to make its own fire, and as it was dying out each member would throw a white stone into it, the stones being marked for future identification. Then all said their prayers and went to bed, and in the morning they tried to find all the stones again. If any stone was missing it betokened that the owner of it would die within a year. Some superstitions are pretty and picturesque and attractive. This was one of the many which were cruel as well as picturesque. It would take but a slight accident to cause a fright that might be actually dangerous to a superstitious person, and it would not be hard for an enemy of such a person to cause that fright by stealing his stone from the fire.

A Roman Dinner.

A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes we may instance the guinea hen, pheasant, nightingale and the thrush as birds most in repute. The Roman gormands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for 50 denarii, the denarius being equal to about eightpence halfpenny of English money.—Chambers' Journal.

Saved by His Wits.

The Duke of Wellington once met by accident an officer in a state of inebriety.

"Look here, sir," said the Iron Duke, "What would you do if you met one of your men in the condition in which I find you?"

The officer drew himself up, gave the military salute and replied with great gravity, "I would not condescend to speak to the brute." His wit saved him his commission.

Correct.

Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children," she added by way of illustration, "and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunates who asked my aid I'd be a"—

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cinch!" shouted Tommy.—New York Weekly.

BLUFFED AND WON

A Dramatic Incident of the Fateful Hundred Days.

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S COUPS.

The Way of the Great Military Genius Overcame the First Opposition He Encountered on the March to Paris After His Return From Elba.

A striking incident in the career of Napoleon is described by Camille Cocuaud in his book, "Le Retour de l'Isle d'Elbe" ("The Return From the Island of Elba"). It describes how he met the first opposition offered to his march to Paris after his escape from Elba:

"Meanwhile Napoleon had traveled by the Alps to Dauphine, advancing into the interior of the country. Having received information on Sunday, the 4th of March, the prefect of l'Isere had immediately, in concert with the military authority, taken measures to deal with the startling situation. A detachment composed of a battalion of the Fifth regiment of the line and two companies of engineers was dispatched to prevent the further advance of the emperor.

"The meeting between this detachment and the little troop from the isle of Elba took place on the 7th of March near Vizille, but not before the peasants had had time to hasten to inform Napoleon of the antagonistic disposition of the officers commanding the troops which had been sent from Grenoble. In order to avoid the shedding of blood the emperor ordered Cambronne, who was accompanied by a small escort, to enter into treaty with the cocardes blanches (white cockades). Cambronne found the detachment ranged in order of battle. The commanding officer refused to enter into communication, and the soldiers remained silent and gloomy.

"Napoleon immediately took his share in the proceedings. He gave the order to his grenadiers to put their rifles under their arms, in order to give proof of their pacific dispositions. Then he advanced alone, while some of his friends cried to the soldiers of the line:

"'Friends, do not fire! There is the emperor, who wishes to speak to you.'

"Napoleon now found himself about thirty meters from the Grenoble detachment. He dismounted and, his arms crossed on his breast, remained standing in the middle of the road.

"'Soldiers of the Fifth,' he said in a loud tone—'soldiers of the Fifth, do you recognize me?'

"'Yes, yes!' they all replied.

"Then Napoleon, throwing open his gray cloak with a dramatic gesture and pointing to his breast with his hands, replied:

"'If there is one among you who wishes to kill his general, his emperor, he can do it. Here I am!'

"The response was unanimous, sublime: 'Long live the emperor! Long live the emperor!'

"Breaking the ranks, their shakos at the ends of the swords or on the bayonets, the soldiers of the Fifth, to whom were joined the engineers, ran toward Napoleon, surrounded him, embraced him, kissed his hands, called him their preserver, their father, their general, their emperor. Finally the two detachments mingled together and became consolidated. Napoleon then had 2,000 men with whom to march on to Grenoble.

"They took the road, and it was a triumphal march. The people of the district came to meet the column, acclaiming Napoleon as the liberator of the nation and as the living incarnation of the revolution.

"The peasants wept with joy. At this sight the emperor, turning toward his officers, Droudt and Bertrand, said to them:

"'Everything is now in good order. Within ten days we shall be at the Tuileries!'"

Song of the Flame.

Fire can be made to sing. A writer says: "Take a lighted candle and blow gently against the flame. You will hear a peculiar fluttering sound. The fluttering sound is fire's first attempts at music. Instead of the unsteady breath of our lips let us employ the steady blast of a blowpipe. Instead of the pale and flickering light of a candle let us use the bright and ardent glare of a chemist's lamp. When you have a lamp and blowpipe you can make fire sing in earnest."

An Evident Success.

"So you have a position as stenographer. I hope you will succeed in making yourself indispensable to your employer."

"I think I have, auntie. We are to be married next month."—Pittsburg Post.

Lucky.

"Noah must have felt lucky when he landed after his long sail."

"Yes," replied the New York importer. "Think of a man landing all that cargo without a customs official to say a word!"—Washington Star.

Just What He Wanted.

"Is your suburb wholesome?"

"No, old chap, it ain't. My wife lost her voice as soon as we moved out here, and"—

"What's the price of the lot next to yours?"—Cleveland Leader.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade.—Emerson.

A Legal View.

"The Bible says that no man can serve two masters."

"Yes. That's probably the first law against bigamy ever put down."—Cleveland Leader.

Curious.

Isn't it curious that when it is one minute after 8 o'clock it is past 8, when it is thirty minutes after it is only half past 8?

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1910.

WOBURN'S POPULATION.

A couple or 3 weeks ago, when discouraging on the present condition and future prospects of Woburn the JOURNAL predicted that the Federal Census of 1910 would show that this city had more than held its own during the last decade in point of population, and the official reports received a few days ago from the Census Bureau prove the correctness of what we said.

In 1900 the number of inhabitants in Woburn was 14,254; in 1910 it is 15,308, showing a gain of 1,054, a fair percent under any circumstances, and a remarkable one considering the business handicaps the city has had to contend with during that period. Instead of a gain many people believed the Census report would disclose a falling off in Woburn's population, and, of course, they were pleasantly disappointed.

Evidently the tide has turned in favor of this town, and from now on, for years, there may be confidently expected a large, steady, solid increase in its population, business, wealth, and general prosperity.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, yesterday, and the following ticket nominated:

Governor—Eben S. Draper of Hopedale.
Lieutenant Governor—Louis A. Frothingham of Boston.
Secretary of State—William M. Olin of Boston.
Treasurer and Receiver General—Gen. Elmer A. Stephens of Somerville.
Attorney General—James M. Swift of Fall River.
Auditor—Henry E. Turner of Malden.

A sound Republican platform was adopted, with no Roosevelt, or his "National Party," in it.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Middlesex Republican Convention was held at Lowell last Wednesday, Oct. 5. The following nominations were made: Sheriff, John R. Fairbairn for five years; Commissioners, Charles H. Richardson of Lowell for 3 years, and Chester B. Williams of Wayland, 2 years. Associate County Commissioners, Edward Everett Thompson of Woburn and Francis A. Patch of Littleton, each for 3 years.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican Party of Massachusetts held their State convention in Boston yesterday, Oct. 6, when and where the present official incumbents were renominated, of course.

Choice of candidates would seem to offer an excellent opportunity for the application of the doctrine of "Direct Nomiations"—to give the masses a chance to be heard and felt in the selections of their public servants.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

The 6th Senatorial District Republican Convention was held at Winchester on Oct. 4. Ralph C. Joslin was Chairman and C. Bertrand Strout, Secretary.

The vote stood: Brown of Medford, 27; Crosby of Arlington 11; Jones of Stoneham 9.

☞ On next Tuesday, Oct. 11, Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., former pastor of the Woburn First Congregational church, is to deliver "A Message from Hawaii" at the Centenary celebration of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 11-14, A.D. 1910, his being one of the opening addresses of the convention. Rev. Dr. Scudder is pastor of a church at Honolulu, the largest in the Hawaiian Islands, to which he and Mrs. Scudder are returning from an all summer tour of Europe, which they keenly enjoyed. He will occupy the pulpit so ably and satisfactorily filled by him for several years on Sunday morning, Oct. 16, by invitation of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Norton, and many members of the church and parish That the meetinghouse will be filled that day goes without saying.

☞ Captain John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, Past Commander of Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, was an honored guest of the Phalanx, of which he was a member immediately after the Civil War, at the celebration of their 75th birthday anniversary last Monday. He has been away from here 30 years, but has always kept in close touch with the old burg that was so long his pleasant home.

☞ It seems queer that the Republican Club of Massachusetts, which is supposed to represent the quintessence of Republicanism, should invite Col. Roosevelt to come to Boston and make a political speech.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republicans of the Eighth Congressional District will hold a convention to renominate Samuel W. McCall in Citizens Hall, Gilman Square, Somerville, on Tuesday, Oct. 11.

MANSFIELD WON.

At the Democratic convention in Boston yesterday F. W. Mansfield was nominated for Governor.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
N. E. Tel.—State Department.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.
City of Woburn—Registrars of Voters.

— The bowling season opened this week all along the line.

— The uncommonly heavy wind last Saturday blew bushels of apples from trees hereabouts.

— Woburn Catholics will be largely represented in the Columbus Day parade in Boston on Oct. 12.

— H. S. Class '12 are to be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett next Thursday, Oct 13.

— Superintendent Spencer and his men have been putting a new watermain into Bennett street of late.

— Willis Varney went down to Rochester, N. H., has old stamping-ground, to attend the Fair there last week.

— Mrs. Sallie Phinney and Mr. Percy Lewis are important factors, or promoters, in the Woburn Choral Society.

— The U. S. Weather prognosticator told us it would be warm and muggy last Tuesday and, for a wonder, it was.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are preparing for their annual entertainment to be given on Oct. 28.

— As has been their habit in years past, a great many Woburn people are attending the Brockton Fair and Cattleshow this week.

— The Sunny Circle of the King's Daughters of the First Congregational church are to meet with Mrs. C. H. Jaquith, 72 High street, at 7.30 this evening.

— George Reed, Dana Hubbard, Carlton Dean, Ralph Moreland and James Murray of the Woburn High School won prizes at the Wakefield Fair last Saturday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Bertran Strout have returned from a summer and autumn residence at the seashore and are settled for the winter at their home on Montvale avenue.

— If they will persist in closing their stores when they should be open for business, the merchants of Woburn ought not to complain if people go to Boston to buy goods.

— A call from Editor John L. Parker of the Lynn *Item* last Monday was appreciated by the JOURNAL, who hopes for "many returns of the same," as they say at Yuletide.

— George Miller was seriously hurt at the Phalanx shoot at Brookside Range on Monday by a stray ball hitting a rock. Dr. Lane sent the young man to the Choate Hospital.

— The Southend kids complain that the older boys don't give them a square deal on the city playground down there. Com. Kelley should see that fair play is given the smallfry.

— Last week Mr. Eaton, former Principal of the Eaton Boys' School, and Mary Peet, both formerly of Norridgewock, Maine, visited Major Hall here, also a native of that old town.

— The public schools in this city are to close on Columbus Day, Oct. 12. By and by, if we keep on in this way, it will be nothing but holidays, closings and outings—fun, instead of work.

— Dr. Norton's theme at the First Church next Sunday morning will be "The Flowing Fountains and the Dreadful Dearth." In the evening he will speak about "A Religion for the Present."

— Next Monday the evening school opens in the Hanson schoolhouse. In teachers, studies, duration, etc., it is expected to be a close repetition of the 1909-10 term. It is a useful educational institution.

— The A. A. home football games are to be played on the High school grounds, instead of Library Park, as first proposed. Serious objections to the latter grounds induced the A. As. to decide in favor of the H. S. field.

— The other day Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout entertained at their Montvale avenue home, Dr. Joseph Lombard of Brunswick, Maine, who, although 78 years of age, practices his profession as regularly and vigorously as a man of 50 years.

— Are the Woburn Nimrods picking their flints and otherwise getting ready for the moose, deer, caribou and partridge shooting down in the Pine Tree State? The season opened last Saturday, Oct. 1, and the rush of hunters will set in about Oct. 15.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hood left here last Tuesday for Rockford, Illinois, their former home, where possibly they may settle down and live the remainder of their days, which the JOURNAL hopes may be many and happy. They had lived at 23 Pleasant street, this city, 14 years.

— Joseph Maguire and John O'Brien, Woburn P. O. letter carriers, were among the first appointments to the post 22 years ago, and are the only two of the original appointees who remain at the work. They must be good public servants, or else they wouldn't have been letter carriers 22 years continuously.

—Columbus Day comes next Wednesday, Oct. 12, so named in honor of the K. of C., a Catholic Order, and the great parade in Boston that day will be materially increased in size by the addition of several hundred volunteers from Woburn. The Holy Name Society of St. Charles church will march with full ranks.

— Miss Annie A. J. Larkin, Principal of the Morse school, has resigned.

—Mr. B. A. Tripp, the undertaker, attended the Brockton Fair last Wednesday.

— Thompson & Spear of 30 Oliver street, Boston, have received the plumbing and piping contract to be installed in the Federal Building.

— The last mosquito of the season made his farewell visit to Callahan's Crossing at 11 P. M., Sept. 30, 1910. And the people all said "Good riddance to bad rubbage."

— Our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Charles Sturtevant of Haverhill, formerly a respected resident of Woburn, made his annual call at the JOURNAL establishment last Wednesday. We were glad to see him well and hearty.

— Next November's State election will give Hon. E. E. Thompson his 35th consecutive victory at the polls for the office of Associate Commissioner for Middlesex County. He ought to know something about the business by this time.

—Dr. Harry G. Wyer, son of Postmaster E. F. Wyer, came all the way from St. Louis, Missouri, his home, to attend the Phalanx celebration. He was formerly a member of the Company. The military spirit seems to pervade the whole Wyer family.

— Well, if last Wednesday wasn't a hot one we woun't say so. At 1 P. M. that day reliable thermometers reported 87 degrees in the shade at Callahan's Crossing on Church Avenue, and probably there were localities in this city where the temperature was full 90 degrees. A scorcher!

— The JOURNAL's porringer has been well supplied with choice fruit this week. First, Mrs. James McGovern fetched up a basket of delicious Sheldon pears; then openfisted Angelo Crovo, the leading fruiterer of this city, sent a messenger with a big load of peaches and grapes; and then—well, never mind the rest of them.

— The good friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bulfinch who gave that worthy couple a handsome sendoff on the eve of their departure for Rutland for a permanent home last week, bought the fine silverware presented to them at the popular jewelry establishment of Smith & Varney, this city. They got honest goods and saved money by so doing. Smith & Varney are square dealers.

— Just 28 years ago a bright young girl came to the JOURNAL office to learn the art of typesetting. She mastered it, and remained several years at the case. Last Monday, Oct. 3, her daughter, also, a bright young girl, came to the same case in the same office for the same purpose and found the same Editor and Foreman that her mother found there 28 years before. Another such a record it would not be easy to scare up.

— Miss Grace Heartz of Bennett street, this city, Assistant Preceptor of Wolfboro, N. H., Academy, left Saturday to visit her parents over Sunday, just in season to escape the tornado there that afternoon. It took big gangs of men all day Sunday to clear up and remove the fallen trees and other effects of the great blow, which played the deuce with shipping in Casco Bay, too; but we haven't heard that Frank Nichols's Littlejohns Island was damaged by it.

—The Wyman Family Association, of which Miss Lottie Wyman of this city is Secretary, held their annual reunion last Wednesday afternoon. There were a dinner and addresses at the old Francis Wyman house in Burlington owned by the Association. Seth Wyman, an ancestor, killed Chief Paugus of the Pequawket tribe of Indians, at Lovewell's Fight, on May 8, 1725, in Oxford county, Maine.

— If you go to the store after milk for the baby or household, the dealer will make you take a bottle of it, for which he will charge 15 cents, and if you return the glass bottle he will pay you back 6 cents, and if you don't return it the milk will cost you 15 cents a quart. You can't send a dish by one of the young ones and get what milk you want in that way, but must take a whole bottleful, pay for bottle and contents, and get a rebate, if you are lucky. The law says the cowbarns must be whitewashed; the cows clean-bedded; the milk pasteurized; the bottles freed of microbes; and the consumer foot the bills.

— The W. C. T. U. wish to thank all the kind friends who have so generously aided the flower mission during the summer. We thank sincerely both those who have come to the church to help in the work, and those who have sent their flowers. We thank also the merchants who have supplied us with boxes for the shipment of the flowers. In all 3,184 bouquets have been sent to our headquarters in Boston from whence they have been distributed to hospitals, homes for children and aged people, to the sick shutins of the tenements to mission Sunday Schools and many other places. They have brought great cheer and comfort to those who have received them, and are greatly appreciated.—X.

— Last week Mr. George Buchanan of 10 Bennett street, Woburn, had his likeness taken and published in Arthur Fowle's newspaper, the Boston *Globe*. In doing so he violated an important article of the constitution of an organization in this city known as "The Sons of '24," of which he is the honored President, Amariah V. Haynes Secretary, and Marcus Eaton Treasurer, which prohibits such exhibitions of vanity by members of that noble Order. Mr. Buchanan went down to Amesbury, his former and still fondly cherished home, to celebrate the 65th anniversary of his initiation into the mysteries of Oddfellowship, and as there was to be a muster and parade of the Union Engine Company, which he helped to organize in 1851, being strongly urged to do so, he remained over to see and enjoy the fun. It was a clearly defined case of Ruling Passion and soforth, mentioned by Alexander Pope, an eminent English Poet who flourished between 1688 and 1744, in his "Essay on Man," therefore the club do not feel like pressing this, evidently thoughtless, case of malfeasance in office against their venerable and highly esteemed President.

COMFORT and PROTECTION

Sleepless Woman Scares Burglars

Mrs. Emery Turns Electric Switch "for Company," and Safe Workers Flee.

The power of (Electric) light as a discourager of crime was given impromptu demonstration in East Somerville early yesterday, when two safe blowers were frightened from the office of the George A. Emery Company when Mrs. Emery snapped a switch in the Emery house, adjoining, which turned on the lights throughout the premises.—*Boston Daily Papers*, Monday, Oct. 3-10.

ALWAYS ON GUARD
Ask Us About It
Phone Oxford 3300

EDISON LIGHT

The Edison Electric Illumi'ng Co.

39 Boylston St., BOSTON

— This, Oct. 7, is one of hottest mornings of the present year.

— The Woburn Choral Society resumed work with a rehearsal in Concert Hall last Monday evening under the direction of Mr J. W. Calderwood. They promised to give good music this season.

— Special Evangelistic services will be held by the local Methodist Episcopal church, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week. Rev. John R. Chaffee of Winchester will assist, preaching each night.

— Last Wednesday was the hottest Oct. 5 in this section of country that the U. S. Weather Bureau has ever recorded. One woman reported to the JOURNAL that in her sittingroom not far from the Common it was 90 degrees, and there were others. A high wind made it just a little more comfortable on Thursday, Oct. 6.

— If the Massachusetts Legislature keep on making laws against them, it won't be long before the poor microbes and germs, and innocent creatures of that sort, will be unable to find rest for the soles of their feet. They have been legislated out of milk, and last Monday the law prohibiting the use of drinkingcups at public fountains, wells, in halls, on railroad trains, and some other places, went into effect; and the question comes up, what will the Massachusetts General Court tackle next?

— Will Miss Marion Taylor of 23 Pleasant street please accept the thanks which the JOURNAL extends to her in large measure for a generous mess of Scarboro (Me.) clams of the Spurwink River brand kindly presented by her a few days since and which made a fine appetizing dinner for a grateful family? Ever since Sir Fernando Gorges discovered the fair Maine Coast, a date coeval with the founding of the *Eastern Argus*, a newspaper generally known by the name of the "Scarboro Bible," in Falmouth by a man named Adams, who, for some inconceivable reason a mysterious Providence had permitted to escape the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the hostile Norridgewock, Cushnoc, Ticonic and Penobscot tribes of Indians, the Scarboro clam has enjoyed the enviable reputation of being the finest and most toothsome of any elsewhere raised. Old Wells, clams, on which the author of this item was brought up, are bulkier, but not so sweet as the Scarboro variety. They possess qualities more filling and staying than their rivals; but the fame of the latter is based on their exceptional sweetness and fat, and they are as popular today as they ever were.

United States Post Office.

By direction of the Post Office Department, the attention of patrons of this Office is invited to the advantages of providing facilities for the receipt of their mail by erecting conveniently accessible boxes or cutting suitable slots in their doors. Such action would enable the postmaster to give a prompter and better delivery service with the means at his disposal, since the carriers can cover much more territory in less time if not compelled to wait for an answer to their ring. Private receptacles for mail are also a great convenience to the householder, obviating the necessity of responding to the carrier's call at inconvenient moments and permitting the safe delivery of mail in the absence of members of the household. They also prevent the occasional necessity of a carrier's proceeding on his route without delivering mail because of failure to answer his ring within a reasonable time, and enable him to make deliveries to patrons living on or near the end of the route at an earlier hour.

It has been shown by actual experience that the benefits derived by patrons of city delivery from the use of such receptacles far outweigh the small expense involved. As this office is interested in furnishing the best possible service at the least expense, your compliance with the foregoing suggestion will be much appreciated.

Respectfully,
EDWIN F. WYER, Postmaster.

Note.—Neither the Postmaster, nor any of his subordinates is authorized to act as agents for boxes.

Old-Fashioned Mechanics Fair.

Hugh P. McNally knows all about it and he sends word to the Woburn JOURNAL that there is running at the present time, every day from Oct. 3 to Oct. 30, Sunday excepted, the greatest Mechanics Fair ever held at the Hub of the Universe, which, he says, is visited by thousands of delighted people every day; and, moreover, the JOURNAL, without solicitation, is equally delighted to endorse Mr. McNally as a truthful and trustworthy gentleman.

The Celebration.

THE WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX was organized and its first officers chosen on October 1, 1835. Samuel B. White, whose portrait hung on the wall of the Armory at the Company's banquet last Monday evening, was elected Captain; Lieutenant, Luther Wyman; Ensign, William Woodberry; 1st. Sergt. and Clerk, Charles L. Moore; 2nd Sergt., Norris Nichols; 3d, A. J. Reid; 4th, John Wyman; 1st Corp. Benjamin Boswall; 2nd, Thomas Furlong: 3d, Timothy Foster; 4th, Isaac S. Alley; Treasurer, Amos F. Burgess. The election was held "in Mr. Bennett's meetinghouse, Woburn," at 3 o'clock, Oct. 1, 1835, therefore, the Company was 75 years old last Saturday, and the anniversary was observed in a manner highly creditable to everybody concerned in it.

On October 1, 1885, the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Company was celebrated on an elaborate scale, and duly reported, accompanied with a full and complete history of the Company, prefaced by extended comments on the military spirit that has always existed in the old town of Woburn, and brief accounts of its participation of its men in fights with the Indians, through the intervening years to the end of the Civil War, in the WOBURN JOURNAL on Oct. 2, 1885, the report occupying six columns of this paper.

Several preliminary meetings were held at which plans were laid out for the celebration and to start the machinery for it. A high degree of enthusiasm over the coming event was experienced and expressed all over the town, and preparations for it went on swimmingly. Col. William T. Grammer was chosen President of the Day, and the necessary committees were appointed.

Curious to relate, Captain Edwin F. Wyer was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee and Toastmaster at the evening banquet, the same two important and honorable positions which he so well filled in the celebration last Monday—25 years after; Marcus Eaton Treasurer, and Thomas H. Hill Secretaries.

The dinner was spread in the basement of the Sun Electric Light factory, which was beautifully decorated by Gen. Beale of Boston; and a promenade concert was given in Carter's Skating Academy. Both were attended by hundreds of delighted people from home and abroad.

The Woburn Brass Band, Thomas J. Marrinan, Leader, furnished music for the parade; and J. Howard Richardson's Boston Ochestra did similar service for the promenade concert. The postprandial oratory was eloquent.

The programme for the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the birth of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx on Monday, Oct. 3, 1910, was as follows:

9 A. M. Target shoot at Brookside Range.

2 P. M. Reception of Governor Draper and other dignitaries at G. A. R. Hall Post 161.

4.30 Parade.

6.00 Banquet at the Armory.

This Order of Exercises was executed to the letter. Delightful autumn weather, such as "Golden October" often provides, admitted of carrying out everything as planned, and was especially favorable for the shooting-match, which was put through and prizes awarded in due time and form.

Immediately following an excellent concert by the Woburn Brass Band, Thomas J. Marrinan, Leader (as 25 years ago,) which was greatly enjoyed by hundreds of listeners, came the Governor's reception, which was attended by 500 or 600 people. From beginning to finish His Excellency was given an especially hearty and enthusiastic greeting by the military and civilians of the city.

Then came a short parade, which was a fine one. To view it the streets were crowded close with men, women and children, who expressed their appreciation and delight in vigorous cheers. The line consisted of

Platoon of Police.
Woburn Brass Band.
Co. G, 5th Regt., MVM, Capt. J. Edward Graham commanding.
Carriages containing Gov. Draper and Aids, Representative George F. Bean, Col. Cyrus Tay, aged 81, the oldest living ex-Captain; William P. Warren, John L. Parker, William Begge, Capt. John P. Crane, Abijah Thompson, E. M. Coffin, Hon. Alvah S. Wood, F. Chandler Parker, Josiah Parker, Fred W. Bosworth.
Veterans of the Civil War, Edwin F. Wyer, Commander; T. V. Sullivan and William P. Brown guides.
Past Members led by Past Captains.
Capt. Homer B. Grant, USA, in command of the auxiliary body; his staff, Capts. Thomas McCarthy, William R. Murphy, W. W. Wade and Lieut. D. J. Canty of the 9th Regt MVM.

The whole city was in galaday dress; the streets were ablaze with Flags and gaily decked out in bunting all along the route of march, and the sidewalks presented a bright and lively scene. It was a holiday of rare delight in the old town, and all because of its military celebration.

Reaching Mishawum Road, the procession countermarched down Main street to Montvale avenue where it was dismissed, and the Phalanx, which, by the way, are Company G, 5th Regt. Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, proceeded to their Armory to prepare for the grand banquet which was to begin at 6 o'clock, and to attend which about 300 invitations had been given out, and a large share of them accepted.

Armory Hall was beautifully decorated with American Flags and pictures and the long tables had a most inviting and encouraging appearance. The food they bore was abundant, of many kinds, well cooked, and admirably served. It was a fine feast, for which the caterer received the credit he deserved.

The soldiers were on hand, the invited guests arrived in good season, and not much time elapsed ere the chairs at the tables were filled, and the knives, forks and spoons began to make pleasant music, and war on the the edibles opened which was prosecuted with vigor until all hands cried "enough."

As President of the Day, as well as Toastmaster, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, ex-Commander of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and Civil War Veteran, presided at the banquet, and on taking the chair at the head of the table, after grace by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, Chaplain of the Day, and an address of welcome by J. Edward Graham, present Captain of the Company, favored the audience with an interesting address historical of the Phalanx.

When Gov. Draper entered the Hall he received a welcome that must have been exceedingly grateful to him, and, as Shakespeare said, "warmed the cockles of his heart." It looked, when he ended his able postprandial address, that he would get every vote in Woburn on election day. He responded eloquently to a fine and appropriate toast complimentary to the present Commander-in-Chief of the Military of this State, and was cheered to the echo. The Governor is a good after-dinner orator and political stump speaker. He enjoyed the occasion—the reception, banquet, and everything connected with it—immensely. Our people were greatly taken with their Chief Magistrate.

John L. Parker, Past Commander of Mass. Dept. G. A. R., responded for that Order in his old time spirited and vigorous style. Col. Edward J. Gibon, Past Commander-in-Chief of the National A. S. W. V., responded to an appropriate toast. General Johanus H. Whitney, Past Commander of 2d Brigade, M. V. M. spoke for the Volunteer Militia. Col. Frank F. Cutting answered to the toast to the 5th Regiment M. V. M. of which he is Colonel. A few gentlemen who were booked for speeches, among them Congressman McCall and Hon. Hugh Murray, Mayor of Woburn, were necessarily absent from the banquet.

Toastmaster Wyer showed in the discharge of the duties of the office that he was "to the manner born." The sentiments were appropriate, to the point, and fitted into the occasion.

The speech delivered by Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, took right hold of the heartstrings of the audience especially of the soldier boys, who made the hall ring with their cheers Evidently, Elder Williams is imbued with the true military spirit.

Everybody said the celebration was a splendid success. The Phalanx honored themselves, were honored, and the pub ic enjoyed the event immensely.

A Dream and Its Sequel.

"In one of the East Indian border wars there was engaged an officer of high repute, the member of an ancient county family," says Mrs. Mayo in "Recollections of Fifty Years." One night the laird, its head, started from his sleep, exclaiming:

"'There's the shot that has killed my brother!'

"His wife told him it was but a dream. He must have given an anxious thought to his brothers before going to sleep. Next day the pair were in the garden directing their gardeners when the laird suddenly exclaimed:

"'Do you hear the bagpipes?'

"'No,' answered the lady. 'I can hear nothing. I am sure there is no sound.'

"'Strange,' said the laird, 'for I can even hear what is played. It is "The Flowers o' the Forest Are A' Wefe Away."'

"A few hours later came the telegram reporting that the brother had been shot down by some border warrior and over his lonely grave the men of his regiment had played the pathetic air whose mysterious echo seemed to have reached the laird."

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—Eliot.

NOTICE

Lost Savings Bank Books

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Margaret Cassidy of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 24439, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, MARGARET CASSIDY.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Braxton P. Parsons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 25806, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, BRAXTON P. PARSONS.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

I, James Long of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 32445, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, JAMES LONG.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of these applications by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 6th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
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Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal,
334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

"1847 Rogers Bros"

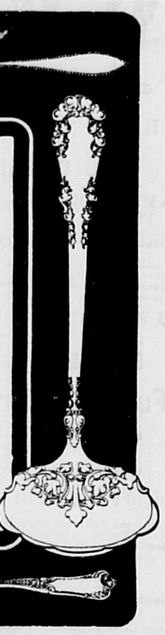
"Silver Plate That Wears"

SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, Etc.

have been made for over fifty years, steadily gaining in character of designs, finish and general popularity, but best of all, the good old "*Rogers*" quality has been maintained. It would be hard indeed to improve upon the wearing qualities first exhibited by this brand, and which have made "*1847 Rogers Bros.*" the most famous of all silverware. Do not experiment by trying something that has not stood the test of time. Buy "*1847*" goods, which have a well-known and well-earned reputation, and you run no risk. There are other "Rogers." The original and genuine has the prefix—"*1847.*"

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send to the makers for catalogue No. 34 containing newest designs.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.



HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Closing the Incident.

Pulsatilla—Your latest young man, I hear, has written a play or two. Has he produced anything yet? Euphorbia—Yes; the last time he called he produced a diamond ring.—Exchange.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. H. Osmond, Geo. Crawford and Annie Mary Porter, both of Lexington, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 30, Dominica Milazzo, aged 19 years, 3 months, 17 days.
In this city, Sept. 29, Thomas Flaherty, aged 81 years, 7 months, 20 days.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

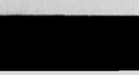
Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Calucha Direnzo, otherwise known as Caiucha Deriens, to Joseph Butler, dated February 28, 1910, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3504, Page 377, and by virtue of every other power the mortgagee thereto enabling and for the purpose of foreclosing the same for breach of condition thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, October 17, 1910,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit:—"A certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated in Woburn, easterly off Washington street, being Lots 18, 16, 28, 29 on Book of Plans number 40, Woburn City Plans, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at westerly line of lot 17 on said plan, thence the line runs southerly on said lot sixty-one and nineteenths (61 9-10) feet; thence easterly on said lot, twenty-seven (27) feet; thence southerly on Lot 20, fifty-nine and two-tenths (59 2-10) feet to Washington Avenue; thence westerly on said avenue ninety-four (94) feet; thence northerly on Lot 27, fifty-four (54) feet; thence westerly on said lot 27, thirty-four and five-tenths (34 5-10) feet; thence northerly on Lots 13 and 14, sixty-five (65) feet; thence easterly on Cedar St., sixty seven (67) feet to the point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to the said Calucha Direnzo, otherwise known as Calucha Deriens by A. W. Bumpus et ux. by deed duly recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, to which reference is hereby made for any further description of said premises.

The above sale is subject to all unpaid taxes and any other charges or incumbrances, if any there be on said property.

A deposit of $100 will be required at time and place of sale, balance in or within ten days. Other terms will be made known at time and place of sale.

JOSEPH BUTLER, Mortgagee.

Stoneham, Sept. 16, 1910.
H. H. Richardson, Attorney for mortgagee, Central Square, Stoneham, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Fred Gowing of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Edgar N. Eames of Melrose, in said County and Commonwealth, dated June 21, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1982, Folio 467, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises described in said mortgage, on

SATURDAY, October 22, 1910,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, viz: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Wyer's Court in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by land of heirs of the late J. M. Randall, ninety five feet, westerly by said Wyer's Court, the line running from said last named land to the middle of the front door of the house standing one half on said premises, and one half on land of grantor adjoining; thence easterly by other land of said grantor, about ninety-seven and one-half feet, to land late of Colson, but now of Deforria; thence northerly by last named land to land now or late of said heirs of J. M. Randall. Being the same premises conveyed to said Fred Gowing by James R. Cutler et als., by deed dated March 29, 1890, and duly recorded with said deeds, and subject to rights of way set forth in said deed.

Two hundred dollars to be paid by the purchaser at the time of sale; further terms at sale.

EDGAR N. EAMES, Mortgagee.

Samuel W. Mendum, Attorney,
18 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 30-7-14

Land For Sale.

Eight acres in one field, excellent land for building or farming purposes. Situated on New Boston street, city water, electric lights. Five minutes to electric cars, eight minutes to steam cars. Enquire at

16 Clinton St., Woburn, Mass.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co. Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for

Sullivan Square Terminal— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins., until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.) SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.)

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington**, 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

MAZALL !

(Toasted Corn Flakes)

5c. Pkg

The consumers appreciate a package of Cereal which they can buy for

5c. Pkg.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Kodaks

— FOR —

Christmas

Begin to think of the gift for your Boy and Daughter.

Whitcher's

All sizes—all prices

379 Main St., WOBURN



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Burr McIntosh, who for several seasons has been making the success of his career as a star in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," will present at B F. Keith's theatre next week a new sketch written by himself, called "Out Yonder." Mr. McIntosh will appear in the principal role and be supported by an excellent company. The sketch deals with life in Arizona, is full of humor and breathes the atmosphere of the prairies. Another feature of the same bill will be the famous Jack Wilson, the extemporaneous comedian, who is always springing surprises on his audience.

THE PARK.

Marie Doro, in William Gillette's new play "Electricity," has made a hit at the Park Theatre, and the charming little actress is in for her usual Boston run. Her great success in Mr. Gillette's "Clarise," four years ago, prompted the author to write for her this new play. "Clarice," it will be recalled, scored a phenomenal success, remaining in Boston for months. "Electricity," promises to duplicate the popularity of its predecessor, particularly as Marie Doro has a delightful role, which perfectly fits her methods and personality. The latter, piquant and dainty, is well known to playgoers, and in her new role the actress has abundant opportunity for its display.

THE GLOBE.

Annie Laurie of Maxwelton becomes the center of a drama, surrounded by some of the popular heroes of the end of the seventeenth century,—John Graham of Claverhouse (Bonny Dundee,)General Dalziel, Robert Reid, Douglass of Finland, etc. The scenes are laid toward the end of James Stuart's reign in 1688, when the malcontents were plotting for the landing of William of Orange. It was an age of war, but colored with flashes of luxury and romance. Many of the leading men had lived on the Continent as fugitives, soldiers and even as tourists, and Scottish Cavaliers and Scottish women were able to hold their place in gallant bearing and beauty even with those of France.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Girls," which the John Craig Stock Company will play at the Castle Square next week is a comedy about three bachelor maids. Its plot centres around the trials of three young women who go to New York to win fame and fortune without the help of mere man. They keep house together in a flat, cook by means of a chafing-dish, and indulge in all these freaks of living that are amusing while they last. They vow never to marry, and to have nothing to do with love, but before long a man invades their sanctuary, and they are soon on the fair road towards the breaking of their oaths. The scenery will be appropriate. The run of "Girls" will be for only one week.

HOLLIS STREET.

No greater treat will be given Boston theatregoers during the coming season than that which will be afforded Hollis Street theatre patrons for three weeks of "The Lily," the most powerful drama which has been shown to theatregoers for more than a score of years. Coming direct from David Belasco's own theatre in New York City with cast and production complete in every detail, it will surely be a treat to see these remarkable performances. The performances will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Belasco. The surest way in which to convince of the remarkable merits of this production and company, next to the fact that Mr. Belasco wrote the play and produced it, is the list of players who have been appearing in it at Mr. Belasco's own theatre.

The Test of Salesmanship.

Anybody can sell goods everybody wants, but it takes a real salesman to dispose of something that everybody ought to want.—Detroit Free Press.

Most of us are extremely wise when it comes to knowing what other people ought to do.

The more talents the more they will be developed.—Chinese Proverb

KIDNEY DISEASE KILLS.



Your health and life depend upon the Kidneys' working properly. When out of order you have pains in the back, brick dust deposits in the excretions, scalding pains, swelling around eyes, constipated bowels, drowsiness, fever, rheumatic pains. The best treatment for these conditions is **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.** It removes the uric acid from the system, the cause of most Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. 35 years of success. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles $1.00 all druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Catherine Rumford Griffith, late of Quebec, in the Province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Lossmni F. Baldwin and Baldwin Coolidge and Roswell Park with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased, the same being valid without probate in said Province of Quebec, representing that at the time of her death, said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, on which said will may operate, and praying that the copy of said will may be filed and recorded in the Registry of Probate of said County of Middlesex, and letters testamentary thereon granted to them without requiring sureties on their bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the first publication to be thirty days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

30-7-14 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

Politics are not at all exciting here. Things seem to be quiet and lovely all over the lot.

It is reported that work on the crossing is to begin soon. About time I should think.

The Democratic politicians are real lively these days. They have heard from the Maine election.

Our schools, of which we have the best in the State, are flourishing. Good teachers and pupils make good schools.

The Democrats of this town have nominated William Callahan, a graduate of the Woburn High school, Class '04, for Representative.

Congressman S. W. McCall is sure of a reelection. Somerville will have a Democratic candidate, but what of it? He can't spin a thread.

The Republican caucus went strong for Crosby as Senator. If he had hustled, or half hustled, Senator Crosby might have won the nomination for a third terrm; but he didn't care for another one.

The increase of Winchester's population in the last 10 years is quite satisfactory, and considering her loss of the shoe machinery population to Beverly, it is somewhat remarkable. In 1900 the inhabitants of this town numbered 7,248; by the 1910 U. S. census there are 9,309—a good gain.

These words were uttered, with due emphasis, by our esteemed fellowcitizen and original Bryan man, Whitfield Tuck, only a few days ago: "William A. Gaston will be voted for in the Democratic state convention as a candidate for Governor, and I hope to see him nominated." Mr. Tuck, common report has it, is not a zealous partisan this year, but still a Democrat.

Some of Mrs. Lewis' pupils gave a recital last Friday evening in Metcalf Hall. Of the eleven who participated seven are Winchester High School students. This was Mrs. Lewis's first recital in Winchester, but the 48th in this vicinity, not counting others previous, or elsewhere. Nearly two hundred people attended and were pleased with the artistic rendering by the pupils of some of their favorite pieces. In addition to the technique of these players, their intelligent style of interpretation gave the audience a satisfying sense of musical enjoyment. Among the many expressions of appreciation, from people who have heard much music, were "the most enjoyable recital I ever attended" and "the best yet."

A Dean Ramsay Story.

Dean Ramsay's memoirs contain an anecdote of an old woman of Starthspey. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew, "Willy, I'm deein', and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I have, mind, now, that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism."

Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard on a short November day, arrived only at nightfall. Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dike and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

CITY OF WOBURN

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17

At 7 o'clock p. m. and WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19

From 12 m. to 10 p. m.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the State Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 19.

Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

JOHN C. N. PARKER
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Oct. 4, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George G. Bruce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Jennie L. Bruce of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

30-7-14 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FORT HILL 7600
RATE DEPARTMENT

WE are now ready to answer inquiries of present or prospective subscribers relative to the new rates. Call at 119 Milk Street, or 165 Tremont Street, Boston. Calls by telephone from any part of the Metropolitan or Suburban District to the "Rate Department," Fort Hill 7600, may be made without charge.

Applications for changes to the new rates will be filled, so far as is possible, in the order they are received —"first come, first served."

As these applications are accumulating with great rapidity, it is necessary that those desiring early changes should APPLY AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.

If subscribers cannot call in person at either of the specified offices, they are invited to call by telephone, as indicated above.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

HURRIED THE WORK.

Peculiar Experience of a Turkish Literary Man.

Once upon a time a certain Turkish literary man living in Constantinople arranged to translate for a daily newspaper a novel then popular in England. Each day he rendered a sufficient part of it into the Turkish language to fill the space reserved for it. One day his peaceful home was entered by the police, who peremptorily arrested the man of letters and dragged him off to prison. No explanation was given for his arrest. The novel reflected in no way against the politics of the state, and he had broken no laws. He was not even given time to bid farewell to his family, but he was commanded to bring the work under translation with him. Arrived at the prison, he was given pleasant quarters, good food and drink and sternly commanded to complete his task. So for several days the frightened translator worked arduously.

When the work was done he was, to his astonishment, instantly liberated and presented with a large sum of money. Upon further inquiry as to his treatment it was explained that the sultan had become interested in the story as it appeared from day to day and was too impatient to wait for the end. He wanted to read all the rest of it at once! Truly, there are certain advantages in being a sultan.

STRANGERS IN BERLIN.

Their Comings and Goings Always Known to the Police.

"I had no idea that they kept such an espionage over strangers in Berlin until a friend of mine had occasion to look up some one there," said a traveler. "We had come up from Vienna, and as my friend was in the diplomatic service we called at the embassy.

"While there he happened to think of another friend, an American, who had gone to Berlin about three years before to represent an American concern and wondered how he could get a trace of him.

"'Nothing is easier,' said the embassy secretary. 'Just wait a moment.'

"He wrote a note and handed it to a messenger.

"'We shall know all about your friend within fifteen minutes,' he said to us.

"Sure enough, within that time the messenger reappeared with an answer. From it the secretary read that So-and-so had arrived in Berlin on such a date three years previous, that he lived at a certain address, that he had gone the week before to a little town in the interior, but that he was expected back within three days.

"Well, he turned up on the day the police said he would be back, and we had dinner with him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sensational Prophet.

One of the most sensational of prophets was a Kosa negro named Umhlakasa, who did his prophesying in British Kaffraria, Africa, in 1856-7. His niece had met some mysterious strangers near a stream, and Umhlakasa, having gone to see them, reported that they were the spirits of his dead brother and others. They communicated a prophecy which rapidly grew. On an appointed day in 1857 two blood red suns were to rise, the sky would fall and crush the Fingos and the whites, herds of splendid cattle would issue from the ground, great fields of ripe millet would spring up, the Kosa dead would rise and live with their descendants, and trouble and sickness should be no more. Unhappily there was a condition—the Kosas must slaughter all their existing cattle. And so 200,000 cattle, the wealth and sustenance of the people, were killed, and probably 50,000 credulous natives starved themselves to death.

Made Her Pay Well.

A certain queen of Hanover once upon a time when traveling stopped at an inn called the Golden Goose. She remained two days to rest herself and retinue and receive such entertainment as was needed and for the same was charged 300 thalers. On her departure the landlord besought her with obsequious deference to favor him with her patronage on her return.

"If you desire that, my dear man," replied her majesty, "you must not again take me for your sign."

PRANKS OF CUPID.

Celebrated Men Who Married Their Domestic Servants.

Many celebrated men have married their domestic servants. Sir Henry Parkes, premier of New South Wales, is an example. One night when dining at a friend's house he was struck by the appearance of a servant girl who waited upon the table and persuaded his host to allow her to enter his employ. This she did and for a short time held the position of cook in Sir Henry's household. Then he made her Lady Parkes.

But more illustrious than this is the case of Peter the Great. One day he was dining at the house of Prince Menshikoff. He noticed one of the servant maids particularly, and, though she was not handsome, she caught his fancy. Her name, the prince told the czar, was Martha. She had been a servant in the house of a Lutheran minister of Marienburg, and when that city was captured by the troops of Russia she had been taken prisoner by General Bauer, who had passed her over to the prince, whose servant she was. The count politely made a present of her to the czar, who eventually married her.

William Cobbett, the great writer, when he was only twenty-one years of age, one morning chanced to see a buxom servant girl busily engaged in washing the family linen. The girl was pretty, so Cobbett spoke to her, learned her name and the same evening called upon her parents and said he would like to marry their daughter. The parents of the girl informed the young man that they had no objections to him as their son-in-law, but that he would have to wait until their daughter was of a marriageable age. Five years later Cobbett, true to his early love, married her.

A WEIRD INCIDENT.

Chopin's Funeral March Was Inspired by a Skeleton.

Late one summer's afternoon, said Ziem, Chopin and I sat talking in my studio. In one corner of the room stood a piano and in another the complete skeleton of a man with a large white cloth thrown, ghostlike, about it. I noticed that now and again Chopin's gaze would wander, and from my knowledge of the man I knew that his thoughts were far away from me and his surroundings. More than that, I knew that he was composing.

Presently he rose from his seat without a word, walked over to the skeleton and removed the cloth. He then carried it to the piano and, seating himself, took the hideous object upon his knees—a strange picture of life and death.

Then, drawing the white cloth round himself and the skeleton, he laid the latter's fingers over his own and began to play. There was no hesitation in the slow, measured flow of sound which he and the skeleton conjured up. As the music swelled in a louder strain I closed my eyes, for there was something weird in that picture of man and skeleton seated at the piano, with the shadows of evening deepening around them and the ever swelling and ever softening music filling the air with mystery. And I knew I was listening to a composition which would live forever.

The music ceased, and when I looked up the piano chair was empty, and on the floor lay Chopin's unconscious form, and beside him, smashed all to pieces, was the skeleton I prized so much. The great composer had swooned, but his march was found.

An Empire Sold at Auction.

The Roman empire was once sold to the highest bidder. On the death of Pertinax in 193 the Praetorian guards put up the empire for sale by auction, and after an animated competition between Sulpician and Julian it was knocked down to the latter for 6,250 drachmas. The Romans held auctions of various kinds, the proceedings being much the same in all cases. The auctio sub hasta, which was a sale of plunder, was held under a spear stuck in the ground. The magister auctionis, or auctioneer, was chosen from among the argentarii, or money changers, and his assistants were the cashiers.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

Old Enough to Be Good.

He was a liquid eyed Spaniard on tour through Italy. She was a New England maiden lady doing Florence. They met first at the pension table d'hote and next in the Uffizi gallery.

"The madonna of which you spoke," said the liquid eyed Spaniard, "is across the hall and down to the right two doors. It hangs in gallery 3."

"According to my Baedeker," protested the New England maiden lady, "it hangs in gallery 5."

"Pardon. It is impossible," protested the Spaniard. "It stands here in my Baedeker that it is to be found in gallery 3."

"Perhaps," said the New England maiden, "your book is out of date. But it is easy to assure ourselves who is right. Let us go to gallery 3 or to gallery 5 and see."

"Madame," said the Spaniard, with some emotion, "it is not necessary to exert ourselves. This book, madame, is perfectly reliable. My grandfather himself assured me so. It is the very volume that he used when he himself toured Italy at my age."—Detroit Free Press.

A Breach of Good Form.

There is a little east end girl, still under six, who reaches the limit in the matter of sensitiveness. Likewise she has her points in respect to dead gameness. She was taken about a week ago to spend a few days with her aunt. The little miss played around in front of her aunt's place for awhile. Then her aunt let a playful young terrier into the yard, saying to the child:

"This is your little four footed cousin."

Five minutes later the aunt returned to the front yard to call the kid into the house, but she wasn't anywhere to be seen. The fox terrier was playing alone. There was a scrambling hunt for the child and all kinds of alarm, but the little girl didn't turn up. The aunt hustled into town. The little girl was home with her mother.

She had walked right to the car for town as soon as the fox terrier pup was presented to her.

"Why didn't you stay at aunty's?" her mother asked her in surprise.

"She introduced me to a dog!" replied the haughty young person.—Cincinnati Post.

"The Soul of Golf."

One who knew the soul of golf saw it and described it. It was a tricky green, with a drop of twenty feet behind it. To have overrun it would have been fatal. There was a stiff head wind. The player would not risk running up. He cut well in under the ball to get all the back spin he could. He pitched the ball well up against the wind, which caught it and, on account of the spin, threw it up and up until it soared almost over the hole, then it dropped like a shot bird about a yard from the hole, and the back spin gripped the turf and held the ball within a foot of where it fell. It was obvious to one man that it was a crude shot. It was equally obvious to another, who knew the inner secrets of the game, that it was a brilliantly conceived and beautifully executed stroke. One man saw nothing of the soul of the stroke. He got the husk and the other took the kernel.—P. B. Vaile in North American Review.

An Unusual Opportunity.

The young clergyman had been urged by his bishop to raise in his small parish as large a sum as possible to swell the fund for the people of a faroff isle. The rector had put the need before his people as graphically as he was able, but he was not gifted with eloquence and felt that his appeal had not struck home to the hearts of his listeners. He made a last attempt to rouse their enthusiasm for the worthy cause.

"Think of them, so far away," he said earnestly. "Think of 20,000 persons living without the privileges of Christian burial, while any of you here in this little town may have the advantages of four handsome cemeteries, and give of your abundance, my brethren, to those who have nothing."—Youth's Companion.

True.

An Irishman on applying for relief and being told to work for a living replied, "If I had all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

Chance generally favors the prudent.—Joubert.

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A TELLTALE SHADOW

It Warns a Man That He Is In Danger

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Sorrento, in southern Italy, is a colony of villas and hotels, many of which are surrounded by orange groves. The place is built on a crescent shaped rock at the foot of which is the margin of the Mediterranean. A part of this margin laps a beach, and on this beach are fishermen's boats, and there also the women do the family washing.

One morning Seymour Wilcox, a young American traveler, was looking down over a low stone wall built for the protection of persons on the cliff above, when he saw a young girl washing clothes in the sea. Being some 200 feet above her, he could not see what she was like, but "distance lends enchantment to the view," and he could, even from that distance, detect a certain grace in her movements. He went down on to the beach for a nearer view.

He found a girl of fifteen, though at that age and even much younger an Italian girl is a woman. She possessed the dark hair and eyes of her people and a good figure. Her arms, from exposure, were brown, but they were shapely. Wilcox watched her for a time, then walked past her and smiled at her. He not only smiled, but spoke to her, for he knew something of the Italian language. He learned that her name was Marie and her father was a fisherman. After a brief chat he returned to the town above.

But the next morning he looked down again over the wall, and, although he knew he would be playing with edged tools, seeing Marie below, he yielded to a temptation to go down again and have a few words with her. This time the girl met him with a smile indicating that she was very much pleased that he had come again. On this visit he talked to her longer than before.

Wilcox continued these visits. He found a wineshop down among these fishermen's quarters and would go in there for a liter of wine and to smoke. Sometimes he would take Marie in to have a glass with him. There was nothing unusual in this in Italy. The Italian wines have very little alcohol in them and are drunk by the women and children the same as the men. Besides, a wineshop in Italy is a very different affair from a saloon in America.

The landlord of the hotel where Wilcox was stopping knew nothing of his descents to the fishermen's quarters or he would have warned him against going there. The young man mentioned the matter to no one. He knew he was taking a risk, but not how much of a risk. Besides, he was a fearless fellow and at an age where a man of courage is more apt to court than avoid danger. Nevertheless he did not sufficiently realize the position in which he was placing himself to go armed.

One night Wilcox went down to the beach and, calling for Marie at her father's cottage, invited her to go for a ride out on the water in her father's boat, the father to sail it. Marie transmitted the request to her father, who agreed to the plan. Indeed, no one had manifested a desire to interfere with Wilcox's attentions to the girl. Whether those nearest her were expecting to get money out of the American or whether they were permitting her to lure him into a position where they could rob him didn't matter to him, bent as he was on enjoying her society.

After a couple of hours' sail the party returned to the shore, and Wilcox asked the father and daughter to go into the wineshop for refreshment. The father declined for both himself and his daughter, saying it was late and he must be up early in the morning to begin his day's fishing. Wilcox bade them good night, and, as it was early for him, went into the wineshop alone for his tipple and his smoke.

There was no one in the place except the woman, who set the wine before the American and left him. There was a fireplace in the room, and, the nights being chilly in Italy, Wilcox recalled her and asked her to bring in a few fagots and build a fire. She was surprised at the request, for fuel is enormously expensive in Italy; but, knowing him to be an American, which to these people means having plenty of money, she acceded to his request. Wilcox sat down before the fire with the wine beside him and drank and smoked and, without intending it, fell asleep.

He awoke with a start. What caused him to feel that he was in danger he did not know. It might have been a blow that was threatening him or it might have been the fact of a sudden realization that he had been ever since he first saw Marie taking a frightful risk. In any event he was conscious that death was in the room. The fagots had burned out. There was a bright light near the entrance, which shone on Wilcox's back and which cast a shadow on the wall directly over the fireplace. The shadow was that of a figure with the right arm raised above the head. The shadow cast by the end of this arm was difficult for Wilcox to make out. It seemed to be a pointed stick held by a fist. The mind works quickly in the presence of danger, real or fancied, and in a fraction of a second he had determined that a man was behind him with his right hand raised and holding a dagger.

"Senora!" cried the American sharply, calling to the woman who had served the wine.

The shadow flickered and disappeared.

There was no reply to the summons, and the young man called again:

"Senora!"

Presently the woman, yawning, came slowly into the room.

"I find myself, senora," said Wilcox, "with not even money enough about me to pay you for the wine I have ordered. Have you any one here who will go up to my hotel with a check, get it cashed by the landlord and bring me the money?"

"Yes, senor, but you can as well pay for the wine when you come for more."

"No, senora; I go away early in the morning to Naples. Besides, there are other payments I wish to make down here among you good people. I intended to bring money, but forgot it."

"Very well, senor. If you desire it I will send my son. He is in bed, but I can awaken him."

Wilcox took a blank check from his portmanteau and filled a check for 500 lira ($100) and wrote on the back of it a request to the landlord of his hotel to send him the money it called for by bearer. Then he gave it to the landlady, and, ordering another litre of wine and lighting a cigarette, he made it appear that he would await the return of his messenger.

But he had no idea of waiting for the money. He knew the man who was about to kill him when he awoke from slumber would waylay the boy who had gone for it. Possibly others who knew of the fact that 500 lira was to be carried at midnight from the town down to the fishers' village would also make an attempt to appropriate it. There was still another possibility. The landlord might surmise that his guest had been cornered and required the money for a ransom. In this event he might have the messenger shadowed on his return by a policeman.

Wilcox realized the fact that he was at the fishers' village near 12 o'clock at night where it was as dangerous to remain as to climb to the top of the cliff. He kept his eye on the wall for awhile, but, seeing no reappearance of the shadow, finally arose from his chair and paced the floor, casting glances at the entrances of the room. Presently he walked out the door through which the landlady had gone and made his way into a kitchen. There, among other things, lay a carving knife with a long, thin blade and a sharp point. He grasped it and for the first time since he had seen the shadow drew a breath of relief. So far as he knew, no one saw him take the knife, and, concealing it under his coat, he went back into the room he had left.

Wilcox was uncertain what to do. Should he remain where he was till day, or should he risk going up to the town with no other defense than a carving knife? If beset, it might be by several persons. If he remained where he was, in case of attack he might put his back against a corner of the room and stand off a number of assailants. Every vestige of recklessness had deserted him. He was mad, fighting mad, but in that state a man's faculties are often the sharpest. He resolved to stay where he was.

Sufficient time for a messenger to go to the hotel and return had elapsed. Wilcox had no idea that the messenger would come back or, if he did come, that he would have the money with him. He was not thinking of his 500 lira, which he would be glad to pay for his life. He was wondering if the man whose shadow he had seen or some one else had appropriated it. This occupied his thoughts when suddenly the outer door was opened and in stepped two persons.

They were a boy of fourteen and—Marie!

Marie, approaching Wilcox, handed him an envelope containing the money he had sent for. He looked at her, plainly asking with his eyes an explanation.

"I knew, signor," said Marie, "that there is one who since you first spoke to me is jealous of you. I found tonight that he would attack you and watched the place. I saw him come in here and followed him. I heard you call for a messenger to go for money. I did not believe Giovanni would rob, but I thought it best to go with the boy. Giovanni disappointed me. He waylaid us and demanded the money, but when he knew I had it he upbraided me and went away."

"So you are disappointed in your lover, Marie—that he should rob, but not that he should murder?"

"The one was for money and the other for love."

"I see. There is a great difference."

The matter being explained, Wilcox lost his apprehension. Since there appeared to be but one man concerned, he resolved, armed with the carving knife he had captured, to go up to his hotel. Having paid his record, he set out in the darkness and arrived without being molested.

The next day Wilcox sent a note to the father of Marie that he would furnish the means to send the girl to school. The offer was accepted, and she went for three years to a convent, at the end of which time she married and emigrated to America.

Wilcox at the request of the girl who had saved him did not report the matter to the police.

England's Greatest Mine Fire.

The most serious colliery fire ever known in Britain was undoubtedly that which broke out at the Tawd valley mine, near Preston, in 1872. Thousands of pounds were spent in trying to get the flames under control, but they overcame everything and consumed some millions of tons of coal. A wall ten feet in thickness was built round the affected parts, but the heat cracked the masonry and brought it down as fast as it was rebuilt. However, in 1897 the river Tawd overflowed its banks and went pouring down into the mine. No fire could withstand such an immense volume of water hurled upon it, and, although the flames extended for 500 yards, they were quenched after having raged for a quarter of a century.—London Tit-Bits.

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his fore paw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

A Use For Him.

"That horse of yours looks terribly run down."

"Yes," replied Uncle Si Simlin.

"Why do you keep him?"

"Well, it's a kind of comfort to have him around. As long as I've got him I feel that there ain't much danger of my bein' cheated in a hoss trade."—Washington Star.

Not a Good Son.

Necessity turned sharply to invention.

"If I'm your mother," she said, "it's your duty to support me in comfort."

But invention, as we all know, usually dodges his duty.—Chicago Tribune.

LOTTERY IN ITALY

Gambling Under the Auspices of the Government.

THE DRAWING IN PUBLIC.

An Eager, Excited, Turbulent Crowd Watches This Ceremony With Intense Interest—The Prizes and the Chances of the Players.

King Humbert I. made the rules for the public lottery of Italy:

First.—The public lottery is temporarily maintained by the favor of the state under the following laws.

Second.—It is administered by the minister of finance, under whom the chiefs are chosen for their respective functions.

Third.—The lotto is formed by ninety, numbered from 1 to 90, inclusive, five of which drawn by chance determine the successful.

Fourth.—One can "play the lotto" in the following manner:

On one number (very rarely played).

On all five numbers (very rarely played).

On two numbers—the "ambo."

On three numbers, which is known as the "terno."

On four numbers, which is known as the "quaterno."

Fifth.—When one number is played the winner is paid ten times and a half his output; when two numbers are played the winner is paid 350 times his output; when three numbers are played the winner is paid 5,250 times his output; when four numbers are played the winner is paid 60,000 times his output. Therefore if one has by any chance bought a No. 1 ticket and wins the four numbers (quaterno) he wins $60,000.

At 5 o'clock on every Saturday afternoon throughout all Italy the drawing of the lotto takes place. In Naples the ceremony is held at the end of a foul, filthy alley known as the Impresa, back in a great courtyard, in full view of the people on the balcony of an old palace. From early in the afternoon until the fatal hour the streets of Santa Chiara and the alley fill up with the crowd whose hope on this day is to be deceived. The streets are always so full of life that for this extra crowd, jostling, pushing and eager, there would seem to be no place. It is comprised of the very poor. The better classes watch for the telephone or the showing of the numbers in the various banks in the city to discover their fate, but in the Impresa the crowd of people is as dense as a shadow. There are many here who have paid their last cent for a ticket. There are many here who are in debt for the shoes they wear and will never be able to pay for them. But at the stroke of the church clock the blinds of the balcony open and the paraphernalia of the lotto are brought out—a long green table, on which is placed a crystal ball bound with silver, and an iron box containing ninety other little boxes, in which the ninety numbers are locked by the state. The officers of this performance are coolly indifferent, and the only figure deserving of note is that of the little orphan child, dressed in snowy white, chosen by law from the orphan asylum to draw up from the crystal ball the five magic numbers.

At the sight of these familiar, looked for objects the crowd begins to cry and chant, to beseech and evoke. It begs the little orphan child to draw well. And the child in his white robe, his innocent eyes on the mass of people, looks down on the beggars with their yellow locks and on the appealing mass. One by one the balls are taken out from their sealed boxes, displayed to the people and dropped into the big bowl.

They have blindfolded the little bambino, and he stands on a chair, for he is only eight years of age and is small, in full sight of the people. The balls having been shaken around for the last time, the child puts his hand in and draws. The first number that he pulls out is called forth—"No. 5." Now, every Italian who has bought No. 5 for place has either won or lost. No one holds this number in this crowd, however, and there is a murmur—and a fresh adjuration for the child to draw well. The people who have drawn for the terno and the quaterno still have their chance. The child draws again, this time No. 47, and the holders of the terno are now the interested ones, for the next will be their last chance. The enthusiasm breaks forth again with murmurs and cries and prayers, and the quiet child before the urn in his white dress hears them and trembles, for he knows that he is menaced. Before the people there is a blackboard, and a man posts up the numbers as they are drawn—5, 47, 11, 10 and 80. And this series of five is discussed, yelled at, challenged, cursed, for not one in the crowd has drawn a fortunate number. The child's eyes are unbound, and he is put down and set free. The balls are returned into their boxes sealed up and carried away under the eyes of the crowd, which after waiting for a moment, unable to believe its ill fortune, breaks up and disrupts. Apathy is thrown upon the majority as much as such a state of mind is possible to a Neapolitan mass as they begin in groups to discuss the failure of their schemes and their combinations.—Marie Van Vorst in Harper's Magazine.

Joy is more divine than sorrow, for joy is bread and sorrow is medicine.—Beecher.

Reassured the Judge.

A wife, joining her husband in a conveyance of real estate, was asked by the judge, who examined her in private, according to the act of the assembly, whether she acted without compulsion on the part of her husband. She stuck her arms akimbo and replied: "He compel me! No, nor twenty like him!"—Argonaut.

An Important Detail.

Secretary of Missionary Society—We are sending you to Kai-Kai island, in the Solomons. Is there any particular information you would like about the inhabitants? Budding Missionary—Er—are they vegetarians?

Public Sentiment.

"Do you pay much attention to public sentiment?"

"No; I always look the other way when I see a young couple holding hands in the park."—Pittsburg Post.

Never talk of other people's faults without necessity and avoid those who do.

IMPALED BY AN ARROW.

Pinned Through the Neck to a Tree, Yet He Survived.

It was in the summer of 1859 that George Wainwright and Ben Spencer, each in charge of a train of freight wagons, were headed for the Missouri river to bring supplies back to Colorado points. The Indians were very troublesome in those days, and these two outfits always camped together for protection. One night they had arranged the camp, with the wagons forming a circle, and everybody but the guards was to be inside. Wainwright preferred to sleep in a clump of cottonwoods about a quarter of a mile off, and there he fixed himself with his negro servant as a bodyguard. Neither the camp nor Wainwright was disturbed during the night, but early the next morning while Wainwright was sitting on the ground with his back to a tree drinking his tin of coffee an arrow from an unseen foe entered his neck at the right of the jugular vein and was driven with such force as to impale the victim to the tree. The negro, believing his master was killed, ran to Spencer's camp and gave the alarm.

Spencer and some of his men rushed over to Wainwright. Instead of being dead Wainwright was not even seriously injured. Spencer cut the arrow off close to the point of entrance and then gently drew Wainwright's head forward until he was released. The victim suffered but little inconvenience from the wound, and by the time the trip was completed it was entirely healed.—Los Angeles Times.

THE WAY OF THE SWISS.

Foreigners Regarded as Egyptians and Treated Accordingly.

A foreign resident in Switzerland was fined 10 francs because his little girl had plucked three buttercups growing on a piece of land on which she and some half dozen Swiss children had for years been accustomed to play. The land had recently changed hands, and its new owner had put up a notice forbidding the plucking of flowers. A passing gendarme had found the children flagrante delicto and had forthwith instituted proceedings against the little foreigner, while letting the little natives go scot free. The child's father appealed against the sentence and by dint of hard fighting, which entailed, of course, expense, forced the higher court to reduce the fine from 10 francs to 3—i. e., 1 franc for each buttercup.

When I tried to learn the whys and wherefores of this case I was told by a Swiss that one-half of every fine levied goes to the gendarme who reports the offense for which it is levied, and also that Swiss gendarmes cannot fairly be expected to be quite so alert in taking proceedings against their own country people as against foreigners.

Further, I was told by an American that in Switzerland all foreigners rank as Egyptians and that the one Scriptural injunction that is faithfully obeyed there is that which ordains that Egyptians shall be spoiled.—From "The Latter Day Swiss" in Cornhill Magazine.

A Famous Opal.

The most famous opal in history was that which was worn in a ring by the Roman senator Nonius in the day of the triumvirate. Its size equaled that of a medium sized hazelnut, yet its beauty and brilliancy rendered it a marvel among the dilettanti of Rome, especially when it was known that the goldsmiths and money changers had set its value at $1,000,000. Mark Antony made overtures to Nonius for its purchase, intending, it is thought, to present it to Cleopatra, but the senator refused to part with it and for fear that it would be taken from him by sheer force sought safety in flight. Here history loses all trace of this famous gem, there being no record of its transference from Nonius to any of his family.

At a Wedding Breakfast.

After a marriage recently the bridal party partook of a sumptuous breakfast, toward the end of which a younger brother of the bride got up and said solemnly, raising his glass:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to propose a toast, which, however, must be drunk standing. Please take your glasses and rise up."

The guests, although somewhat bewildered, did so.

"Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes I'll find out who has been sitting on my new hat."—London Tit-Bits.

Shakespeare's Definition of Poetry.

What a pity it is that Shakespeare ever used that phrase "fine frenzy!" It has become a fuddlesome factor in the framing of foolish fancies. It is to the honor of Shakespeare, however, that he came nearer to giving the world the true definition of poetry than has any other man, for he did explain what constitutes the true art of poetry making, and from this we are enabled to know what Shakespeare considered poetry. Curiously enough, it is in the very passage where Shakespeare uses that unfortunate phrase "fine frenzy." Let us quote:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—Hudson Maxim's "Science of Poetry and Philosophy of Language."

Hard to Understand.

Supposing some one should spring this on you rapidly and ask you what it meant: "Mare-zeat-toats-deer-zeat-toats-iam-sleativy-lit-tle-kid-slea-tivy-too."

You would never think it was plain English, but it is. It is simply: "Mares eat oats; deers eat oats; lambs 'll eat ivy; little kids 'll eat ivy too."

You should say this over many times to yourself until you can roll it off very quickly, run the words together, and then when you try it on your friends they will have to confess that they can't understand it. They will feel quite foolish when you show them that it is common English and that it sounds odd only because the words are spoken fast and run in together. It is this running of the words in together which makes it hard for a foreigner to understand our language or us theirs. —Omaha World-Herald.

A Fearsome Order.

She—Dear me, I hope the man at the next table is not a fighter, but his order sounds like it! He—What was it? She—He told the waiter to bring him a club sandwich and something to drink with a stick in it.—Baltimore American.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 9, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxv, 14-30. Memory Verse, 29—Golden Text, Matt. xxv, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson, like the last one, is found only in Matthew, but a little earlier in these last days of His earthly ministry, about the time that He brought salvation to the house of Zaccheus, He spake a parable because He was nigh to Jerusalem and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear (Luke xix, 11). These two parables cover the same period of time and teach virtually the same truths; they cover the time of the nobleman's absence in a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return, and during his absence the servants are expected to make diligent use of the pounds or talents with which they have been intrusted that they may give account of their stewardship at his return. "Occupy till I come" is the word to every servant (Luke xix, 14). As both John and Jesus and the twelve and the seventy had all preached that the kingdom was at hand they were all expecting it, not understanding that, Messiah being rejected by the nation and the rulers having determined to kill Him, the kingdom must wait till His return and the age of "the mystery of the kingdom" run its course. These parables tell of service in this present age and bring before us another phase of the readiness to meet Him at His coming. The redemption clothing, His righteousness, makes us fit and ready to meet Him at any time (Col. i, 12-14), but we are redeemed in order to serve Him, and for this service there will be rewards, and it is His desire that we should receive a full reward and not be ashamed before Him at His coming (II John viii; I John ii, 28; Rev. xxii, 12).

In the one parable each servant receives a pound; in the other each receives talents according to his ability. Every believer without exception receives the Holy Spirit in some measure, but the special gifts of the Spirit are given to every one severally as He will (I Cor. xii, 4-11, 18). This passage helps in some measure to understand both the pounds and the talents. There is something for every believer to do and bear, and it has long been a comfort to me to know that everything has been appointed for each individual beforehand (Eph. ii, 10), and we have only to walk with Him in that which He appoints for us. I am also comforted by remembering that He expects no service for which He has not given the ability (I Pet. iv, 10, 11). It is the greatest folly to consider others and the service they are rendering and aim to do as they are doing, for the Lord appoints "to every man his work" (Mark xiii, 34). And "every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv, 12). We are here as His witnesses to manifest His life, to show forth His praises, to prove ourselves faithful stewards of His manifold grace, to serve the living and true God (Acts i, 8; II Cor. iv, 10) and our position in His kingdom will depend upon our faithfulness here.

In the parable of the pounds the servants testified "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds," or "Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds," and the reward for their faithfulness, not success, was authority over ten cities or five cities, conveying at least a suggestion of our reigning with Him over the earth (Rev. v, 10). In the parable of the talents, the servants say, "I have gained five talents more," or "I have gained two other talents." To each of these the commendation was just the same, for each had been equally faithful according to the ability given them. "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (verses 21, 23). Note again that it is faithfulness, not success, that is commended. Compare xxiv, 45. There is here also the thought of ruling, but what the joy of the Lord can mean who can tell? We cannot even imagine much about either. It will all be far beyond our utmost thought. It will be His exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. Listen to His prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given me" (John xvii, 24). And not only behold but share His glory, for He said (verse 22), "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one."

Note that it was the pound that gained the pounds, while the other said "I have gained other talents." Both are correct, for while we work it is God working in us. We have both in I Cor. xv, 10, "I labored more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It is evident that the unfaithful servant was a mere professor and knew not his Lord. Imagine a Christian saying to the Lord, "I know that thou art an hard man" (24), or, "I feared thee because thou art an austere man" (Luke xix, 21). His doom shows that he was never a true servant, for no true child of God can perish (John iii, 16; x, 28). As to the phrase or saying, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath" (verse 29), it is explained by Luke viii, 18.

Game in Germany.

Germany is a country of Nimrods. There are, we learn, 600,000 sportsmen, which means one gun for every hundred people. Each year fall to the gun on an average 400,000 hares, 4,000,000 partridges, 2,000,000 thrushes, 500,000 rabbits, 190,000 deer, 145,000 woodcocks, 40,000 wild ducks, 25,000 pheasants, 22,500 deer, 15,000 quails, 13,500 bucks, 1,400 wild boars and 1,300 bustards. In weight this "bag" represents 25,000,000 kilograms, a kilogram being two and one-fifth pounds. The monetary value is about $6,500,000. The sum received for licenses to shoot is about $1,500,000.

Stung!

"I overheard my husband talking in his sleep last night," remarked Mrs. Trigger to her closest friend.

"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed the friend. "Did he mention some strange woman's name?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Trigger; "he was dreaming about a baseball game."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE FAT GODDESS.

A Picture That Jarred the Nerves of a French Art Patron.

M. Durand, a French picture buyer of a century ago, had little wisdom as a critic, and his ambition, compounded equally of childlike vanity and genuine benevolence, was to figure as a patron of youthful genius.

One of the earliest commissions he bestowed was upon a young artist who selected for his subject a scene of classic mythology, in which the assembled gods were depicted upon Mount Olympus. When it was finished M. Durand was invited to the studio to inspect it. His face clouded as he gazed.

"Young man," he declared, "you have not treated me fairly. It is true I do not pretend to know everything about art, but I am not a fool, and I know that gods and goddesses should be no less noble than kings and queens. These people of yours are not even aristocrats! Madame, my wife, does not pretend to be a fine lady, yet when I put my two hands around her waist it is by an inch only that they fail to meet, and as for Juliettte, my daughter, she is as slender as a needle. Look now at that big, clumsy woman in a loose gown who you say is queen among the gods! She has no figure at all. She is all the way down the same. Pouf! Call her a lady and a goddess—she who is without stays and without waist! Mme. and Mlle. Durand would make a mock of her, your Juno! Pouf! She is a peasant, a pillow, a pig!"

Nevertheless he was convinced by infinitely tactful explanations that the wasp waist was unknown in classic antiquity, even to goddesses. It was with proud complacence that he finally accepted the picture and the knowledge that the sovereign lady of Mount Olympus had never attained the heroic compression achieved by Mme. and Mlle. Durand.

A GEOLOGIC PHENOMENON.

Raised Beaches and Caves of the Island of Arran.

The island of Arran is one of those places on the west of Scotland where the geologic phenomenon known as a "raised beach" is very apparent. All along the coast there are evidences that the land has been considerably elevated at some period of the world's history. One of these proofs is the presence of caves of various sizes formed by the action of the waves in the past, but which are now well above the present high water mark. The farmers use some of the larger caves as shelters for sheep in stormy weather.

In a remote corner of the island one of these caves has been converted into a human habitation, where a family of several persons dwell in absolute seclusion. Their occupation is the gathering of whelks, an employment which is said to afford but a precarious livelihood. As the gathering of the shellfish can only be done at low water and as the fishers have no boat or other occupation, they have ample leisure to enjoy the pure air and bask in the sunshine.

Except for the drip from the face of the high rocks above, which is skillfully diverted, the cave is absolutely dry. The interior is shaped like a triangle, the floor forming the base. Save at the sides there is ample room to stand upright and move about inside. Besides the beds and cooking utensils, the cave contains many articles of various kinds, giving the interior quite a homelike appearance. The apology for a fireplace is some way back from the entrance, through which the smoke finds its way outside.—Wide World Magazine.

Obituary Gems.

When John Sherman of New Haven, preacher, mathematician, almanac maker and father of twenty-six children, heard of the death of his good friend Jonathan Mitchell, a Harvard pastor, he explained (after due thought and many poetic pangs):

Here lies the darling of his time.
Mitchell expired in his prime,
Who four years short of forty-seven
Was found full ripe and plucked for heaven.

When Thomas Dudley, father of the first American poetess, Anne Bradstreet, came to his deathbed, says the South Atlantic Quarterly, he showed where his daughter had received her surprising gift by composing such farewell lines as:

Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach shew
My dissolution is in view.
Eleven times seven near lived have I,
And now God calls I willing die.

Got It Exact.

"Why is it that the butcher always sends me more meat than I order, never by any chance less?" complained a young housekeeper to her husband.

"Let me give him an order," said he, and, stepping to the telephone, he called up the market.

"Send me two pounds of porterhouse," he ordered, "and, say, if you can't cut two pounds make it a pound and a half."

He got the two pounds by the next delivery.—New York Sun.

The Devil of the Desert.

It is not generally known how a devil rides a camel, but Mr. Hans Vischer acquired the information and imparts it in his volume, "Through the Sahara." One night a camel suddenly ran amuck. Other camels followed suit and a general panic ensued. "The frightened yells of my escort told me that a ghool, a wicked demon of the desert, had seized the camel. I was told how these evil spirits sometimes took a fancy to mount a camel; the camel would then look to see who was digging it in the ribs, and, perceiving no one, fear would grip its heart, for then it knew that the devil was on its back."

Malleable Glass of the Egyptians.

Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it being now reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.

How Plants Remain Upright.

If a flowerpot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 9.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.32 p m until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.32 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

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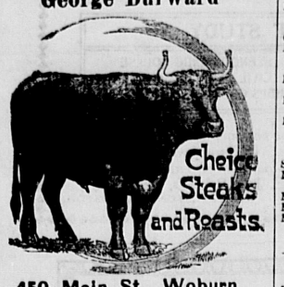
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.30, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square term al of the Elevated for Winchester, Wo rn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1909.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.55, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.55 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 8.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
12	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
37	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
38	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
612	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
801	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
612	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Fri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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FALLING BODIES.

Their Velocity Varies According to the Force of Gravity.

A man falling from a three story building in New Orleans will not fall as fast as he would if he were in New York city. In fact, in hardly any two places will he fall with the same speed. This is because as we go toward the equator the force of gravity gets less and less, and consequently the acceleration of a falling body becomes less, and the force of impact is therefore less.

While it does not make very much difference in the injury to a person falling from a height, it does make a difference in other things. Take a rifle and fire it exactly horizontally, and if the gun is sixteen feet above the ground, say, at New York the bullet fired from such a rifle will strike the ground in exactly one second after it leaves the rifle. If the bullet has a horizontal velocity of 1,000 feet per second it will strike the earth exactly 1,000 feet away. Let us take the same rifle to a place where the force of gravity is not the same as at New York, but a good deal smaller, say two-thirds smaller. We find that if the gun is placed sixteen feet above the ground, as before, and absolutely horizontal the bullet will not fall the sixteen feet in one second, but will take over one and a half seconds to fall, thus enabling the bullet to be in the air during that length of time. Therefore it will strike the ground about 1,600 feet away. Thus it is seen that the range of a rifle is increased as it is taken toward the equator.

Of course there is no place on the earth where the force of gravity is two-thirds smaller than at New York, but there are many places where the difference is considerable enough to affect slightly the range of rifles.—Harper's Weekly.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
Live Editorials
All the Local News, and
Choice Literary Selections
Fill Its Columns.
A Family Newspaper
Read by Thousands
Of Intelligent People
Every Week.
Unequalled as an
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every
Friday Morning
At 434 Main Street.
Delivered Promptly.

The GIRL IN THE CASE

Leads to the Finding of a Wife

By STACY E. BAKER

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Rawlins, reaching for his own inferior timepiece, found in its place an expensive watch with three diamonds set in the rear case and the initials W. A. W. engraved thereon.

Naturally Rawlins was surprised. He returned the watch to his pocket, carefully folded his paper and glanced about in search of the philanthropic person who had effected the exchange.

The vinegary faced female wedged in the seat to the right of him stared back suspiciously.

A wheezing fat man, uncomfortably crowded, sat at his left and grinned heavily as he noted the observant eye of his fellow passenger.

"These street cars are crowded sunthin' awful, hain't they?"

Rawlins agreed. He couldn't accustom himself to the thought of this man's pudgy fingers deftly inserting themselves in his waistcoat pocket on a delicate mission of substitution.

He stared about him searchingly, but the enigma was unsolved when the conductor called Twenty-third street.

In the sacred precincts of his own little used law offices Rawlins gave a keener inspection to this gift the gods had thrust upon him.

Heavy lines corrugated the brow of the young attorney, and he pushed his thick black hair back into an impromptu pompadour as his mind grappled with the problem. The slim fingers of the youth touched the stem, and the case snapped suddenly open, disclosing the pictured face of a radiant girl.

Rawlins—John P. Rawlins, Esq.—was young—young enough, in fact, to believe in the ideal woman, and this likeness corresponded exactly with the dream in his heart. The great blue eyes, the flawless contour of the face, with its piquant, retrousse nose and determined little chin; the wave in the heavy hair, the peerless neck and shoulders—everything about the maid summed up soul dear to the youth.

The sudden advent of that rara avis, a client, compelled him to forego the pleasure of lingering longer in admiring contemplation of the picture. Before finding the likeness of the probable owner—Rawlins had an active mind—the man who had come into such peculiar possession of the watch had decided to turn it over to the police, but now—

Now the united efforts of the entire constabulary of the town could not have dragged it from him.

And yet—paradox—the youth wished to find the owner, if possible, more than ever. The riddle of how the little timepiece happened to be in his pocket had gripped him with an insatiable curiosity at first; now, strangely enough, his sole thoughts were of the maid in the case. He longed to meet her. He wanted to become acquainted with her.

The attorney was bothered with no clients that day, and in the afternoon, with the fair pictured face of the mysterious damsel propped before him, he compiled an advertisement for the morning papers:

Found, under peculiar circumstances, valuable watch. Owner can have same by calling at —— Broadway and proving property. Rawlins, fourth floor.

Rawlins was a wealthy youth of good city connections. He had graduated from Harvard the year before and was now awakened to the fact that New York is overcrowded with attorneys. Clients, from a pecuniary standpoint, he didn't need, but the ennui of a listless life was boring him, stilling his ambition. This little adventure, with the flavor of romance so strong upon it, bade fair to give life back its relish.

The advertisement brought results. Every faker in the city seemed to have bought a paper and picked the Rawlins "found" as the easy money of the morning.

The lawyer entertained the sly adventurers with tentative questions on their lips, keen searchers after information that, in turn, was to be given over to shrewd confederates, who would follow up with better chances of landing the prize, and coarse women who attempted to wheedle the advertised article away from its holder, and, failing in this, fell into a vocabulary of vehement and impolite protest.

The attorney's faith in human nature was sadly jarred.

The keen youth gave absolutely no information to the gleaners along the paths of chance, and thus it came about that none was able to come later with sufficient information to draw down the trophy. Rawlins breathed his relief at the end of the day and again drew the watch from his pocket and studied the photograph. One longs doubly for the unattainable. The youth was in a perfect frenzy to meet the girl.

Time passed. Several months went by and still the young man was vainly striving to meet the fair one of the photograph. It became a habit with him to stand before the window of his office and stare down into the street. In this way there was a chance that his knowing eyes would find the owner of the watch.

One day as he stood at his usual point of vantage, his contemplative eyes on a lazy cab, the latter came to a stop in front of one of the large stores, and—oh, the sudden shock of it—she stepped out.

In a moment the long legs of the youth were fairly flying down the stairs—he wouldn't wait for the elevator—and he was across the street and into the store in another fast following sixty seconds.

It took the attorney some time to find the girl. The wonder of it is that he found her at all in that huge beehive of struggling patrons and clerks.

She was on the first floor and at the handkerchief counter. He patiently waited until she had finished her purchases.

"I beg your pardon!" he commenced, approaching, hat in hand.

The girl stared at him coldly. She was a revelation in beauty—all and more than the photograph had promised.

"I have here," said the lawyer, "something that I believe belongs to you." He smiled in what he evidently believed to be a courteous manner, but which left an entirely different impression on the lady.

"I do not know you, sir," she answered in a well bred voice, the cadence of which thrilled her susceptible admirer to the full of his rapidly beating heart. "You have probably mistaken me for another person." Her eyes rested meditatively upon an approaching floorwalker.

"I know we have never met," began Rawlins inanely, "but—but"—

"At an almost imperceptible sign from the girl the floorwalker joined them.

"This gentleman," began the girl distantly, "thinks he knows me. He doesn't." She paused suggestively.

The floorwalker, wise of his kind, eyed the attorney with small favor.

"You had better go, sir, else"— He, too, ended his sentence with an eloquent stop.

Rawlins, despite his keen admiration for the girl, was angry.

"One moment," he said authoritatively to the official. He turned again to the girl.

"Perhaps you recognize this," he asked and held the watch before her eyes.

The maid gazed at it with some curiosity. "I do not," she said. "To my knowledge, I have never seen it before in my life. Are you the—er—official propounder of enigmas here?"

The sarcasm was lost on the despondent Rawlins, who, with the iron hand of the floorwalker on his arm, was being rapidly escorted toward the door.

"I'm giving you a chance," explained the latter, "although I hadn't ought to. The bosses here haven't any time for fresh guys who antagonize the trade."

An elderly woman with gray hair and faded blue eyes came hurrying after the pair and touched the dejected lawyer on the arm.

"Just a moment," she began breathlessly. "My niece has been telling me about it. You—you must have my watch!"

"I knew it," interrupted the floorwalker. "I knew it from the start, madam. He's a 'dip,' old offender probably. If you'll just step into the office I'll see that you recover your property without any fuss, and we'll send this party down."

The woman stared.

"You are rather officious. This gentleman was attempting to do my niece a favor. He is no pickpocket. I am sure of that." She spoke coldly.

She turned to Rawlins. "Tell me, was the watch you wished to return set with three diamonds and did it contain a little miniature?"

Rawlins nodded a happy assent. The girl had joined them. The youth noted with an appreciative eye the embarrassed flush dotting her cheeks.

"This is your property," came from Rawlins. Once again he took the watch from his pocket, and the eager hands of the older woman accepted it.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she gasped. "It really is my watch!" She turned to Rawlins. "And you recognized my niece from the little picture?"

Again the happy youth nodded. Words were beyond him.

"But how did you get it?" she asked wonderingly. "I saw that great, fat thief who grabbed it from my hands run and jump on a street car, and although I promptly reported the matter to the police I really had given up expecting the return of the trinket long ago.

"It was my first day in the city," she continued. "I live in New Orleans, you must know, and I am only visiting here. Marie—she is my sister—worries so over trifles that I didn't tell her. Really, I never expected to see it again. I"—

"But why don't you allow the gentleman to answer your question, auntie?" laughingly interrupted the girl.

Upon Rawlins a great light had dawned. The good natured heavyweight seated on his right in the car had been the pickpocket who had stolen the watch. Evidently fearing capture, he had shifted the thing upon Rawlins and taken the cheaper timepiece of the attorney in return.

"It's a long story," explained the youth—"almost too long to tell here. I am a lawyer, with offices just across the way." He handed the older woman a card. "If I might suggest"—

"You must ride home with us in our carriage," eagerly interrupted the aunt, "and explain in detail. Really, I wouldn't miss the story for the watch. Or perhaps," she amended, "you can't spare the time just now?"

Rawlins glanced at the red cheeked girl.

"I will be pleased to ride home with you," he said.

Auricular Evidence.

"My daughter, Gladys Mae, has become quite an elocutionist."

"Yes," peevishly replied the next door neighbor, "so I hear."—Puck.

The Largest.

"What is a largesse, papa?"

"A $, my boy."—Harvard Lampoon.

Tickling in the Throat

"Just a little tickling in the throat!" Is that what troubles you? But it hangs on! Can't get rid of it! Home remedies don't take hold. You need something stronger—a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral contains healing, quieting, and soothing properties of the highest order. Ask your doctor about this. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Constipation positively prevents good health. Then why allow it to continue? An active liver is a great preventive of disease. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. What does your doctor say?

Fleet Footed Postmen of Venice.

Probably the letter carriers in Venice are the most ingenious in the world. They know how to dodge every waterway, turning up on their routes with a precise regularity that convinces you they have mapped every scrap of the damp city's dry land on their brains. If you go to your destination by gondola they can beat you thereto by a good bit of time. What they know about canals has been applied by them to navigation on land, and they know every tiny street in the city.

Of course there are postoffice gondolas, too, gay yellow things that quite outcolor the yellow sunlight, and any day you happen over the bridge of the Rialto you will see them all fastened to their red and gold poles just underneath the old palatial Fondaco del Tedeschi, which centuries ago by decree of the Venetian senate two famous architects of early days, Girolamo Tedesco and Giorgio Spavento, built for the use of the many German merchants then living in Venice (somewhere about the year 1505).—Travel Magazine.

The Mystery of a Duel.

Having fought his duel and saved his honor by firing a shot in the air, the editor of a French provincial newspaper went back to his desk, and the incident had quite left his mind when he felt something strange in his thigh. He looked and found that he was bleeding profusely. A doctor was called, who discovered that a bullet was imbedded in the editor's thigh some two inches deep and required extraction. "Why was this not taken notice of on the spot where the duel took place?" he asked. The editor was as much in the dark as the doctor. At the moment of the duel he had fired into the air, and his adversary also took a distracted sort of aim. There had evidently been no intention of doing the slightest harm on either side. The editor felt nothing as he left the field and had shaken hands with his antagonist as a sign of reconciliation. How a bullet came to be lodged in his thigh was simply one of the mysteries of dueling.—London Telegraph.

An Irish Grand Prix.

There was once an Irish Grand Prix. The horse that lowered the French colors was the property of an eccentric Irishman named Conolly and was a big, bony roan, not much to look at in the way of horseflesh, so it was a great surprise to everybody but his owner when he came in first. His previous record at the English Derby the preceding year had not been brilliant enough for anybody to lay any large bets on him, with the sole exception of Conolly himself, whose faith in his entry was so great that he mortgaged his lands and put every cent on the horse. Up to the very end of the race everybody looked on Conolly as a ruined man, but when the roan shot first under the wire he not only carried the British colors to victory, but won a great fortune for his master. This happened in the time of Napoleon III., and Conolly was so proud of his triumph that he insisted on walking ahead of the emperor and empress, cheering and waving his hat.—New York Press.

We, the People.

The phrase "We, the people of the United States," in the preamble of the constitution read in the first draft of the constitution as follows: "We, the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, do ordain, declare and establish," etc. Though unanimously adopted by the convention, the wording had to be changed to "We, the people," simply because the constitution, which had not as yet been ratified, was to go into effect when ratified by nine states, and, not knowing which states were to ratify, the naming of the states was, of course, out of the question.—New York American.

The Chinese Gong.

The bugle does not sound the call to meals on the Pacific liners, as is the Atlantic habit. Instead a Chinaman pats a gong gently, and its booming echoes find the ear, no matter how remotely located. The gong is the quintessence of vibration. It sets waves of sound into motion that reverberate from every barrier. It moans or defies according to the strength with which it is struck. No wonder the Chinese used it in battle to scare the foe!—New York World.

His First Voyage.

The old sailor came along with a bucket of tar.

"What are you doing?" gasped the seasick passenger feebly.

"Pitching the deck, sor," responded the salt, with a deep sea salute.

"Pitching the deck? Great Scott! Isn't it pitching enough already?"—Chicago News.

A Serious Predicament.

"How can he afford to keep an automobile?"

"He can't, but he has to keep one to prevent people from finding out that he is too hard up to afford it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hugging a Delusion.

Willie—Father, what does hugging a delusion mean? Father—Well, my boy, young Mr. Strong is an instance. He thinks your sister Clara is only twenty-two!

DRAWING A TOOTH

Tushmaker's Pulling Machine Was a Wonderful Invention.

KILLED HIS FIRST PATIENT.

But That Simply Couldn't Be Helped, and the Autopsy Showed Why the Victim Lifted His Right Leg Each Time the Lever Was Turned.

Mr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and, finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way, so Tushmaker became a dentist.

He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cogwheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office in the city of Boston when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right hand side about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small polyglot Bible." "I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turnscrew, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir.

"Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw and put forth.

Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned. He was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk and snapped old Byles' head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts. They had a postmortem examination. The roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot.

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed, and, five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward, but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and, thinking that it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair. Tushmaker took her home in a pillowcase. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India rubber woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston custom house, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.—John Phoenix.

He Told Her.

Mr. Economie—Did you write to the man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Economie—Yes, and sent him a dollar.

"What did he reply?"

"Use cream."

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue, is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

And War Continued.

Miss Goodley—Bess says she's ready to make up if you are. Miss Cutting—Tell her I'd be ready to make up, too, if I had a complexion as muddy as hers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Patience.

Her Mother—You must be patient with him. The Bride—Oh, I am. I know it will take time for him to see that he can't have his own way.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14 1910

COMPLIMENTARY.

Put up to it, no doubt, by Dr. Austin Peters, who Governor Draper removed ten days ago from the office of Chief of the Cattle Bureau of the State Agricultural Commission to make room for the appointment of Mr. Fred F. Walker of Burlington, Master of the Woburn Grange, to the position, the Veterinary profession of the State sent to the Governor a protest against Mr. Walker's appointment, on the ground that he is not a V. S.; but it had no effect on His Excellency, for the appointment stood, and the appointee was unanimously confirmed by the Council.

A part of Governor Draper's reply to the letter from the Veterinaries read as follows:

"I have delayed appointing a man to that position for a long time, but have finally secured a man who has been very familiar with the questions with which the Cattle Bureau has to do: and while not a veterinarian, he is a very able and levelheaded man and I believe will fill the position admirably. * * * * and in this particular instance I think the gentleman appointed is a most excellent man, who I trust and believe will make a firstrate public official."

That ought to be pleasant reading for the new head of the Cattle Bureau, Mr. Fred Walker.

CONCERNING BOSTON.

At a meeting of the Boston Chamber of Commerce Assembly to be held next Wednesday, Oct. 19, a discussion of the importance to Boston of being given her true commercial rating in the census reports will be continued at the request of the Chamber and leading business men.

Greater Boston, or the Metropolitan District, which covers the territory lying within a circle drawn 10 miles from the State House, has a population of nearly 1,500,000, while Boston proper is credited by the Census Bureau with about 700,000. By outside circles Boston is treated commercially on the basis of the Census report, whereas the whole Metropolitan District is, to all intents and purposes, Boston proper, and should be regarded and treated accordingly.

It is to correct this wrong and secure for Boston her proper place in the business world that the Chamber of Commerce are at work, and their assemblies held.

CORRECT IDEA.

In a speech delivered not long ago before the City Council Alderman Harold P. Johnson laid down this principle and asked that it be considered by the Board:

The theory of the City Charter is that the Mayor and Board of Aldermen shall spend the money, but that the City Council shall say how much shall be spent, and for what purpose. In other words, that each appropriation shall specify not only the amount allowed, but the exact purpose it is to be used for, and to be a limit to the expenditures for such specific purpose.

This is sound doctrine, and it is practised in every well governed city.

Ald. Johnson has good business ideas.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

The Republicans held a convention at Republican Headquarters in this city on Friday evening, Oct. 7, to nominate condidates to to represent the 20th Representative District in the Massachusetts Legislature of 1911. It was attended by delegates from the several towns and one city composing the District.

Mr. George F. Bean, and Mr. Herbert N. Buck of Wilmington, were unanimously chosen, the former being a renomination, and the latter one of Wilmington's most prominent and highly respected citizens.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

At the Republican State convention held in Boston on Oct. 6, 1910, a platform was adopted of which the following were the principal planks:

Establishment of permanent, independent expert Tariff Commission.

Revision on tariff based on facts, one schedule at a time.

Endorsement of Direct Nomination as a principal.

The administrations of President Taft and Governor Draper were heartily endorsed, as they deserved to be.

COLUMBUS DAY.

No celebration of the Day was held in Woburn, and no notice taken of it, except to close business houses and schools.

The Woburn Council of K. of C., Holy Name Society, and many Catholics, headed by a military band, went to Boston and joined in the grand parade there.

STATE ELECTION.

The Massachusetts State election is to be held on November 8, next, that date being the First Tuesday after the first Monday in November as required by the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

The result of the poll on that day can be easily and accurately foretold by even the dullest guesser. The Republicans will elect their State ticket from Governor Draper down; nearly all of the Congressmen; a large majority of the Senators and Representatives to the Legislature; their candidates for county offices—in short, they will land all their ticket high and dry.

The Legislature will reelect Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge United States Senator, an exalted political station he has filled and adorned for many years past.

Not long ago the Democrats had quite a likely show for helping themselves to a few of the official plums, but they quarrelled and fought, as usual, over who should receive them, and so lost them all. Strange that they will do so every time they get a chance.

McCALL NOMINATED.

Hon. Samuel W. McCall was nominated by acclamation at the Republican 8th Congressional District Convention held in Somerville last Tuesday, Oct. 11.

Judge Edward F. Johnson and Hon. Arthur H. Linscott were chosen Woburn members of the 8th District Congressional Committee.

☞ A highly respectable gentleman now in the 87th year of his age, whose residence is not more than 1,000 miles from the Centre of Woburn, experiences considerable gratification from telling his neighbors and friends that he assisted in the organization of the Union Fire Company of Amesbury, this State, in 1851 and was for some time a member of it. That is well enough, and we are not blaming him for feeling proud of it. But the writer of this item was a member of the West Cambridge (Arlington) Fire Company in 1843, eight years earlier than the Woburn gentleman became a fireman. There were about 30 members of the Company, all young men, and the way they snaked their heavy handtub over the road going to a fire was a caution! One terrible hot Sunday in the summer of 1843 they were summoned to South Woburn to fight a big fire, which was 7 years before that section of Woburn was set off and incorporated as the town of Winchester.

☞ In the "Teachers Yearbook for 1910-11," published by the State Superintendent of Schools of Maryland appears the following paragraph:

"At the request of the State Board of Education the children of the public schools, on Arbor Day, 1909, voted on the selection of a State Flower which resulted in the choice, by a largemajority, of the Blackeyed Susan. The selection seems to be an appropriate one, since its flower comprises the State colors—the centre being black and the rays yellow."

This paragraph from the Superintendent's report is followed by a poem written by Miss Christine Kelley of this city and published in the JOURNAL last year, the name of which was "Blackeyed Susan," and was greatly admired for its sweetness and beauty.

The Maryland State Superintendent honored Miss Kelley highly by selecting her poem to adorn his report.

☞ It looks now as though Senator Crosby might have had a third term just as easy as rolling off a log if he had reached out for it. With proper effort he could have captured the Woburn delegation. This city didn't care much whether school kept, or not, until Jones made his appearance.

☞ Massachusetts never had a Governor by the name of Andrews. Writers and printers will please take due notice of the same and govern themselves accordingly.

☞ The Democratic party of the Senatorial District held their convention last week and nominated Lawrence Reade of Woburn for the Senate.

☞ Mr. Joe Henry Parker was talked of for a Democratic candidate for Representative to the Legislature.

☞ Ald. C. P. Pollard can be reelected to the City Council next December, if he wants another year on the Board.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

N. E. Tel.—Rates.
Chester W. Clark—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Power.
Geo. A. Cammall—Auctioneer.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonal.

— Halloween Oct 31.

— No more holidays worth mentioning until Thanksgiving.

— The music of the cidermill is heard in the land, and it falls pleasantly on many ears.

— The variety of weather that October has so far furnished ought to satisfy the most exacting of mortals.

— It is reported that leather manufacturing is picking up in good shape here. It is bound to flourish in Woburn.

— A fine Autumn party was held by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. in their hall on Columbus Day eve. The assembly was a large one.

— The Woburn and Winchester football teams tried titles on the Woburn High School field last Wednesday. Common report says both are smart.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr, V. G., responded for Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., at a reception given to Grand Master Horace M. Sargent at Haverhill last week.

— We are reminded that Halloween is not far away by the rumors and announcements of Halloween parties and assemblies soon to be held in the halls of this city.

— Mr. Samuel Cook is recovering from a severe illness, and it is expected that he will get out and around again pretty soon. He has been confined to his home several months

— These are good days for taking to the woods and groves to gather nuts. To be sure the frost has kept off late, but a frost isn't absolutely necessary to bring the fall of nuts.

— Providence and the U.S. Weather Conductor joined hands to give the Boston Columbus Day parade the most beautiful and balmy autumn weather that ever laid out doors.

— Dr. Charles H. Buss, family and friends were conveyed in fine style in the Doctor's automobile, to the Brockton Fair when it was at the height of its glory, and enjoyed it.

— The one hundred and thirty-first session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held at the Unitarian church on Wednesday, October 19, 1910. Everybody invited.

— The annual reunion of Div. 3, A. O. H. is to be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 19, at their headquarters in Allen Block. A good time is anticipated by members and guests.

— Several members of Woburn Corps attended the quarterly meeting of the Middlesex County W. R. C. Association at Melrose last Tuesday, and had a refreshing season.

— The Daniel March Baraca Class are to give their first in a series of entertainments in aid of the Choate Hospital on Monday evening, Oct. 24. It will consist of a fine programme.

— To enable lovers of flowers to gather nosegays early next spring they must plant their crocuses, tulips, jonquils, daffodils, and some others, now, for this is just the time to do such work.

— A fortnight's series of special meetings is being conducted at the M. E. church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Herrick, and Rev. John R. Chaffee, pastor of the Winchester M. E. church.

— The annual report of Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the Fourth District Court, furnishes abundant proof that the Police Department of Woburn attend strictly to business every day in the week.

— At the biennial convention of the Middlesex County Ladies Auxiliary, A. O. H. held at Watertown last Sunday Mrs. Mary Logue of Woburn was elected Secretary, an office she has held several years.

— The Music Committee of the Wilmington Congregational church have engaged Mrs. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue, Woburn, for organist. She is an educated musician and handles the organ and piano with skill.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Wyer and the daughter Alice Brooks have returned from their summer home at North Conway, N. H., to their winter one on Pleasant Street. They migrate from one to the other with the birds.

— The Woburn Machine Company have been awarded the contract by the B. P. W. to supply a new boiler for the city pumping station. That was correct—always patronize home industries when it can be fairly and legally done.

— Ald. Frank Sullivan has succeeded in prevailing on General Superintendent Gray to add two more cars to the B. & N. St. R'y. line between Woburn and Stoneham—one to leave here at 6 30 A. M., and the other to leave Stoneham at 6 P. M.

— The advertising card of S. B. Goddard & Son's Insurance Agency of Boston and Woburn is the cuttest one there is out, just as the Agency, of which Mr. Herbert C. Huntress is General Manager, is one of the mots reliable and popular in the State.

— Shipments of game from the Maine forests in the last few days are billed for Boston, New York and Phil adelphia, indicating that the "woods are full" of hunters from those big cities Wonder if Dr. Chalmers of this city is getting ready for his annual shoot down there?

—The date has got here when it is legal to fire up the furnace, set the steam and hot water boilers to work, and get things shipshape for winter, which, the prophets tell us, is to be a long and cold one. They were demanded by the cold weather in the first week in October.

— The Holy Name Society made a fine appearance as the long line of them preceded by the Woburn Brass Band, marched from St. Charles church to the train for the big Columbus parade in Boston last Wednesday afternoon. It required a long train to take them down to the Hub.

— The Music Committee of the First Congregational church are receiving many applications for appointment to the office of organist, a position made vacant by the recent resignation of Mr. Daniel N. Hood. The present Quartet, with the exception of Miss Trecartin, are to remain until January next.

— Nobody in this city has a more brilliant or beautiful flower garden than the large and gay one that Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue take pride in. We would not know where to go or which way to turn to find a finer display of autumn bloom than that of the Strouts. They love flowers and know just how to cultivate them.

EDISON LIGHT

Flexible Power - It's Electric

Do you need—To-day—in Your Shop another Machine or Two?

Have You Got the Room and Would You put them in if it wasn't for the Cost of Shafting to connect with your already loaded engine and boilers?

Why not cut out the Shafting and save your engine; put in the Machines you want—and run them with an Electric Motor?

We Can Show You a Modern Way To Save Money.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.

Oxford 3300 39 Boylston St., BOSTON.



MARY RYAN and FORREST ROBBINSON, Act 3 in the "Fortune Hunter" at the Tremont Theatre.

— The Womans Club of this city are to hold their first autumn 1910 gathering in Lyceum Hall on Friday afternoon, Oct. 21, at which a recital is to be given by Mrs. Christobal W. Kidder, a well known dramatic reader, her topic to be "The Sweethearts." A tea, with cakes, will follow the reading by Mrs. Kidder.

— Hose 6 of Central Square flung to the breeze on Columbus Day morning a handsome new flag. The flag and pole were the gift of Mrs. Rebecca Brooks in memory of her husband, the late Andrew B. Brooks, who cherished a very kindly feeling for the boys of this company. The members of the company feel very grateful for this kindly feeling.

— Can Supt. Spencer or any of the Board explain the appearance of a light fog or foam or froth like that on a mug of beer, only lighter and less permanent that rises on the vessels of city water when it first comes from the faucets, remains but a moment, and then disappears as quietly as dew before the morning sun? People talk about it a good deal, and some of them are afraid of it. What is it?

— To a correspondent: No, it was not the design of the clam item in last week's JOURNAL to draw an invidious comparison between the phlegmatic, slow gaited Ogunquit clam and the nervous, volatile denizen of the Scarboro beds, or to express a preference of one of them over the other. Each acts well its part—the Spurwink brand, as guest of honor at the festive political clambake; while the Ogunquit bivalve adorns the more modest chowder.

— Mr. Leland D. Soles of Church avenue and Miss Helen Agnes Mulkeen, daughter of Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen of Pleasant street, all of Woburn, were united in the bonds of wedlock by Rev James J. Keegan at the St. Charles parsonage on Thursday evening, Oct. 6, 1910. Miss Adelaide A. Mulkeen, her sister, waited on the bride; Mr. Harold E Soles, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Soles are to make their home in this city.

— Everybody who tries them says that Estabrook's pork and beans beat the band—even the farfamed product of Boston Ovens can't match Estabrook's nor even hold a candle to them. You see, the way of it is this: Estabrook selects the best beans in the market; parboils them to a turn; puts into the pot a liberal hunk of sweet fat pork; then bakes them all night in a brick oven heated to just the right degree; and when they are taken out Sunday morning for the family breakfast—well, tell us, could anything be more delicious and satisfying? After such a breakfast a man must be queerly made up who couldn't go to church and sit under the droppings of the sanctuary "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind."

— The Boston newspaper that wrote so glowingly of punkin pie the other day either forgot to mention, or was ignorant of the fact, that no punkin pie is a perfect culinary production that is not baked in a tin dish 12 inches long 8 inches wide and 1 1 2 inches deep. It should also be observed in this connection that the four corner ones are the more desirable pieces.

— Editor Arthur A. Fowle of the Boston *Globe*, and Mr. William Beggs, the boss leather maufacturer of New England, with their wives, are auto touring again over the country. The party are esteemed residents of the Courtend of this city, and on their departure many friends bespoke for all four of them a delightful trip and safe return to their happy homes.

— A belated fly that should have been cosily occupying its winter home some time ago makes more trouble for baldheaded people than whole swarms of them did in early summer. He is a laggard and a nuisance; but will soon think that the best thing for him to turn his attention to will be his hibernating nest in the chinks of the walls. But, after all, the fly is a companionable little chap that deserves, but seldom gets, fair treatment.

— The fall and winter timetable of the Boston and Maine Railroad which went into effect on Oct. 10, inst., makes but few changes in the arrival and departure of trains in this city, the principal ones being the substitution of a train to Boston at 8 07 A. M for the present two at 7 50 and 8 04, A. M. These, however, are enough to allow the old chronic growler another chance to spit his spite against Woburn But nobody pays any attention to the old growler or his growls.

— "The frost is in the medder, and the punkin on the vine," which was the refrain of a ditty in a Boston newspaper one day this week, conjured up memories of heaps of unshucked corn on the barn floor surrounded by merry young people and old gathered to help the farmer out with his "huskin;" of the hearty supper that followed the conclusion of the job—a supper of pork and beans and rye and indian bread hot from the brick oven; the doughnuts, gingerbread, pickles, cheese, punkinpie, the rosy cheeked apples and pitchers of cider; and then the dance, with which the "huskin," with its work, eating, and Merrymaking, came to an end. We have been told that old people like to think of those times and their pleasures, and we do not doubt it.

GEO. A. CAMMALL.
AUCTIONEER,
65 Winn St., Woburn

Personal attention given to sales anywhere in the State.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Every week at B. F. Keith's Theatre new faces brighten the bill, and next week will be no exception to this rule, as there will be a number of newcomers, all stars in their particular lines, with several old and tried favorites. One of the newcomers will be Gene Greene, who has made a tremendous hit during the past few weeks singing his own songs in a characteristic manner. The Field Brothers are also newcomers, recently with one of the big minstrel troupes.

THE TREMONT.

The instant success scored by "The Fortune Hunter," which is in its fourth week at the Tremont Theatre, is a tribute by Greater Boston to itself as well as to Winchell Smith's clever comedy in which John Barrymore and the New York company have been playing nearly two years. Boston long has maintained that it prefers and will support clean plays and in its quick acceptance of this one it justifies that preference. The story of Nat Duncan and his quest for a fortune by leading a small-town heiress to propose marriage to him is a story so reasonable and feasible that it might have been taken from life.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Talk of New York" at the Castle Square next week will be John Craig's first musical comedy of the season. The work of George Cohan, in music, dialogue and action it is the liveliest of the lively, and it promises to rival the success of "The Circus Girl." Unlike most pieces of its kind, it has a plot, and its central figure is one Kid Burnes, a celebrity of the race track who encounters all sorts of amusing experiences when he breaks into good society. He is a likable sort of fellow, and although frowned upon by the family of his warmest friend, who happens to be a millionaire, he takes things easily, and radiates happiness and fun in all direction.

Electricity Displaces Horses.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

An illustration of the advantages and economy gained by electric vehicle over horse haulage is shown in the following record of a specific case:

One two-ton truck replaced two two-horse trucks working twelve months and one additional two horse truck during the winter months.

Cost of horse haulage for two years was	$9.325
Cost of electric truck, for current, tires, driver and all maintenance was for two and one-half years	3,937
Interest on cost two and one-half years	690
Twenty-five per cent. of investment written off	1.285
Saving in same period over horse haulage was	$3.413

Several well known Boston companies have effected a saving of 50 per cent by the use of electric trucks and wagons over horse haulage.

His Cousin.

Robert H. Gowing of Wilmington, stricken with heart disease on a North Station car about 4 12 Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 28, died at the Relief Station shortly after.

Mr. Gowing was about 40 years of age and employed as Superintendent by A. B. Clark & Co. of Peabody. He was a member of the School Board of Wilmington, where he had lived all his life.—*Boston Globe.*

The deceased was a first cousin of Dr. Fred Gowing of Wyers Court in this city, who occupies professional rooms at 30 Huntington avenue, Boston, and deeply laments the sudden death of his relative. Robert Gowing was highly esteemed by the people of Wilmington, and wherever he was known.

Evening School.

The Woburn Evening School opened in the Hanson schoolhouse last Monday evening, Oct. 10, with the following teaching force:

Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, Principal, Civil Service.

Miss M. A. Munroe, Bookkeeping.

Mr. Chester I. Conn, Mechanical Drawing.

Mr. Theodore G. Govostes, Greek English.

Miss Ellen L. Watts, Greek and English.

Miss Mary R. Walsh, Stenography-Typewriting.

Miss Karen Ekmen and Miss Mary Corry, Elementary Class.

Another teacher will be needed for the Stenography-Typewriting class.

Williams—Allen.

Trinity Episcopal church of Woburn was the scene of a wedding in high life last Tuesday.

At high noon Tuesday, October 11, 1910, the nuptials of Mr. GEORGE MORGAN WILLIAMS, a wealthy and prominent young gentleman of California, and Miss LYDIA MORTON ALLEN, daughter of Alfred Allen, M. D., of Wilmington, formerly of Medford, were solemnized by Rev. William H. Osmond, the beloved Rector of Trinity, at the church, the ceremony being in the established Episcopal form.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, after a year's travel in Europe, are to occupy a permanent home on the Pacific Coast.

Greatest Mechanics Fair.

Written Expressly for WOBURN JOURNAL.

The end of the second week of the Mechanics Exposition in Mechanics Building, Boston, finds it the greatest Mechanics Fair ever held in New England. This famous building, vast as it is, has been found none too large to accommodate the crowds that have been in attendance every morning, afternoon and evening. Saturdays, up to six o'clock, children under 12 years of age, are admitted for ten cents. All of the attractions are free and there are charges for seats. The exposition will positively close Saturday, Oct. 29.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 6th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
COMMERCIAL TEACHERS COURSE

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal,
334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Combining Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.
KRYPTOKS make separate Glasses for Far and Near, wholly unnecessary for they give you both in one handsome, durable, economical single pair.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St. } BOSTON
75 Summer St.
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

A Disaster.

Hostess—Mr. Squibs is going to sing a comic song. Guest—I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner table.—Stray Stories.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 5, Lillian B. Hans, aged 2 years 6 months, 20 days.

In this city, Oct. 5, Catherine Hennessy, aged 44 years.

In this city, Oct. 8, Beatrice Melanson, aged 1 year, 6 months, 21 days.

In this city, Oct. 12, Mary Rizzo, aged 2 years, 7 months, 21 days.

SOME IDEAS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Keep Cellar Air Pure.

The air in cellars where there is little or no sunlight is liable to get musty and unhealthy. The best disinfectant of course is sunlight and fresh air, but frequently it is impossible to get a strong draught through a cellar; it is wise then to make occasional use of a disinfectant. Germs thrive in such dark places and ordinary cleaning with water is not effective in driving them out. Mix some carbonol with water, however, in sprinkling the floor when sweeping, and this disinfectant will destroy all bad odors and make the air pure. It does it by killing the germs which are responsible for the odors, which is the only proper way to get rid of a smell.

Keep the Ice Chest Germproof.

The ice chest should always be kept absolutely clean and sweet to insure the health of the household. Remember that an ice chest is dark inside and the germs are sure to multiply in spite of cold seas. It should be occasionally scrubbed out with a tablespoonful of carbonol to a gallon of lukewarm water, then given several rinsings with boiling water and thoroughly aired.

Take Care of Garbage.

The garbage can should be cleaned with carbonol to keep it sanitary, destroy germs and dissolve the grease which otherwise will cling to the can in spite of soap and water. Don't let the garbage can become foul with old garbage. You will find that carbonol cleans the can easily, because it is so powerful and dissolves grease so easily.

Carbonol is a coal tar disinfectant which you can buy at a drugstore. It comes in bottles for 10c., 25c and 50c. As only a spoonful of it needs to be used at a time, a small bottle will last for weeks. It is more necessary than soap. A sample bottle can be obtained by addressing the Barrett Manufacturing Company, 297 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Fred Gowing of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Edgar N. Eames of Melrose, in said County and Commonwealth, dated June 21, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1962, Folio 467, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises described in said mortgage, on

SATURDAY, October 22, 1910.

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, viz: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Wyer's Court in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by land of heirs of the late J. M. Randall, ninety five feet, westerly by said Wyer's Court, the line running from said last named land to the middle of the front door of the house standing one-half on said premises, and one half on land of grantor adjoining; thence easterly by other land of said grantor, about ninety-seven and one-half feet, to land late of Colson, but now of Delorein; thence northerly by last named land to land now or late of heirs of J. M. Randall. Being the same premises conveyed to said Fred Gowing by James R. Cutler et als., by deed dated March 29, 1890, and duly recorded with said deeds, and subject to rights of way set forth in said deed.

Two hundred dollars to be paid by the purchaser at the time of sale; further terms at sale.

EDGAR N. EAMES, Mortgagee.
Samuel W. Mendum, Attorney,
18 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 30-7-14

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert Hosmer Gowing, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary Abbie Gowing, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Ridgway's TEAS

Having taken the Agency for these

Famous Teas

I am carrying a full line of them and I am prepared to fill all orders for them.

Owing to the superior strength and flavor of these Teas it is advisable to use rather less than is usual with ordinary kinds.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Post Card Size Brownie Camera
— FOR —
Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's
379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

NEW TELEPHONE RATES FOR WOBURN

Here is a summary of the new telephone rates for the Metropolitan and Suburban districts, as applicable to the Woburn Exchange.

If you want service under these rates, ***apply as early as possible.***

We are receiving applications at the rate of 400 to 500 per day. Manifestly all cannot be changed at once. Reasonable time must be allowed. **The earlier we get the application, the earlier we can most economically and systematically plan and complete the construction work.**

If you cannot find it convenient to call at either of our Boston offices, 119 Milk street or 165 Tremont street, telephone to Fort Hill 7600 and ask for the "Rate Department."

The following synopsis shows at a glance the comparative advantages of unlimited and measured service rates and will enable the subscriber to decide which class best meets his needs.

UNLIMITED SERVICE

The WOBURN DISTRICT consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

For UNLIMITED SERVICE within this district the schedule of yearly rates is as follows:

BUSINESS RATES	
One-party line, unlimited	$54
Two-party line, unlimited	48
RESIDENCE RATES	
One-party line, unlimited	$33
Two-party line, unlimited	24

TOLL RATES	
To Metropolitan Exchanges	10 cents
To Suburban Exchanges, 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.	
To Burlington	5 cents

EXTENSION SET RATES	A year
Unlimited service, business or residence	$9
Unlimited service, special residence set	8
Measured service, business or residence	6
Measured service, special residence set	5

DISTRICT MEASURED SERVICE

The number of calls represented by the District Measured Service Minimum Guaranty (480, 600 or 780 as the case may be) may be used in the Woburn district which consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington, Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

or to the following additional exchanges within an eight mile radius of Woburn:

Arlington, Belmont, Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Somerville, Wakefield.

Additional calls, in excess of the Minimum Guaranty, made to exchanges within the Woburn district are 3 cents each, additional calls made to other Suburban exchanges are 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof from the Woburn exchange.

BUSINESS RATES	
One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	$39
Two-party line, 600 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	30
RESIDENCE RATES	
One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	39
Two-party line, 480 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	24

NOTE—The present Metropolitan and Suburban Measured Service Rate for One-Party Line Service (business or residence) is retained in the New Schedule.

PREPAYMENT COIN BOX SERVICE

BUSINESS RATES	
Special line, yearly guaranty of	$60
Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	30
RESIDENCE RATE	
Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	$21

Deposits for calls within the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts will count toward the guaranty.

Calls to exchanges within eight miles of the Woburn central office will cost 5 cents. Calls to other exchanges within the Suburban District will cost five cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.

Private Branch Exchange Rates

Private Branch Exchange measured rates covering all the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts remain unchanged.

Subscribers desiring quotations for Private Branch Exchange Service for all or any of these districts are invited to communicate with the Private Branch Exchange Department, 101 Milk Street, Boston. Telephone Fort Hill, 7600.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

tariff on a good many of the necessities of life. There were 874 changes made in the tariff schedule by the Payne act. Of this number 654 were decreases of duties, and only 220 increases. These increases were very largely made upon luxuries. The following list shows only a few of the decreases:

Agricultural tools, Tariff reduced 25pc
Bacon and ham, Tariff reduced 20pc
Beans, Tariff not changed
Beef, Tariff reduced 25pc
Boots and shoes, Tariff reduced 60pc
Butter and milk, Tariff unchanged on dairy products
Cane sugar above 16 and all refined sugars, Tariff reduced 2½pc
Cabbages, Tariff reduced 33pc
Clapboards, Tariff reduced 16pc
Coal (no duty on hard coal) soft coal, Tariff reduced 33pc
Corn meal, Tariff reduced 5pc
Cotton thread, Tariff reduced 16 to 20pc
Cotton goods, Tariff not changed except in certain finer grades, which are luxuries. Raw cotton free
Crinoline hair cloth, Tariff reduced 20pc
Cream of tartar and saleratus, Tariff reduced 16pc
Eggs, Tariff not changed
Ether, Tariff reduced 20 to 80pc
Flour, Tariff not changed
Glazed brick, Tariff reduced 22pc
Gloves (commonly used) Tariff reduced 25pc
Gunpowder, Tariff reduced 33 to 50pc
Harness and saddles, Tariff reduced 55pc
Hammers, sledges, etc., Tariff reduced 8pc
Herring, Tariff reduced 33pc
Hides, Placed on free list
Hooks and eyes, Tariff reduced 47pc
Iron ore, Tariff reduced 60pc
Iron (boiler) Tariff reduced 16 to 40pc
Iron (bars) Tariff reduced 25 to 50pc
Iron (pig) Tariff reduced 37pc
Kerosene oil, Placed on free list
Knives and forks (commonly used) Tariff reduced 13 to 26pc
Lard, Tariff reduced 25pc
Laths, Tariff reduced 20pc
Lumber, (boards, planks, deals and other sawed lumber of white wood, sycamore and bass wood, not planed or finished) Tariff reduced 50pc
Lumber, (sawed) not specially provided for, Tariff reduced 37pc
Lumber, (planed or finished on one side Tariff reduced 30pc
(Planed or finished on two sides) Tariff reduced 33pc
(Planed or finished on four sides) Tariff reduced 31pc
Manufactures of leather, Tariff reduced 13 to 75pc
Mutton, Tariff reduced 25pc
Nails, spikes and tacks, Tariff reduced 20 to 50pc
Oil cloth and linoleum, Tariff reduced 9 to 38pc
Peas, (dried) Tariff reduced 16pc
Pears, (in bulk) Tariff reduced 37pc
Petroleum and products, Placed on free list
Pork, Tariff reduced 25pc
Potatoes, Tariff not changed
Saccharine, Tariff reduced 66pc
Salt, (in bags, etc.) Tariff reduced 8pc
Salt, (in bulk) Tariff reduced 12pc
Sardines, etc., in pkgs. other than bottles, jars, tin boxes or cans, Tariff reduced 25pc
Saws, Tariff reduced 16 to 25pc
Sewing machines, Tariff reduced 33 1-3pc
Sodas, Tariff reduced 12 to 33 1-3pc
Starch, (except made from potatoes) Tariff reduced 33 1-3pc
Steel rails, Tariff reduced 50pc
Stockings, (common) Tariff not changed
Tallow, Tariff reduced 33pc
Timber (hewed) square, Tariff reduced 50pc
Varnishes, Tariff reduced 20 to 48pc
Veal, Tariff reduced 25pc
Venison, Tariff reduced 25pc
Wood and manufactures of, Tariff greatly reduced
Woolens, Tariff unchanged except in unimportant details
Window glass (common) Tariff reduced 4 to 20pc

A Sailor's Hands.

A sailor is betrayed by his hands, though his gait might betray him. They are permanently half shut. Walking, talking or sleeping the sailor has his hands half shut and could not open them flat if he tried. This is the result of years of climbing and pulling ropes.—London Chronicle.

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INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

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NOTICE

Lost Savings Bank Books

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
I, Margaret Cassidy of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 24430, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.
Signed, MARGARET CASSIDY.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
I, Braxton P. Parsons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 25606, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.
Signed, BRAXTON P. PARSONS.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
I, James Long of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 32443, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.
Signed, JAMES LONG.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of these applications by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.
A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Catherine Rumford Griffith, late of Quebec, in the Province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Loammi F. Baldwin and Baldwin Coolidge and Roswell Park with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased; the same being valid without probate in said Province of Quebec, representing that at the time of her death, said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, on which said will may operate, and praying that the copy of said will may be filed and recorded in the Registry of Probate of said County of Middlesex, and letters testamentary thereon granted to them without requiring sureties on their bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the first publication to be thirty days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

30-7-14 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George C. Bruce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Jennie L. Bruce of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

30-7-14 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

The Joke on Her.

The Friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor. Husband—No; she thinks I've invited you to dinner.—Jean Qui Rit.

CITY OF WOBURN

THE Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15
MONDAY, OCTOBER 17
At 7 o'clock p. m. and
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19
From 12 m. to 10 p. m.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the State Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 19.

Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

JOHN C. N. PARKER
JOHN C. MERHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Oct. 4, 1910.

Land For Sale.

Eight acres in one field, excellent land for building or farming purposes. Situated on New Boston street, city water, electric lights. Five minutes to electric cars, eight minutes to steam cars. Enquire at 16 Clinton St., Woburn, Mass.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

WINCHESTER.

Columbus Day, Oct. 12, passed off very quietly in this town.

Last Sunday evening was "Rally Day" at the Methodist church, which was well attended, and entertaining.

As has been these many years, bowling, dancing and whist are to be the ruling games, or sports, here this winter. The fun has already set in.

Louis Goddu has been elected President of the W. H. S. Basketball team. The H. School's football eleven are doing good work and improving right along.

The new fall and winter timetable of the B & M. R. is unfavorably criticised by a good many people who generally know pretty near what they are talking about.

The Unitarian church in this village have extended a unanimous call to Rev. Joel Metcalf, present pastor of the Unitarian church at Taunton, to become their pastor, an invitation which he will be likely to accept.

Wonder what day the next Mass Leg. will make a legal holiday of? Why not hunt up the date of the first appropriation of money with which to "exterminate" the gypsy moth and make it a legal holiday? It and several others would "fill a longfelt want."

Judge George S. Littlefield is President of the newly organized Mystic Valley Bowling League, and he will adorn the office. The Judge is an expert bowler who has captured more blue ribbons at the game than any other person in Winchester, or in our fair Valley.

Our people who are interested in the prosperity of their town are quite well satisfied with the report of the Census Bureau on Winchester's population, which is 9,309, a gain of 2,061 since the census of 1900. That shows a steady increase of 200 a year, but does not tell the whole story of increase for it leaves out of the calculation the loss of inhabitants in the Beverly hegira

Obeyed Instructions.

Mr. Dabbs was still out at 2 a. m. Unable to wait calmly any longer, Mrs. Dabbs began pacing the hall. She had gone back and forth about thirty-seven times when she heard a thump at the back door.

She walked back and peered through the glass. It was Mr. Dabbs, all right. He seemed to have fallen in the mud two or three times.

She let him in and steadied him upstairs.

"Why did you come to the back door?" she asked.

He collected his fugitive wits before he answered.

"There is a sign in front which says that all packages must be delivered at the rear," he said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Experience joined with common sense to mortals is a providence.—Green.

MANUFACTURERS' MATERIALS

Very Heavy Imports For the Last Fiscal Year

THE TARIFF ON NECESSITIES

Schedules Speak For Themselves—Show Reductions or No Change For the Most Part—Increases Were on Luxuries

If one were to judge of the conditions of the manufacturing business in this country from the imports of raw materials for these industries, this year must be an exceedingly busy one. This is true of hides and skins, of which 586,000,000 pounds were imported for the year ending July 31. As showing how imports in this line have increased it may be said that 341,000,000 pounds was the sum total in 1900. In raw wool the amount was 255,000,000 pounds, practically 100,000,000 pounds more than in 1900. Of iron ore there was imported 5,506,000,000 pounds, nearly three times as large an amount as ten years ago. In copper ore and matte 946,000,000 pounds was imported as against 90,000,000 pounds in 1900. Of copper pigs and bars 245,000,000 pounds was imported, three times as large as was brought in a decade ago. Wood pulp, however, shows the largest increase. There was brought in 869,900,000 pounds against 191,100,000 in 1900. The importations of lumber show a very large increase, amounting to 1,370,500,000 feet in 1910 as against 656,600,000 feet in 1900. Of raw silk there was imported 20,600,000 pounds against 11,200,000 pounds a decade ago.

Lower Prices Prevailing

Lower prices for commodities in this country and abroad are one of the features of the latest price figures issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. Raw wool is one of these, the August price being 21 cents as against 27 cents in July. Boards, planks, etc., in the lumber line are given as $18.65 per thousand feet in August against $20.02 in January. Raw cotton, 18 cents in August against 21 cents in July. Tea, 18 cents a pound in August against 22 cents in May. In the domestic markets wholesale prices are in most cases lower now than a few months ago. Corn shows a decrease of 3 cents a bushel in August over July, selling in the latter month at 70 cents a bushel. Flour exports average $5.04 a barrel in August gainst $5.42 in May. Unbleached cotton cloths 6.8 cents per yard in August against 7.1 cents in July, and 8.1 cents in March.

What the Payne Tariff Did

There seems to be a good deal of misinformation abroad concerning the

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY
For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00; all druggists Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

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TWO IN A GALE

The Results Were Propitious

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The mountains lifted blue green summits to the soft blue skies, and their shadowy slopes were reflected in the cool depths of the lake at their feet. In the two storied pavilion that overhung the sheet of water three young men watched the hotel bus rolling up the incline to the many windowed hostelry perched on the eastern mountain.

Dick Fancher lifted a pair of field-glasses to his eyes and scanned the tiny objects emerging from the bus. "Girls, girls, everywhere, and not a man in sight," he misquoted complainingly.

Lester Pennington leaned back in his chair and yawned widely; then, as if suddenly reminded of something important, he jumped up and found a seat on the railing.

"Did you see the masculine young woman that came with the Bowker party?" he asked, with animation.

They nodded assent.

"Say," he went on, "tell me why a good looking girl will get herself up to look like a half baked dude? Did you note the dinky panama hat, the stiff collar and four-in-hand tie, the white shirt waist and black cutaway coat? Who could make love to a girl of that sort?"

"I couldn't," said Dick bluntly. "I'm fond of fluffy ruffly, lacy sorts of girls."

"So I've observed," chuckled Billy Satterly, knocking his pipe against the railing.

"You haven't expressed your opinion of the mannish young woman, Billy," suggested Pennington.

"Mail's in. Are you chaps going up after our share?" asked Satterly irrelevantly.

"Going after our own letters; then we shall sit on the plazza with the Bowker girls. Come up and get your own mail, you lazy beggar." Pennington poked Billy suggestively as he sauntered past. "Come on, Dick. Perhaps we can ring in a game of tennis. So long, Billy boy."

"Great Scott, it's hot here. I believe I'll climb up to the peak where the wind must be blowing some miles a minute." Billy pulled his hat down over his eyes and set forth on the narrow trail that wriggled up the mountain.

The wind was increasing, and the pines and cedars rustled and whispered noisily. All the wild scents of pine and hemlock and trailing sassafras and other more elusive odors assailed his nostrils as he climbed upward, stopping now and then to rest and gaze over the view that widened below as he went on. The long afternoon was before him, and he outlined a vaguely delightful period of repose on the peak with nothing above him but the tender blue sky and the fleecy white clouds sailing along toward the south.

"If none of those giggly girls from the hotel break in on me I ought to have a bully old time," panted Satterly as he toiled up the last steep ascent.

He crammed his hat down farther over his eyes in defense against the gale that was blowing up here. Bracing himself against the wind, he turned to look down into the valley below when he became aware that he was not alone on the peak.

Near him, and apparently oblivious to his presence, was a slender, boyish figure, whose black cloth skirts whipping back in the wind accentuated the masculine appearance of what proved to be a girl, "and a mighty pretty girl at that," thought Satterly as he looked at her.

This was the girl who had arrived with the Bowkers—the one Pennington had been making all sorts of asinine remarks about. Billy maneuvered himself into her range of vision and bared his head.

"Stiffish gale," he remarked pleasantly.

The girl swept him with contemptuous eyes from which all the softness had fled and bowed her head so very slightly that Billy admitted it would have been better if she had made no sign of recognition whatever.

His brow darkened under the brim of his hat; then he pulled the hat off again and stood bareheaded in the wind. He would make her speak, he vowed.

"Stiffish gale," he said again.

No reply this time. The girl had dropped her hat and framed her eyes with her hands, looking intently at the figures like mannikins dotted about the hotel grounds below.

"Stiffish gale," repeated Billy obstinately, still looking at her.

She made no reply to this original remark, but the young man thought he detected a quiver of the sensitive mouth.

"Stiffish gale!" he yelled angrily, just as the gale took her light hat and swept it with stinging force against his face. "I told you it was a stiffish gale," he added rebukingly as he held the hat toward her.

The hands came down, and the soft eyes gleamed mirthfully upon him as she took the hat.

"Thank you," she said demurely.

"Then you're alive, after all," breathed Billy relievedly. "You were so silent I thought you were petrified with amazement or admiration or something, you know."

"I was petrified—with surprise that you should address me at all," said the girl, with unfriendly emphasis in her low voice. Satterly had to draw closer to hear what she said; between the wind and the rushing sound of the swaying trees below there was a tumult of harmonious noises.

"Why?" demanded Billy Satterly bluntly, fixing his honest eyes on hers.

"I was in the upper balcony of the pavilion a little while ago," she said curtly.

"Oh!" gasped Billy.

"I heard what you said," she went on resentfully. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, but—I thought it was unkind in you to say—I thought"—

Billy reddened to his forehead. "Oh, I say," he apologized, "the fellows didn't mean any harm; it's just the idle gossip that one drifts into when there isn't anything else to do. Every one of us would risk our neck for you. Don't"—

"What is your name?" asked the girl imperiously.

"Satterly—Billy Satterly," he said.

"Oh, you're the one that didn't say anything, then?" She seemed to breathe a little sigh of relief. "Why didn't you answer when they asked what you thought of my masculine attire?"

"There was nothing to say. I happened to see you when you arrived on the stage last night, and"— He paused, as if embarrassed by a too eager tongue.

"And?" she suggested.

"I thought you didn't need any frills, you know," he finished lamely.

"Thanks," she said simply, dropping down to a seat on the rock and pressing back the flying waves of black hair from her eyes. "But that is not the reason why I wear plain clothes. You see, I'm a western girl, and I was born and raised on a ranch. Father and I lived alone. There were just two after I came, and I had to be both son and daughter to dad. He died a year ago, and so I had to come east and make my home with Mrs. Bowker, my aunt. I had private tutors at the ranch, but of the outside world I have been quite ignorant. I am learning rapidly that girls are girls and boys are boys, so a little later I'm going to put on frills and fribbles. I'm wearing these plain things—oh, well, because of dad, you know. It seems as if the old days were not so far away." She choked over the last words, and her eyes were drowned with sudden tears.

She searched vainly for a handkerchief, and Billy, full of tender solicitude, drew a snowy square from his own pocket, shook it out and tossed it into her lap; then he turned away and looked at distant ridges that seemed strangely blurred in outline.

"Thank you so much. I'm very sorry I made such a goose of myself," said the girl after a little while, "only"—

"You needn't say a word," interrupted Billy energetically. "After my mother went—why—well I know all about it. It's a stiffish gale," he added hastily.

"It is," she laughed through her tears. "How horrid you must have thought me, Mr. Satterly, but I heard what you were all saying, and I did feel so lonely and unappreciated, you know. Wasn't it silly? So I just tiptoed downstairs and flew up to this rock out of sheer desire to be alone."

"And I've been intruding on your privacy all this time," cried Billy remorsefully. "I'll run along down now—be careful when you descend; you might slip on the pine needles and sprain your ankle. One of the girls did that the other day." He turned to the path.

"Please stay, Mr. Satterly," she urged. "You mustn't let me drive you away. Thank you." She pressed the handkerchief into his hand, and he returned it to his pocket silently.

"You are sure I won't be in the way?" he asked, settling down on the ground and taking out his neglected newspaper.

"Not at all. And you may smoke your pipe too. I don't mind it," she smiled as he stuffed a tobacco pouch back in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

"You do not know my name," said the girl suddenly. "It's not fair when I am acquainted with yours. I am Rose Benworth."

"Thank you," said Satterly gravely.

After awhile the greedy wind tore the paper from his hands, and they watched it sail down the mountain side until it reached the lake, where it became a white winged craft and disappeared from view.

Then Billy showed Rose how to find pictures in the sailing clouds, and she scoffingly taught him more about cloud painting than he had ever dreamed, for she was a child of prairie and hill in the western country.

So they talked until the sun dipped below the west peak, and then they went regretfully down the narrow trail. "Back to the earth—out of the clouds," remarked Billy as he helped Rose Benworth over the slippery pine needles.

At the hop that night Dick Fancher and Lester Pennington rallied Billy on his long absence that afternoon. They had, with one accord, fallen captive to the charm of Rose Benworth in her simple white evening frock. She danced to perfection.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" they demanded of Billy. "You look as if you'd been drinking!"

"I have," he said urbanely.

"What?"

"Nectar and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Rubbish!" jeered Dick enviously. "You're in love, that's what's the matter with you."

And so it proved.

THE ARTIST WON.

His Nerve and His Drawing Combined Made the Editor Meek.

The editor had given the artist an order to illustrate the story and had drawn a rough diagram of the kind of sketch he wanted. It must show a deer vaulting in a high leap over a clump of bushes. The artist read the manuscript, made the picture and sent it in. It was well done. The deer was a magnificent fellow, with a pair of antlers that the most ambitious buck might well be proud of. The editor took one look at the drawing and then in disgust returned it to the artist, with a letter stating that the figure must be redrawn because "the story plainly states that the buck was a yearling, consequently he would have had only spike horns and not the kind of antlers you have depicted."

The artist was not, however, dismayed. He stood pat for antlers. With courage born of immovable conviction he returned the drawing unaltered to the editor and wired him: "Composition demands antlers. Change manuscript to 'three-year-old buck.'"

The editor was struck so dumb by this manifestation of nerve that he actually took time to study the drawing. He let his imagination picture the spike buck instead of the majestic antlered beauty and meekly decided that the artist knew a thing or two, so the editorial blue pencil was brought into requisition, the buck gained two years in a less number of minutes, and the periodical lost nothing by the change.—New York Press.

Intoxicated by Tobacco.

Giving evidence against a man on a charge of disorderly conduct at Bow street police court, a constable said that the accused behaved in a very violent and disorderly manner in Leicester square on Tuesday evening. He quarreled with a cabman, and eventually the witness took him into custody, believing him to be drunk. At the police station the prisoner denied that he had been drinking, and the doctor who examined him reported that he had chewed tobacco to such an extent that it had had the same effect upon him as alcohol.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FUN THAT FAILED.

Mark Twain's Burlesque of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes.

IT SHOCKED THE IMMORTALS.

W. D. Howells' Description of the Dismal Effect of the Humorist's Attempt to Make Game of the Dignified Literary Trio at the Boston Dinner.

In his memories of Mark Twain in Harper's W. D. Howells tells of the dinner in Boston when Mark Twain, with fatal effect, made game of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes:

"He believed he had been particularly fortunate in his notion for the speech of that evening, and he had worked it out in joyous self reliance. It was the notion of three tramps, three deadbeats, visiting a California mining camp and imposing themselves upon the innocent miners as respectively Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humor of the conception must prosper or must fail according to the mood of the hearer, but Clemens felt sure of compelling this to sympathy, and he looked forward to an unparalleled triumph.

"But there were two things that he had not taken into account. One was the species of religious veneration in which these men were held by those nearest them. They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called presence for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit. I do not suppose that anybody more truly valued them or more piously loved them than Clemens himself, but the intoxication of his fancy carried him beyond the bounds of that regard and emboldened him to the other thing which he had not taken into account—namely, the immense hazard of working his fancy out before their faces and expecting them to enter into the delight of it. If neither Emerson nor Longfellow nor Holmes had been there the scheme might possibly have carried, but even this is doubtful.

"I was the hapless president, fulfilling the abhorred function of calling people to their feet and making them speak. When I came to Clemens I introduced him with the cordial admiration I had for him as one of my greatest contributors and dearest friends. Here, I said, in sum, was a humorist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke, and then the amazing mistake, the bewildering blunder, the cruel catastrophe was upon us. I believe that after the scope of the burlesque made itself clear there was no one there, including the burlesquer himself, who was not smitten with a desolating dismay. There fell a silence, weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment and was broken only by the hysterical and blood curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy. Nobody knew whether to look at the speaker or down at his plate. I chose my plate as the least affliction, and so I do not know how Clemens looked, except when I stole a glance at him and saw him standing solitary amid his appalled and appalling listeners, with his joke dead on his hands. From a first glance at the great three whom his jest had made its theme, I was aware of Longfellow sitting upright and regarding the humorist with an air of pensive puzzle, of Holmes busily writing on his menu with a well feigned effect of preoccupation, and of Emerson holding his elbows and listening with a sort of Jovian oblivion of this nether world in that lapse of memory which saved him in those later years from so much bother. Clemens must have dragged his joke to the climax and left it there, but I cannot say this from any sense of the fact. Of what happened afterward at the table where the immense, the wholly innocent, the truly unimagined affront was offered, I have no longer the least remembrance. I next remember being in a room of the hotel where Clemens was not to sleep, but to toss in despair and Charles Dudley Warner's saying in the gloom, 'Well, Mark! You're a funny fellow.' It was as well as anything he could have said, but Clemens seemed unable to accept the tribute.

"I stayed the night with him, and the next morning after a haggard breakfast we drove about, and he made some purchases of bric-a-brac for his house in Hartford, with a soul as far away from bric-a-brac as ever the soul of man was. He went home by an early train, and he lost no time in writing back to the three divine personalities which he had so involuntarily seemed to flout. They all wrote back to him, making it as light for him as they could. I have heard that Emerson was a good deal mystified and in his sublime forgetfulness asked, 'Who was this gentleman who appeared to think he had offered him some sort of annoyance?' But I am not sure that this is accurate. What I am sure of is that Longfellow a few days after in my study stopped before a photograph of Clemens and said, 'Ah, he is a wag!' and nothing more. Holmes told me, with deep emotion, such as a brother humorist might well feel, that he had not lost an instant in replying to Clemens' letter and assuring him that there had not been the least offense and entreating him never to think of the matter again. 'He said that he was a fool, but he was God's fool.' Holmes quoted from the letter with a true sense of the pathos and humor of the self abasement."

Murdering Shakespeare.

"I never hesitate to cut and slash and change any play until it suits me," said Stuart Robson to his legal adviser on one occasion.

"I suppose you edit Shakespeare with a blue pencil?" replied the lawyer.

"You can just bet I do."

"Then, I imagine, you would plead guilty to an indictment for murdering the Bard of Avon?"

"No; I would not, but I would admit dissecting his corpse."

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

Kindness.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

COUNTING THE PEOPLE.

First Census Proposal In England Raised a Fine Row.

It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Potter, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish and extra parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said:

"I did not believe that there was any set of men or indeed any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and indeed the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness."

Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering. However, the bill passed the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Westminster Gazette.

GENEROUS GEORGE.

Washington's Tips and Compliments to Patty and Polly.

Those who take tipping in the somewhat solemn spirit of the social investigator may find their minds enlivened by the perusal of an excerpt from the writings of our first president, which shows what a graceful turn appreciation and courtesy may give to the custom.

In 1789, on his return from his New England progress, Washington lodged at Taft's inn, at Uxbridge, Mass., where the domestic service—as at many inns in the country—was performed by the landlord's daughters. Somewhat later Washington wrote to Mr. Taft:

Hartford, 8 November, 1789.

Sir—Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being, moreover, very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz, and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington and who waited upon us more than Polly did, I send 5 guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself.

As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of or even to its being known, the less there is said about it the better you will please me, but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well and am your humble servant, GO. WASHINGTON.

The Shark Is a Slow Swimmer.

One ill service nature has done the shark—namely, that of placing a triangular fin on his back which acts as a danger signal and gives warning of his approach. Happily the shark has not been gifted with sufficient sagacity to be aware of this peculiarity, for had he been so he would unquestionably abandon his habit of swimming close to the surface of the water and would in that case be enabled to approach his victim unobserved. The shark is a slow swimmer for his size and strength Byron observes, "As darts the dolphin from the shark." But Byron was a poet and does not appear to have been a close observer of the habits of inhabitants of the water or he would have known that a shark would have no more chance of catching a dolphin than a sheep would of overhauling a hare.

Sardine Fishing.

In sardine fishing there are many uncertainties. There is a twenty-eight foot rise and fall of tide in the bay of Fundy, and especially constructed wooden picket inclosures are staked out in the water to gather in the fish. Last season a man erected an inclosure in what he supposed to be excellent fishing territory, but got nothing. He deplored his loss and for a time failed to go near it. "Why don't you seine it again?" somebody asked. "What's the use?" he replied. "Let me try it," the other persisted. "Yes, and you may have all the fish you get." The other man pulled out $1,700 worth at one haul.—Frank Leslie's.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases In Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist veins.

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was plainer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 16, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxv, 31-46. Memory Verses, 34-36—Golden Text, Matt. xxv, 40—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson is found also only in Matthew. It is called in the ordinary lesson title "The Last Judgment." If it had been added "preceding the kingdom" the title would have been correct. There are at least three judgments in the future. Dr. Scofield sees five, one for Israel only and one for angels. See his note on Rev. xx, 12. The three we refer to are the judgment for believers only at the judgment seat of Christ (Rom. xiv, 10; II Cor. v, 10), the judgment of the living nations of today's lesson and the judgment of the ungodly at the great white throne a thousand years later than the judgment of nations (Rev. xx, 5, 6, 11-15). The judgment of our sins took place on Golgotha when Jesus suffered for sins the just for the unjust, when He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and He has assured us that for our sins we shall not come into judgment (I Pet. iii, 18; Heb. ix, 26; John v, 24, R. V.). See also Isa. xliii, 25. His redeemed ones, having received pounds and talents and having occupied, done business, witnessed for Him during this age, shall at the first resurrection, at the coming of Christ for His saints, somewhere in connection with the marriage of the Lamb, be rewarded for their service and have their places appointed in His kingdom. While this is taking place in the air or in heaven the great tribulation is on the earth, at the end of which, immediately after it, the Son of Man will come in power and glory (Matt. xxiv, 29-30), and this is the stage of His coming referred to in the first verse of today's lesson.

Unless we see ourselves as well as the holy angels coming with Him at this time we cannot understand this lesson. Take one of the simplest statements, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" (Col. iii, 4). Put with it I Thess. iii, 13, and Zech. xiv, 5, then ask yourself as a believer the question, When He shall come in His glory where will I be—with Him on His throne or before Him as sheep or goats? Put Rev. iii, 21, with the texts already referred to, and how any simple minded believer can fail to see his place with Christ in this judgment I cannot understand. Let us then keep our place with Christ as we consider the sheep and goats. "Before Him shall be gathered all nations" (verse 2). Let the Spirit Himself tell us about it. What has He said elsewhere? "Behold, in those days and in that time when I bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations * * * and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel" (Joel iii, 1, 2). "For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; * * * then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations" (Zech. xiv, 1-5). Could it in any way be made more plain that this judgment will be the time of mercy for Israel and judgment upon her enemies, according to Isa. xxxiv, 8; xxxv, 4; lxiii, 4? Concerning this very time He says in Ezek. xxxiv, 17, "Behold, I judge between lambs and kids, between the rams and the he goats." From many places in Scripture it is very plain that as this age draws to a close Israel will occupy the land long ago given to Abraham, reaching from Egypt to the Euphrates (Gen. xv, 18). They will be recognized as a nation, perhaps under the patronage of Turkey, which is even now offering them Mesopotamia (if reports be true), and for a time it will seem as if their troubles were over, but their friend will break his covenant with them, nations will gather against them, and in their extremity their Messiah will appear in glory for their deliverance and to set up His kingdom. The nations which have been friendly to Israel shall share her glory, but judgment shall fall upon her enemies, even as it is written in Isa. lx, 12, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish." After this judgment of nations, at which time the evil trinity, having done their worst against the people of God, shall be disposed of, the beast and false prophet being cast into the lake of fire forever and the devil shut up in the pit for a thousand years, then shall a king reign in righteousness, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the service of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.

There are principles here, however, upon which God always acts in every judgment. That which is done to His people at any time He counts as done to Himself, whether it be good or ill. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." "Why persecutest thou me?" "A cup of cold water shall in nowise lose its reward" (Zech. ii, 8; Acts ix, 4; Matt. x, 40-42). As we read of those who ministered to Him when He was on earth, some think how gladly they would have done this, forgetting that it is our privilege at all times to minister to Him in the person of His people. The poor we have with us always, and whensoever we will we may do them good. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

Notice as to the future it will either be the kingdom or everlasting fire, eternal life or everlasting punishment (verses 34, 41, 46). The everlasting is as long in the one case as in the other.

The Historic City of Delhi.

Delhi is the most historic city in all India. It may not be the oldest, although it lays claim to a respectable middle age, dating from 1000 B. C. At that time the master of Delhi called himself emperor of all the world, and emperors, at least of India, have ruled there almost ever since. Old Delhi, without the walls, is a city of picturesque ruins. Imperial Delhi, the modern city, was created by Shah Jehan, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. From the date of the first Mohammedan incursion, A. D. 715, perpetual warfare raged round Delhi until at length she yielded to the irresistible power of the Moguls. The city was alternately Mohammedan and Hindu during a great many years and finally, in 1803, was made British by General Lake. Delhi has the finest and largest mosque in India. It took 5,000 men six years to build it. The noble tomb of the Emperor Humayan marks the change of creed which followed the Moslem invasion, while the observatory of Jai Singh and the deserted hall of the seventy columns recall the short triumph of Brahmanism.

DIFFERENCES IN FOGS.

Sea Mist and London Gloom Have Nothing In Common.

The fog of London and the fog of the sea alike discompose traffic, and omnibuses and steamships alike have had to lay to for safety. But while the London fog gets into your inmost room and baffles even the electric light—though the candle comes out triumphant curiously—the densest fog at sea does not disturb the saloon or the stateroom. Why is that?

The word "fog" has not been traced farther back than the sixteenth century, but the thing was known in the early years of the fourteenth. The commons, with the prelates and nobles visiting London for the parliaments and on other occasions, united to petition Edward I. to compel the burning only of dry wood and charcoal, as the growing use of sea coal corrupted the air with its stink and smoke, to the great prejudice and detriment of health. In 1308 the king prohibited the use of coal. Heavy ransom and fines were inflicted for disobedience. In the case of recalcitrant brewers, dyers and other artificers the furnaces and kilns were destroyed. But the restriction was evidently removed, for in 1308 $250—probably equal to about $4,000 now—was paid from the exchequer for wood and coal for the coronation of Edward II.—London Graphic.

MODERN BUSINESS.

The Big Jobs Demand Hustlers Who Are Gentlemen.

A notable change has taken place in American business methods within the last decade. Increasingly men of large affairs are asking when a young man is recommended for a big job, "Is he a gentleman?" This is significant in two ways. It means that the big business men are themselves gentlemen and like to deal with men who speak their own language and that American business methods have grown to be such that the gentleman has an advantage.

There was a time when a man who was a hustler could be a cad if he liked and it did not hurt his chances much. But that time has passed. The big business men of today want young men who are tactful, intelligent, independent, yet unassuming; who would know how to talk to a diplomat and be at home in a good club; who could be trusted to behave kindly, honorably and discreetly in any situation of life; who, in short, have as their ideal the old, never changing ideal of the gentleman. Not everybody can define it, but everybody knows it at sight.

The gentleman, in short, can work along the line of least resistance, and that is why he is wanted.—Bookkeeper.

An Open Giver.

Harold's father was in the habit of giving $1 a Sunday to the church. This was put in a numbered envelope in the collection plate and the amount credited to him on the church books. Mr. T. was away for the summer and on his return inclosed his arrears in the envelope and intrusted it to Harold to put on the plate. When the little boy came home from church he said proudly, "I put an awful lot of money on the plate this morning—morn'n anybody else, I guess."

"You got the envelope there all right?" asked his father carelessly, for Harold had been almost afraid to carry so much money.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but I took the envelope off when I got there and just put the money on the plate in my hand. Nobody 'd have known how much I gave if I'd left it in the envelope."

Elephant Threnodies.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, pergamona, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Interest In Ancient Days.

As a rule, the ancients frowned upon the idea of interest. They called it usury, and, except in the case of wardships and trusts, when the law insisted upon money being usefully invested they looked upon the man who lived by investments as a bad character and his trade as a disreputable one. Even Aristotle, a most advanced thinker in many respects, talked most energetically against money, calling it a "barren thing, which could produce nothing without violating nature." It was not until the crusades that the money lender had any standing or respectability in Europe.—New York American.

Sunday Traveling.

Old time acts of parliament in Great Britain aimed to stop Sunday traveling. In 1669, for example, two men were found guilty of the crime of walking from Bristol to Bath on a Sunday and were at once fined 20 shillings ($4.80) each. All business was at a standstill on a Sunday. Nothing was allowed to be sold except milk. For all the traders of England the milkman, and the milkman alone, was allowed to pursue his calling for the whole seven days of the week.

Easy.

"Is that car on this train?"

"No; he was switched off at the junction."

"'He' was? Why not 'she?'"

"This was a mail car."—Toledo Blade.

Specialization.

Doctor—What can I do for you? Patient—I have cut my index finger. Doctor—Very sorry, but I am a specialist on the middle finger.—Fliegende Blatter.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.32, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.32 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
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Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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A Servile House of Lords.

When King Henry VIII.'s name was spoken in his presence in the house of lords every peer prostrated himself with Asiatic servility. An entry in the records of the house gives the substance of a speech delivered by the chancellor on Jan. 16, 1541, in which the king's goodness and wisdom are extolled, and it tells us that whenever his majesty was mentioned, "which happened often," all the lords prostrated themselves, bowing to the ground as one man.

The Important Personage.

"Are you the owner of this place?" asked the book agent.

"I am," replied Farmer Corntassel. "Anything I can do for you?"

"No. The chances are that you are too hard worked to have time to read anything and that you haven't any time change anyhow. Let me talk to the hired man."—Washington Star.

Poor Simile.

"I never saw any one so timid as Henpeck is," remarked Wigger. "Why, he's like a mouse in his own house."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Wagger. "His wife isn't the least bit afraid of him."

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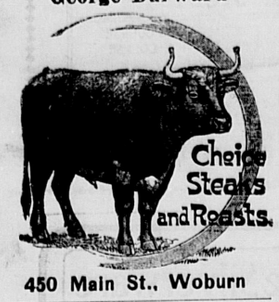
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1906.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.45, 5.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.50, 6.30 p. m.
From the Maria, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 9 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
34	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
37	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
38	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
46	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
213	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
311	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
312	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
913	Boggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.46 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
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John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Over 549 Main St., Woburn.

MEASURES ALTITUDES.

The Use of the Barograph on Aeroplanes and Balloons.

What the compass is to the mariner the barograph is to the aviator. The barograph is an instrument for measuring altitudes. The pressure of the air as it increases or decreases causes a delicate needle to trace a wavy line upon a cylinder which revolves by clockwork. This line indicates not only the exact height that is reached by the aviator, but also the speed at which he is traveling.

The barograph is kept in a weather proof box with a glass front, which is attached to a bar of the aeroplane or to a rope on the balloon. It is officially sealed before the aviator embarks, so there is no possibility of tampering with it, and the seal is taken off in the presence of witnesses at the end of the flight. In this way it is possible to establish absolutely and graphically the altitude which an aviator attains in his aeroplane or balloon. It is necessary for the aviator to watch the barograph constantly, as it indicates a change in the elevation almost to the foot. The sky pilot has to keep his eye on the indicator much as the man at the wheel of the seagoing ship watches his compass. Should the aeroplane or the balloon rise or fall ten or twenty feet the aviator would not be conscious of it unless he looked at the wavering needle tracing its permanent record on a chart before him. This tells him immediately of any changes in the nature of the air currents and gives him timely warning of aerial dangers.

These instruments are so delicate and so accurate, it is said, that a man might hang one of them about his neck in its glass case or carry it in his hand and climb a flight of stairs, the height of his ascent being graphically indicated by the inked needle on the machine.—New York Press.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR
In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
Live Editorials
All the Local News, and
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Fill Its Columns.
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Delivered Promptly.

AN ARCTIC KNIGHT

Story of an Exploring Party

By EDWIN B. ERHART

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Arters ceased biting his nails and rested a long, lean chin in the hollows of his hands.

"I could tell you something that would surprise you," he said, gazing at me across the table.

I stared at him expectantly.

"What?" I monosyllabled.

Arters gloomed meditatively, but showed no disposition to answer.

The girl on the cot flung a pitifully thin arm over her head and moaned and murmured in her sleep.

"Well, what?" I reiterated sharply. The long trip that day across the monotonous, never ending white plain had done little toward improving my temper.

Arters arose to his great height, squared his broad shoulders and tiptoed around the table.

"I am God!" he whispered in my ear.

I saw that I had to do with a madman.

"This is a strange world," continued Arters, a ruminant note in his voice. "Here we are come, you and I, to this forsaken country in a quest for a lost woman explorer and all for a miserable pittance doled out to us by a Chicago newspaper." He brushed an impatient hand across his eyes. "My memory isn't all that it should be," he confessed. "I should have remembered who I was—am—and then this trip would have been unnecessary."

Arters cast a furtive glance toward the cot in the dim corner. "Is she an angel," he murmured querulously, "or Ruth Proctor, the girl we came searching for? I can't seem to remember somehow."

"Both," I answered, and my companion was satisfied.

It seemed years since the Meteor had assigned us, staff reporters at the time, to the hazardous task of finding Ruth Proctor, the intrepid girl explorer, who had set out two years before to find the north pole and was now supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of the ninetieth degree.

The Meteor is not one to stint its embassies. We, the words of Arters to the contrary, fairly reveled in money, and the essentials of the trip were all forthcoming and were of the best. Our boat, the Lost Hope, was a marvel of technical construction, made for this very purpose and for our enterprising journal.

Miss Proctor, the young society woman who had forsworn New York and the callow amusements of her set to do something really worth while, had been conspicuous in the limelight on the eve of her departure and for twelve months thereafter. Now if she was referred to at all in the papers formerly enthusing over her nerve and daring she was given no more than a passing paragraph. Her fame bade fair to be niched with that of her illustrious predecessor, Andre, the fame of—failure.

But the Meteor kept an impatient eye northward, and when the relief expedition came home without her Arters and I were given the word to go in search of the girl.

Arters was the Benjamin J. Arters of much mad scrambling on the part of ambitious dailies that lusted for his efficient services. He was a writer keen of brain and pen and one of the highest salaried fact getters in the world of smudge and cheap paper. No college degree journalist was Arters, but a reporter.

Smith, the managing editor, had said to me, "You are to accompany Arters"—not on account of my stellar position on the staff, understand, but because I had been one of the adventurers in that first rush to the Yukon and knew my north.

Our ship had rare good luck, the ice drift allowing us at the last to come within a quarter mile of the silent Maid of Orleans, Ruth Proctor's boat. Of course it was deserted. The log book was gone. We had no way of telling whether the crew had returned to the trail after the original first rush toward the pole or perished of cold.

With four Eskimos, dogs and sledges we began the tail of our trip. Our route in all probability was the same as that of Ruth Proctor's party.

Eskimos are peculiar humans. Our men seemed perfectly contented, but one morning we crawled out of our sleeping bags to find them gone. They had taken with them our fastest dogs, two sledges and a large supply of our provisions. Wisely we decided not to pursue.

Fate must have planned our expedition with an eye for the melodramatic. At any rate, when we found the fur clad maid explorer she was alone, seemingly deserted by everybody and half crazed and sick. She had food, but in order to make this last she had been slowly starving herself to death. She was moving toward the pole! I fell in love with her straightway, and I guess Arters did.

Ruth Proctor was a witching thing despite her ugly, shape destroying skins, and the hunger and snow fever had made her dainty face but that much more pathetically beautiful. Despite her stern resolve to find the pole and the self reliance of her, she was a most feminine person.

We turned back. The girl, now that the incentive for keeping up was partially removed, grew seriously ill, and after nine days on the back track we came across a deserted shanty that had been a vantage point on our poleward trip and prepared to stay there until she was some recovered. We knew nothing of her struggle nor why we had found her alone. Her mind was gone temporarily.

I was worried, and had been for some time, about Arters. His gaunt face had metamorphosed into a pinched, weird caricature of its former leanness, and if I spoke to him suddenly he started curiously nor deigned an answer. Occasionally he broke out into a babble of meaningless sounds apropos of nothing whatever in our arctic world. He would sometimes catch himself at this and flush shamefacedly.

Arters was now again back in the rickety chair across the table from me, mumbling incoherently and with his great knotted hands clinching and unclinching restlessly.

This deserted shack, erected by some forgotten voyager who, Providence knows how, had got timber enough together for that same purpose, was the point of our first food cache. We had now eaten down to almost the last of our pemmican. Tomorrow we would dig up our treasure, enough to last us until we reached not too distant civilization.

Arters suddenly ceased his mad jumble of words. He pillowed his head on his arms and slept. I yawned, and, despite my resolve to stay awake and guard my mad comrade, the rhythmic breathing of the two sleepers lulled me to an unconscious condition.

I was awakened by a gentle shake of the arm. The frightened eyes of Ruth Proctor stared into mine. All illness seemed to have vanished from her.

"He is dead," she gasped and pointed an eloquent finger at the still form opposite me.

An investigative hand touching the iced flesh of him testified to the truth of this.

With infinite tact Miss Proctor came forward and placed a soft little hand in my own. "I will be little bother to you," she said simply. "The snow sickness has left me. What—what shall we do with"— The tears sprang from the black depths of her eyes, and she turned her head away, unable to complete the sentence.

"We must leave him here," I answered. "We have only one sled, you know. Later I will return for him."

"To think," came brokenly from the lips of the maid explorer, "that he gave up his life in his effort to save mine." Woman-like, she cradled her pretty face in her arms and abandoned herself to her grief.

It devolved upon me to still the wail in my own heart and be practical.

"Don't," I whispered, so close to her that I felt her fragrant breath brush my cheek as she raised pathetic eyes to me. "What is done cannot be undone."

In what would be the morning in the United States I went forth and dug for our reserve food supply and—dug in vain! Some vandal had pirated it during our absence.

With a heavy heart I returned to the shack. The girl stared interrogatively at my empty hands.

"Looted," I ventured briefly. What good for me to put off the truth? Eventually she would have to know.

"I am sorry for your sake," she answered, and again an inexplicable look came into her eyes.

"We must go at once," I warned. "We have only enough provisions for about two days."

After a meager meal I hitched the dogs (Arters had long since been laid at rest) and went back for the girl, who was donning her heavy arctic coat and mittens. A noise caused me to leap to the door of the hut just in time to see my huskies, mad, lithe streaks of gray, speeding across the snow in pursuit of that rara avis, an arctic hare.

Yelping excitedly, they refused to respond to my cries—in fact, it is doubtful if they heard me. With a heavy heart I remembered that everything was packed in the sledge.

I turned despairingly. The dogs were gone. They might return; more likely they would not. The arctic husky—more wolf than dog—is an unknown quantity.

In the open door, as I raised my eyes, I saw the girl. I knew from the pallor of her face that she had seen all, but I attempted a brave smile.

"They will return," I spoke reassuringly.

"Perhaps," she said softly. "I know them and their ways, you must remember." She smiled at me bravely.

Suddenly my arms were about her. I know not how it happened.

"My love," I said passionately, "must we die here just when we have found each other?" At last I had fathomed the secret in the eyes of her.

"Dearest," she said, looking up at last from my shoulder, "you will never know the snow as I do. Search again for your supplies. I have a belief—I can't tell why—that you will find them."

I looked. Sure enough, they were not two feet from where I had hunted.

Luck now cloyed us with her favors. That night the dogs came whining to the door, and—oh, marvel!—the sledge, though overturned, was with them.

"Ruth," I philosophized, "some good came out of it, for I am sure had the dogs not run away I would not have had the courage to speak."

And the lips of her came close—closer!

• • • • • • • •

The trip was done in safety. The maid explorer was given over to my ship—a maid no longer, however, but, thanks to a venturing, gold hunting clergyman, my wife.

Chess In Ancient Ceylon.

In ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note. The king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable on the last row for the pieces on whose row they stand.

Falling Hair
Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly destroys the germs that cause falling hair. It nourishes the hair-bulbs, restores them to health. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly.

Dandruff
Ayer's Hair Vigor just as promptly destroys the germs that cause dandruff. It removes every trace of dandruff itself, and keeps the scalp clean and in a healthy condition.

Does not Color the Hair

We wish you to positively and distinctly understand that Ayer's Hair Vigor does not affect the color of the hair, even to the slightest degree. Persons with the whitest or the lightest and most delicate blond hair may use it freely without having the hair made a shade darker.

Ingredients: Sulphur. Glycerin. Quinin. Sodium Chlorid. Capsicum. Sage. Alcohol. Water. Perfume.

Show this formula to your doctor. Ask him what he thinks of it.

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

A COOL RECEPTION.

It Was Not Surprising, Though, In View of the Explanation.

Letters of introduction are not invariably serviceable. For one reason, they may be too frank. Harry Furniss in his "Confessions of a Caricaturist" says that when a brother artist was setting forth on his travels in foreign climes he was provided with a letter of introduction to a certain British consul.

The writer of the letter inclosed it in one to the artist, saying that he would find the consul a most arrant snob, a bumptious, arrogant humbug, a cad to the backbone. Still, he would probably offer some courtesies to any one who had a good social standing and thus compensate the traveler for having to come in contact with such an insufferable vulgarian.

On the return of the artist to England the writer of the letter asked how he had fared with the consul.

"Well, my dear fellow," drawled the artist, "he did not receive me very warmly, and he did not ask me to dinner. In fact, he struck me as being rather cool."

"Well, you do surprise me," rejoined his friend. "He's a cad, as I told you in my letter, but he's very hospitable, and I really can't understand this state of things. You gave him my letter of introduction?"

"Why, I thought so; but, do you know, on my journey home I discovered it in my pocketbook, so I must have handed to him instead your note to me about him."

The explanation was quite adequate.

A MEMORY TEST.

The Act by Which One Controversy Was Decided.

Three men were disputing in Berlin one day as to which of them had the best memory, and finally they asked a well known writer to decide the matter.

"Read me any page of Goethe's prose works," said one of the three, "and I will at once repeat it word for word."

"I can do better than that," said the second one. "Put me in a corner of this room, and I will play three games of chess simultaneously without ever looking at the boards."

"That's nothing to what I can do," said the first speaker again. "Begin a conversation with me now about the most absurd things possible, and at the end of an hour I will repeat the entire conversation to you."

The third man was silent, and the referee said to him: "Why don't you tell us what you can do? A few minutes ago you were boasting a good deal of your wonderful memory."

"I know it," was the reply, "but I did not then know that my two friends took the matter so seriously. And as they are so much in earnest I will not try to surpass them, for I cannot forget that each of them did me a favor yesterday."

"Yesterday?" asked the referee.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you have not yet forgotten it? In that case the laurels belong to you, for you have indeed a wonderful memory."

Seven.

Numerous are the queer beliefs concerning the number seven. From the very earliest ages the seven great planets were known and ruled this world and the dwellers in it, and their number entered into every conceivable matter that concerned man. There are seven days in the week, "seven holes in the head, for the master stars are seven," seven ages both for man and the world in which he lives. There are seven material heavens. There are seven colors in the spectrum and seven notes in the diatonic octave, and the "leading" note of the scale is the seventh. Be it noted that the seventh son is not always gifted with beneficent powers. In Portugal he is believed to be subject to the powers of darkness and to be compelled every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass.—St. James' Gazette.

Natural Gas.

Natural gas is a member of the paraffin series formed by the decomposition of animal matter, as in Ohio and Indiana gas, and from vegetable matter, as in Pennsylvania gas, this decay having occurred within the rocks and probably at moderate temperatures. When once formed it accumulates in the pores of the rocks in which it originated or in the overlying layers, but is usually kept from escaping to the surface by the presence of some layers of impervious rock. It is then obtained by the piercing of these strata by wells, or where the beds have been fissured by folding or faulting it may issue from natural channels.—New York American.

An Inspiration.

"What's the name of her successful story?"

"Bylloxiperhoof!"

"Gracious! What does it mean?"

"She doesn't know."

"Where did she get it?"

"Why, she was on a train wondering in a discouraged way where she would get a name for the story. And just then the brakeman opened the car door and called the next station."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got His.

"I'll admit I was trying to get something for nothing."

"Well?"

"I got what I deserved."—Washington Herald.

A WILY ORIENTAL

Guile of a Tricky Native Snake Charmer In India.

GATHERED IN THE SERPENTS.

It Was No Trouble to Him to Lure the Reptiles Into His Basket, and the Supply Was In No Danger of Giving Out and Losing Him a Job.

Among the numerous objectionable and dangerous creatures peculiar to the orient none is more repulsive than the snake. One shudders involuntarily as one thinks of its wiggling body and vicious characteristics. During my residence in India I never felt safe from its presence. I had my closets, bed and even my bathtub searched every day lest one should be found coiled up in some corner, writes Eliza K. Van Bergen in the Christian Intelligencer.

I was always on the watch for the creatures and ever in mortal terror of treading on one. It never occurred to me to sleep without a light, and a stick was always near at hand lest I might find one unawares and be unprepared to meet it. I even looked upon my thin mosquito curtain as a slight protection, for it would at least break its fall should a snake tumble down suddenly from the ceiling.

The creatures have a decided preference for cool, damp places and often choose the bathroom and sometimes the tub for their habitation, much to the discomfort of its rightful habitue. It is not unalloyed bliss to live in a place infested with serpents. With such formidable enemies, one never forgets to be cautious, nor to guard against their presence and sudden attack. It makes one alert to be in the midst of danger and adds spice to life.

Well, as I started out to say, my garden was infested with snakes, and I was persuaded to have a native charmer summoned to lure them away. His hideous occupation, weird incantations and strange pets surround the snake charmer with a peculiar fascination. His magnetism and skill are considered phenomenal in the east.

This specimen was tall and lank and had deep, cavernous eyes and an abstracted air. Some of the creatures were coiled around his wrist, which made him still more repellant. He handled them as if they were perfectly harmless. About the neck he wore a chain with a flute attached. Two other jugglers accompanied him, similarly attired, but minus the snakes. One carried a closed basket on his arm.

He stopped at a respectful distance to make his "salaam," which is the customary salute of the country. Then he approached the aloe hedge which inclosed my grounds, squatted himself tailor fashion on the grass and began to produce weird, plaintive sounds on the flute, to which music the reptiles entwined themselves around him and seemed to sway their bodies to and fro.

After some time a snake appeared, gliding slowly and stealthily out from the hedge toward the spot where it heard the enchanting music. The charmer allowed it to come quite close and to wind itself around his arm. Another followed and yet another, while the other two men stood by holding a basket ready to receive them as soon as they unwound themselves. At least a half dozen appeared and were disposed of in this manner. After being captured they appeared as if in a stupor.

Horrified with his performance, I begged him to stop and bade him leave the place. He assented and, picking up the basket, departed with the snakes without ever ceasing to play his uncanny tune. His companions gathered up the rest of his belongings and followed him. I paid a certain sum for each snake thus dispatched.

He came repeatedly thereafter and went through the same performance, conjuring up more reptiles and disposing of them in the same way until I began to suspect some trickery. He refused to allow the snakes to be killed, insisting that they were sacred and must not be put to death. It looked as if he replaced the snakes in the hedge after removing them, and thus he multiplied their number and increased his gains.

I was finally forced to have him removed by the police and threatened with punishment in order to keep him away. Nothing would persuade me to permit one of the fellows to enter my premises again.

Amply Qualified.

Proud Parent—If you would win my daughter, young man, you must prove to my satisfaction that you have fortitude, patience under discouraging circumstances, strength of character, courage, an indomitable will to succeed and, above all, an ability to bear with misfortune. Have you those qualifications? Suitor—I've known your daughter for some time, sir, and am asking you for her hand. Do you wish other assurances?

Good Cause For It.

"A friend of mine who visits that newly married couple saw the husband the other day throwing stones at his wife."

"Good heavens! Was she hurt?"

"Not a bit of it. She was just tickled to death. They were diamonds."—Baltimore American.

The Licorice Plant.

The licorice plant resembles a rose with a single green stem, reaches a height of about three feet and bears a small purple star shaped flower. The first year's root growth resembles a loosely twisted string of tow and may run to twenty feet in length. The second year it assumes a woody substance when dry, and the third year it acquires its commercial value. The time for digging the root is the winter, when it is dried and crushed under heavy stones drawn round on it by mules, much as olives are crushed to extract their oil.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 21 1910

REV. DR. SCUDDER PREACHED.

Last Sabbath was a veritable Field Day at the venerable First church of Woburn. At the morning services there was hardly a vacant seat in the great auditorium, and the order of exercises, from the organ prelude to the doxology, was arranged on the jubilee plan. Woburn Congregationalists were not the only occupants of the pews; Winchester and other neighboring communities, and visitors from our own city churches, and "world's people," contributed materially to swell the audience.

Everybody was glad to see Rev. Dr. Scudder, to hear him preach once more, and feel the strong, warm grasp of his friendly hand.

Dr. Scudder, after several years of earnest and successful ministerial labor, resigned the office of Pastor of the old First church in this city, to the profound regret of the entire community, in 1901. During this pastorate he made hosts of warm friends here, and hundreds of them gathered at the church last Sunday to see and greet him again. He preached a good sound gospel sermon, for such is his habit. At the close of the services he stood in front of the pulpit and received the cordial greetings of many old friends and acquaintances. He then repaired to the Sunday School and delivered a short address.

Mrs. Scudder fully shared the heartfelt welcome extended to the former pastor of the old church. Like her husband, she was formerly a missionary in Japan.

Dr. Scudder and wife leave for their home in Honolulu today.

The *Congregationalist* of last week said:

"Dr. Scudder comes home from Hawaii for a short furlough with a record of service that proclaims him the worthy bearer of a name honored in Missionary circles. He gave up an attractive Massachusetts pastorate [Woburn] in 1901 in order to become missionary of the Hawaiian Board, with especial oversight of the Japanese work. Then he was promoted to the general superintendency of the Congregational Missions in Hawaii, and still later the strong Congregational church of Honolulu seized upon him as its pastor. He is the Editor of the publication known as *The Friend* and contributes occasionally to the *Congregationalist* and other American papers. In earlier years he was a Missionary in Japan" So, also, was his wife, Mrs. Scudder in that idolatrous land.

NO ANNEXATION.

The annexation of her suburbs by the city of Boston has been a theme for serious consideration and discussion by metropolitans and suburbanites for several years, but up to date no steps have been taken to enable or prevent, the Hub from swallowing her several neighbors, nor are likely to be very soon.

As a general thing, the suburbanites are opposed to annexation, and not all of the Frogpondians favor it. It seems likely that, if a vote should be taken on it next week, the project would fail by a large majority.

But annexation is not what the Boston Chamber of Commerce are seeking in their present active campaign in behalf of the business interests of the city. The Chamber through their mouthpiece, the Secretary, made the following statement the other day:

"It seems to be generally agreed, however, that annexation is not only unnecessary but undesirable. While it is believed that there are certain matters which all the cities and towns might advantageously handle collectively, there is also a strong feeling that it would not be wise to take away from the various cities and towns the control and management of local affairs. In fact, the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce are entirely directed towards the betterment of Boston's commercial advantages regardless of political boundaries."

That should settle the matter for the present, at least.

FOSS WON.

In the mail order vote for Democratic candidate for Governor, Congressmon Eugene N. Foss beat Charles S. Hamlin by 11 plurality. The return letters from delegates to the Democratic State convention gave Foss 495; Hamlin, 484; Vahey 3; and Mansfield, the emergency candidate now holding the nomination, got 1 vote. Foss has taken out nomination papers and declares he will stick.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

The Democrats of the 8th Congressional District have again nominated Frederick P. Deitrick for their candidate to be knocked out by Congressman McCall next mohth.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, who was called "New England's Grand Old Woman," and universally beloved, was born in New York City on May 27, 1819, and died at her summer home, "Oak Glen," near Newport, R. I., on Oct. 17, 1910, of pneumonia, with which she was ill only a few days. Her three daughters were at her bedside when she peacefully passed away at the age of nearly 92 years.

Mrs. Howe was a noted philanthropist, zealous abolitionist, preacher, poet, lecturer and author, her fame as a poet resting largely on the authorship of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," concerning the merits of which a wide difference of opinion has been expressed. It has never taken a strong hold on the public heart, although the Boston Literati set on it their seal of approval.

Mrs. Howe was a good friend to the poor and lowly, and all causes designed to make mankind better, purer and happier received her approbation and hearty support.

The funeral was held at the Church of the Disciples (Unitarian) in Boston, of which she was once the minister, yesterday. Her home was on Beacon street, Boston.

AMES ON TENTERHOOKS.

The Democrats of the 5th Mass. District have nominated Col. James H. Carmichael of Lowell for Congressman, which has set Butler Ames trembling like an aspen leaf in his boots, for the Democratic candidate is one of the most popular men in the District and has money to burn.

By the way, Congressman Ames has been as still as a mouse on the Senatorial question ever since the Republican State convention.

FOSS AND CASSIDY.

The Democrats succeeded last Tuesday in making up a Governor ticket to be voted for on Nov. 8 next, barring changes and accidents.

Eugene N. Foss of Jamaica Plain for Governor, and Thomas F. Cassidy of Adams, for Lieutenant, constitute the team. The Nominating Committee were unanimous in choosing the candidates.

PARKER AND FLINT.

At a convention held in this city on Saturday evening, Oct. 15, the Democrats of the 20th District nominated Joseph Henry Parker, Jr., of Woburn, and George L. Flint of Reading as candidates for Representatives to the Legislature. Both are new in politics.

☞ In an article headed "Who's Who in the Boston Meetings," published in the *Congregationalist* of Oct. 2, 1910, which contains portraits and brief biographical sketches of 21 of the most prominent clergyman who took part in the Congregational Council in Boston last week, the greatest and most important meeting that denomination has ever held, was a portrait of Rev. George L. Cady, D. D., former pastor of the Geneseo, Illinois, Congregational church, now of Dorchester, Mass., and a sketch of his professional career, a part of which reads thus: "The West and East both have a share in Dr. Cady, and in both sections he has a deserved reputation as an able pastor and energetic worker in religious, civic and moral movements." He was one of the most popular and influential ministers in the West.

☞ The Massachusetts Baptist Convention meet in the First Baptist church, Newton Centre, Oct. 26-27. The discussions as to the unification of all the Baptist interests of the State and the establishment of a pension fund for ministers will make the meetings of unusual importance. It is expected that Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., will have a prominent speaking part in the Convention. As pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn he occupies a leading position in the denomination.

☞ Hon. John P. Feeney, former resident and Mayor of Woburn, now a citizen and prominent Lawyer of Boston, is Counsel for C. H. Brooks, Manager of a big Boston stock exchange and brokerage firm, who was arrested a few days ago for alleged misuse of mails, which arrest, Mr. Feeney says, was a mistake on the part of the prosecution. It is a large case, but Woburn's ex-Mayor is an able Lawyer.

☞ Two to one on the election of Dix, the Democratic candidate for Governor next month is the way they are betting in New York. It is reported that Col. Roosevelt is feeling downhearted over Republican prospects in the Empire State this fall.

☞ Walter Wellman's aerial voyage across the Atlantic Ocean came to a sad end last Tuesday off Cape Hatteras, where his airship was wrecked after a flight of 1,000 miles. He and his companions were saved.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

N. E. Tel.—Rates.
Land Court—Notice.
Edward Johnson—Citation.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Power.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.
Mrs. L. L. Gerry—China Painting.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonol.

— G. W. Copp's cider vinegar is the clear quill.

— Dwellinghouses, with modern improvements and $16 rent, are scarce in this city.

— Relief Corps 161 are to give their annual supper in Post 161, G. A. R. Hall on Oct. 25.

— Supt. Spencer and his crew are making good progress in relaying watermains in this city.

— Halloween one week from next Monday. Are there to be Halloween parties, balls and routs?

— Senior Class '11, W. H. S. will hold a dance in High School Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 4, 1910.

— Massachusetts State election two weeks from next Tuesday. Gird up your loins, and don your armor.

— News reaches this office over the grapevine line that the habit of pink teas is being revived in Winchester.

— The population of Woburn is 15,308, figures that have once or twice before appeared in these columns.

—Mr. George A. Cammall, Auctioneer, has a card in this paper, to which attention is hereby directed. He is a good one at the business.

— The annual concert and ball of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association is to be given in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2.

— William Beggs and Arthur A. Fowle and their wives reached home last Saturday from a week's automobiling through the rural districts.

— The Sons of Veterans and Club and Auxiliary Rollcall and Supper is to take place on Oct 26, to which date it was postponed at the last meeting.

— Last Tuesday was "Apple Day," yet, singular to relate, the business houses in this city were not closed. We have forgotten the meaning of the Day.

— It is surmised that B. P. W. Commissioner Kelley contemplates embarking in the newspaper business, or else to the Legeslature, he hasn't fully decided which.

— Carl Foster of Church avenue will furnish all information desired respecting the reunion of Class '08, W. H. S. which is to be held on the evening before Thanksgiving Day.

— The Gabalotte club are prepared to do business having opened up for it last evening. It is about the most stylish club in Woburn today, and growing more so as the seasons roll around.

— Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R held their first meeting of the season with Mrs. Carrie E. Dow at her fine home on Arlington Road last Tuesday afternoon, and were handsomely entertained.

— The Woburn High School Football Eleven are to play the Milton High School Eleven in this city this afternoon. It is reported that the home team are to be supplied with a professional coach by the H. S. A. A.

— October 15 is a tolerable substitute for a summer thunder storm, but quite a heavy one came up and continued an hour or two last Saturday afternoon. The frequent flashes of lightning were uncommonly vivid and thunder heavy.

— Mr. William E. Blodgett, ex-Mayor of Woburn 2 years running, etc left here for Texas last week. He is a great traveler, almost equal to President Taft, who never lets an opportunity to go somewhere slip through his fingers.

— The Harvest Concert given last Sunday evening by way of celebrating the 64th anniversary of the North Congregational Sunday School was a fine one, and enjoyed by a large assembly of North Woburn people. The North is a live church.

— Lettercarrier Ed. E. Foss and Mrs. Foss of Montvale avenue are down at Nantasket this week, the former doing some bird shooting for sport, while the lady gathers seashells with which to ornament her parlor mantlepiece and centertable.

— The annual reunion of Div. 3, A. O. H., held last Wednesday evening was one of the largest and best that has ever been enjoyed by Div. 3. Speeches were made by gentlemen high up in the Order and everything passed off in the most pleasant manner.

— While nobody will probably claim that the elaborate Report of "A Year of Work in the Woburn Public Library" is dangerously exciting literature, that it is a racy production and intensely interesting and entertaining, cannot be truthfully denied.

— Mrs. Phillips and her son Mr. Phillips of Duluth, Minnesota, have returned to their home at the close of a happy meeting with Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue, who is a sister in-law of Mrs Phillips. It was the son's first visit to New England.

— His friends say that Mayor Murray will be a candidate for reelection next December. If so, he will not have a walkover, for other prominent members of his party are preparing to make the run. All hands agree that "No License" has come to stay.

— The Daniel March Baraca Class are to give their first entertainment of the present season in Lyceum Hall on Oct. 24; 2nd, Nov. 15; 3d, Dec 5 There has been a highly satisfactory sale of tickets for the course, which is for the benefit of Choate Hospital.

— A careful perusal of the telephone notice in this issue of the JOURNAL is respectfully solicited by the Manager of the Advertising Department of the paper. A study of the statements therein contained by the public is deemed especially important by him.

— Mr. Francis W. Clemson, a prominent resident and business man of this city, died suddenly of heart failure at Appleton, Maine, last Tuesday, Oct. 18. He was a well known saw manufacturer, and 62 years old. The funeral is to be held at 178 Salem street on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 23, at 3 o'clock.

EDISON LIGHT

Flexible Power - It's Electric

Do you need—To-day—in Your Shop another Machine or Two?

Have You Got the Room and Would You put them in if it wasn't for the Cost of Shafting to connect with your already loaded engine and boilers?

Why not cut out the Shafting and save your engine; put in the Machines you want—and run them with an Electric Motor?

We Can Show You a Modern Way To Save Money.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.

Oxford 3300 39 Boylston St., BOSTON.

— The High School Seniors are to have a grand dance on Nov. 4.

— Registration for the State election closed last Wednesday evening.

— Last Wednesday was about the hottest Oct. 19 that we remember ever to have experienced. It was a genuine summer day.

— H. B. Blye & Co. will put your furnaces in good shape for the winter and warrant the job to stand pat and give perfect satisfaction.

— Last week the Woman's Missionary Society of First church reelected all of last year's officers. Mrs. Doremus Scudder addressed the meeting and was honored with a reception that must have gratified her greatly.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church are preparing something unique in the line of entertainment to be given on Wednesday evening, Oct. 26, to go with their annual Harvest Supper. It is to be a Japanese affair and fine.

— Early this week Dr. Robert Chalmers of Pleasant street unlimbered his musket; oiled its lock thoroughly; filled his powderhorn full of Dupont's best, and his bullet pouch to the puckeringstrings, and left for the Maine forests to hunt for moose and bear.

— The Woburn Firemen's Relief Association are to give their annual concert and ball on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2. There will be no difficulty in selling all the tickets for it that the printers can turn out. Everybody patronizes the entertainments of the W. F. A.

— The old uptown blacksmith shop is no longer the scene of the frequent fierce war of words by the Ingleside Gun Club, but for a long time has been quiet and peaceful. It may be that ancient and honorable Club has ceased to exist, but if so, we have not been informed of its peggiug out.

— If we are not in error about it, the "New Telephone Rates" of the N. E. Tel. and Tel. Co. are not to be put in operation for some months yet. Hot public opposition has developed against them through, as Mr. Feeney thinks, ignorance of their working; and so the people are given more time to think it over.

— Last Sunday was the kind of a day the tendency of which is to strengthen in the human heart a desire to keep on living. The weather was simply delightful, with a strong accent on the first syllable where Colonel Roosevelt puts it. There was absolutely no excuse for well people to stay away from church.

— Class 1911 of the Hanson School have chosen the following officers; Samuel Robertson; Vice, (1) Jere Donovan; Vice, (2) Joseph Moreland; Secretary, Dorothy Foss; Treasurer, Dora Gilbert. Entertainments are to be given by the class during the school year. A committee to arrange for them are to be appointed.

— The Unitarian church of Woburn was well filled with delegates and volunteers to the 131st session of the South Middlesex Unitarian Conference last Wednesday, for which an excellent programme had been prepared. The exercises were interesting and enjoyed Rev. Mr. Parker, the pastor, and his people entertained the visitors handsomely.

— At 3.30 P. M. on Sunday, Oct. 23, at the First Church there will be a Rally of the Sunday Schools of the city. Miss Margaret Slattery of Fitchburg, a noted Sunday School worker, will speak. Following this meeting there will be a meeting of the Sunday School teachers and officers. At 7 P. M. a mass meeting will be held at the same place with special music and Miss Slattery will speak.

— Some ambitious politicians of the Republican brand would like to find out pretty soon whether or not Mr. Samuel Highley of Ward 6 will be a candidate for Mayor of Woburn this year. So far as our knowledge of the subject is concerned no word has come from him indicating his intentions in the premises, but we are of the opinion that Mr. Highley will be a candidate for that honorable office.

— A convention of the Massachusetts State D. A. R. opened in King's Chapel, Boston, on the morning of Oct. 20 and continued to this evening. Oct. 21, Oratory, music, receptions and banquets followed in rapid and delightful succession during the two days. This forenoon, Oct. 21, the convention was held in ancient King's Chapel, at which Mrs. Hannah Josephine Hayward, who is Assistant State Historian of the Order, and Regent of Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., of Woburn, is one of the principal speakers. This Chapter is well represented at the meeting.

— Mr. James Corbett has taken a position at Clarke's patent leather factory.

—The St. Charles Auxiliary are to hold their annual dancing party, in Lyceum Hall, Friday, Oct. 28.

— Horn Pond was hardly ever so low before at this season as it is now. The drouth has been long and severe. But the rain is coming.

— Attention is asked for the card o Mrs. Gerry in this paper. She is an artist skilled in china and water color painting, and a successful teacher of both.

— Thanks to Charles H. Glidden, Esq., Secretary, and man at the wheel, of the Republican Club of Massachusetts for "Comps" to the big Republican Rally and Massmeeting in Boston this evening.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 61 at 6.10 Moodny evening was for a fire in a house on Mann's court occupied by a family of Greeks. Damage small. The alarm from box 54 at 6.40 the same evening was for a fire in a house occupied by Daniel O'Laughlin on Hudson Place. Damage slight. The alarm from box 39 at 11.10 Wednesday evening was false.

— Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, as Principal of the Evening School, is the right person in the right place. He takes a deep interest, not only in the education of the young, generally, but he won honors in his long and eminently successful service as Principal of the Rumford School, from which he retired a few years ago to the regret of the Board of Education and the parents and pupils of the Rumford (N. W) District.

— The bolt of lightning that struck the residence of Mrs. Susan T. Converse on Sherman Place in the severe thunder storm on Saturday evening, Oct. 15, did considerable damage and set the house on fire, which, however, was easily and quickly extinguished. Mrs Converse and her daughter Bertha were in the house, but fortunately escaped uninjured. A water main was struck near the same place and time, and gave Supt Spencer and his men some work to do.

— At the funeral of Mr. Charles J. Moore at his late home, 13 Wyers Court, last Monday, which was conducted by Undertakers Tripp, the deceased was spoken highly of by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, pastor of First church, of which he was a true and faithful member; and Marcus H Cotton sang "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," and "The Home Land," The interment was at Hillsboro, N. H., the native town of Mr. Moore, who was 81 years old.

— The Nickle Club of Nichols's Corner are planning, it is said, for the gayest season in the entire history of the organization. Parties, social gatherings, dances, concerts, etc., are to take place early and often in 1910-11 and a great winter for sports is expected. It is doubtful if the male members of the Club will be permitted to cook and serve any more party suppers. The experience of last season does not warrant, the ladies think, a continuance of the practice.

— There will be turkeys enough to go around and some to spare after Thanksgiving Day is numbered among the things that were. The proprietors of the two leading provision markets in this city, Linnell and Durward, have already as much as told the Vermont, Rhode Island Western turkey raisers that they should want a cartload of the very choicest of the flock, for Woburn people have especially delicate teeth for turkey, and will not, under any circumstances, accept any but the best. Durward and Linnell will have them.

— It is pleasant to see Mr. Hubbard Copeland again doing business at the old stand, although it is freely admitted that Mr. Leon L. Dorr has made a good and efficient head of the popular dry goods house of Copeland & Bowser during Mr. C's absence. A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Copeland returned in prime health and spirits from a lengthy sojourn in California, a region of the U. S. made familiar to them by former visits, and have resumed housekeeping, also, at the old stand. Both enjoyed their outing very much indeed.

— The moon fulled last Tuesday, Oct. 18, and the nights are bright from its rays. It is "Hunters Moon," which always comes in October, next following the "Harvest Moon" in September, whose full occurs near the close of the English harvest season, from which fact it received its name. The following is the second stanza of a song popular in England 100 years ago:

"The fox roused before us
Away seems to fly,
And pants in the chorus
Of hounds to full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow
The musical chase,
Where pleasure and vigor
And health all embrace."

Boston Theatres.

THE GLOBE.

When "The Family," which had such a remarkable success in Chicago not long since and will be seen at the Globe for the second week beginning Monday, October 24, was produced there at the Powers' Theatre, Charles W. Collins, critic for the "Inter-Ocean," wrote in its praise.

KEITH'S.

With at least three productions in the list of entertainers of world wide reputation, the bill at B. F. Keith's theatre next week promises to break all records. Among the productions will be included Jesse Lasky's big musical comedy called "The Photo Shop," with a large company of comedians and the splendid chorus wearing beautiful gowns; another will be Mrs. Gardner Crane and her company of comedians, in the comedy called "The Little Sunbeam," which is without question one of the greatest novelties of the year.

THE PARK.

The Park Theatre in Boston beginning Monday, October 24, will be just about the jolliest and merriest place in all this broad land of ours, for on that night "Seven Days" begins an engagement there, and everybody knows that this comedy is the biggest hit, the brightest, wittiest, funniest, play that has been seen in years. Indeed, many of the foremost dramatic critics in America proclaim "Seven Days" the best comedy ever produced in the United States. For two years it has been running at the Astor Theatre in New York where, as one writer said, 'It rocked Broadway with laughter." Two years is a tremendous run.

THE BOSTON.

The most important dramatic production of the present season will take place at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, October 24, when Charles Frohman will present for the first time in America the current sensational dramatic success of London, "The Speckled Band," An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It will be presented with a cast of unusual excellence including such well known names as Edwin Stevens, Charles Millward, Ivo Dawson, John Findlay, Ivan F. Simpson, Ben Field, Frank Shannon, Kenneth Meinken, H. H. McCollum, Cyril Chadwick, Alexander Frank, John M. Troughton, Irene Fenwick, Katherine Brook, Etta Morris and others The play will be produced under the immediate supervision of Mr. Charles Frohman.

THE TREMONT.

Not in many years has a play taken such a hold on the theatregoing public as has the Cohan and Harris comedy by Winchell Smith, "The Forture Hunter," which is now in its sixth week at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. While it is a comedy of morals and contains an interesting lesson, "The Fortune Hunter" is by no means of the "goody goody" variety. It is merely a good story well told and well acted, containing witty dialague and amusing situations in its relation of the rules by which its hero, Nat Duncan, played by John Barrymore, demonstrates how easy it is for a city youth of seeming fair character to win the daughter and fortune of any of the wealthy men of small country towns.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Talk of New York" has become the talk of Boston. Its first week at the Castle Square has been an unqualified success, and consequently a second week will begin on Monday Nothing like it has been seen on the Castle Square stage since "The Circus Girl," and in humor, melody and variety it more than duplicates the attractions of that musical comedy. "The Talk of New York" is the work of George Cohan, who has won no little fame during the past few years as an actor, a dramatic author and a composer, and it is one of the latest and best of his works Its production at the Castle Square does full justice to all his comic ideas, the scenery and music adding not a little to its completeness.

LOCAL NOTES.

— The promised cold wave hit here early this morning, Oct. 21. Only 40 above zero.

— The foliage on the trees never made a brighter or more beautiful appearance than at the present time.

— The alarm from Box 35 at 11.55 last evening was for a fire in the tan bed on South Bedford street.

"Say, pop, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, Teddy. What is it?"

"When a man's finished milkin' a row, how does he turn off the milk?"

CARBONOL

Aid to Cleanliness.

Carbonol is BETTER than soap. It is easier to use (just add a spoonful of it to a bucket of water.) It dissolves grease and greasy stains. The dingy look of curtains in the rooms where there is much smoking is caused by greasy deposits. Carbonol restores their original freshness of color. The same with rugs and carpets. Prevents moths. It disinfects, it banishes insects and it suppresses odors by arresting decomposition. 10c. and 25c. a bottle. Sample free on request.

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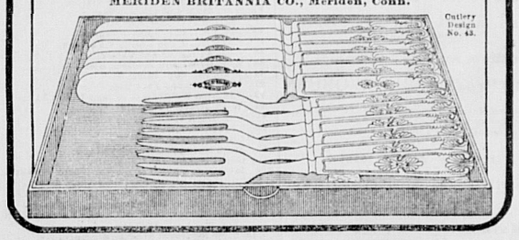
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are as serviceable as they are sensible. A complete line of spoons, forks and fancy pieces are also made in the "1847" brand. They are handsomely put up in cases for presentation purposes.

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Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

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359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Value of Religious Education."
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

At Woburn, Oct. 16, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Paul Papalard and Antoinette Vericella, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 16, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas W. Spencer and Helen L. Gillis, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct 1910, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Coleman McDonough and Mary Flaherty, both of Woburn.

At Winchester, Mass. Oct. 18, by Rev. Walter J. Roache, William Costello of Woburn and Margaret Duran of Winchester.

In this city, Oct. 19, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Percy T. Stevens of Marshfield, Mass., and Amy C. Thompson of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 19, by Rev. A. H. Herrick, William Arthur Given of Burlington, Mass., and Mary Jane Dobbins of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 12, John Welch, aged 74 years, 7 months, 29 days.

In this city, Oct. 14, Katharine P. Rice, aged 42 years, 2 months, 24 days.

In this city, Oct. 14, Eugine P. C. Fillebrown, aged 34 years, 4 months, 24 days.

In this city, Oct. 15, Charles G. Moore, aged 30 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 16, Robert S. Smith, aged 57 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert Homer Greving, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary Abbie Greving, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

WITNESS, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

14-21-28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn

NOTICE

Lost Savings Bank Books

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Margaret Cassidy of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 34436, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, MARGARET CASSIDY.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Braxton P. Parsons of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 25806, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, BRAXTON P. PARSONS.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

I, James Long of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 32443, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, JAMES LONG.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of these applications by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

NOTICE

Lost Savings Bank Book

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Thomas F. Kenney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 33349, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, THOMAS F. KENNEY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins., until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Ridgway's TEAS

Having taken the Agency for these

Famous Teas

I am carrying a full line of them and I am prepared to fill all orders for them.

Owing to the superior strength and flavor of these Teas it is advisable to use rather less than is usual with ordinary kinds.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242 3.

Post Card Size
Brownie Camera
— FOR —
Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's
379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 214-1

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

BETTER SERVICE FOR LESS MONEY

That is the experience of many who have applied for the new telephone rates. Not only do they pay less, but "divided ringing" gives a service infinitely more satisfactory.

Have you figured this out for yourself?

Look over the following schedules, apply them to your personal needs and see if in the matter of cost or quality of service, or both, you are not benefited.

If any point is not clear to you, telephone Fort Hill 7600 and ask for the "Rate Department," or better still, come to either of our Boston offices—119 Milk Street, or 165 Tremont Street—and have your requirements carefully analyzed by our expert contract agents.

All applications are being filled in rotation, as far as possible. Apply as early as possible, therefore, if you want to enjoy quickly the advantages of this new rate system.

NEW TELEPHONE RATES FOR WOBURN

UNLIMITED SERVICE

The WOBURN DISTRICT consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

For UNLIMITED SERVICE within this district the schedule of yearly rates is as follows:

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$54
Two-party line, unlimited	48

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$33
Two-party line, unlimited	24

Private Branch Exchange Rates

Private Branch Exchange measured rates covering all the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts remain unchanged.

Subscribers desiring quotations for Private Branch Exchange Service for all or any of these districts are invited to communicate with the Private Branch Exchange Department, 101 Milk Street, Boston. Telephone Fort Hill, 7600.

DISTRICT MEASURED SERVICE

The number of calls represented by the District Measured Service Minimum Guaranty (480, 600 or 780 as the case may be) may be used in the Woburn district which consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

or to the following additional exchanges within an eight mile radius of Woburn:

Arlington, Belmont, Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Somerville, Wakefield.

Additional calls, in excess of the Minimum Guaranty, made to exchanges within the Woburn district are 3 cents each, additional calls made to other Suburban exchanges are 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof from the Woburn exchange.

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	$39
Two-party line, 600 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	30

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	39
Two-party line, 480 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	24

NOTE—The present Metropolitan and Suburban Measured Service Rate for One-Party Line Service (business or residence) is retained in the New Schedule.

PREPAYMENT COIN BOX SERVICE

BUSINESS RATES

Special line, yearly guaranty of	$60
Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	30

RESIDENCE RATE

Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	$21

Deposits for calls within the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts will count toward the guaranty.

Calls to exchanges within eight miles of the Woburn central office will cost 5 cents. Calls to other exchanges within the Suburban District will cost five cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.

TOLL RATES

To Metropolitan Exchanges	10 cents
To Suburban Exchanges, 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.	
To Burlington	5 cents

EXTENSION SET RATES

	A year
Unlimited service, business or residence	$9
Unlimited service, special residence set	8
Measured service, business or residence	6
Measured service, special residence set	5

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.



JOHN BARRYMORE and FORREST ROBINSON in Act 2 of "The Fortune Hunter," Tremont Theatre.

WINCHESTER.

The *Star* has no doubt but that Senator Crosby might have had a reelection if he had only put in for it. Sure!

Our choice and favorite and pet social organization, of the fashionable type, I mean the Fortnightly, is flourishing like a green bay tree this fall.

Mr. W. Tuck failed to secure the Democratic Congressional nomination last week, but he enjoyed the honor of seconding the nomination of Fred Deitrick.

I can think of nothing in this town today as popular as football, unless it is bowling. It is the main feature of our High School, and more popular than Latin or Algebra.

Our people are not bowling very vociferously over the new telephone rates proposed by the N.E Tel. & Tel. Co. Some of us think the change will be beneficial to the public, and in the end will be cheaper than present rates

Rev. Doremus Scudder, D D., pastor of the leading Congregational church at Honolulu, Hawaii, and Mrs Scudder have been guests of the Ordways this week, Mrs O being a sister of Dr. S. They are on their way home from a long and highly enjoyable visit to Europe.

Mr. George H Eaton of this town was last week appointed General Freight Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company. He was born in Woburn Nov 12, 1871, son of George F. Eaton, and is one of the most capable railroad men in New England His father is prominent in the B. & M. Co.

Leaving out the "Great Unwashed," the people of this town are highly pleased over McCall's renomination for Congress. He isn't the handsomest man in Winchester, nor the most social, and is greatly lacking in personal magnetism, and is a great admirer and supporter of "Old Joe Cannon," yet, we are all proud of him, principally on account of his brains.

Some of our folks are old fashioned and still cling to many old ways and customs. For example, I notice that there is to be a "Rummage Sale" here soon. Now, in all communities that keep abreast of the times, as the saying is, the "Rummage Sale" went out of fashion years ago, and has ever since been tabooed. Its resurrection here at this late day seems to indicate a death of modern ideas and methods for raising church money.

It seems like going to housekeeping again and living once more to have Sam Elder back home. He arrived from Europe several days ago, happy as a clam at high water to see Winchester after nearly a half years absence, and he is just the same old Samuel J. and jolly as ever. He says America beat England 5 to 2 on the fisheries dispute, and is very happy over it. He was really the leading Attorney in the case for the U. S.

Samuel J. Elder, Esq., Lawyer, of this town, was presented with an elegant and costly lovingcup by the Atlantic Conference of Boston last Tuesday, and is otherwise greatly honored by Boston Lawyers, Merchants and Bankers, for his splendid services as United States Counsel before the Court of Arbitration at the Hague this summer on the Fisheries Controversy. Winchester is proud of its distinguished citizen.

McCall Did It.

State Chairman Macleod will not be the Democratic candidate against Mr. McCall this year. Deitrich, who has several times before tested his vote-getting in the District, again bears the banner. Mr. McCall's position is now peculiarly strong. It was his bill requiring publicity of National campaign expenditures which has just become law. An aim of the progressive everywhere has thus been realized. The Art Commission, which Roosevelt vainly tried when President to establish without Congressional authority, has now become a reality through legislation secured by Mr. McCall. These achievements, taken in connection with his place near the head of the Ways and Means Committee, make him a distinct Massachusetts asset, and one that no serious-minded voter will thing of throwing over.—*Boston Transcript*, Oct. 14, 1910.

Burlington.

A neat and appreciative notice of Martha Sewall Curtis's "Ye Olde Meetinghouse" appeared on the Book Review page of last weeks *Congregationalist*. Mrs. Curtis is Burlington's honored historian. To write history "runs in the blood" of her family—her grandfather, a well known Divine, was the author of the History of Woburn.

D. A. R.

Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D A R., opened the season of 1910-11 by holding their first fall meeting of 1910 at the home of Mrs Carrie E. Dow on Arlington Road last Tuesday, Oct. 9, and a most refreshing season it proved to be, just as everybody expected.

Mrs Dow is a capital hostess. She put her dwelling in fine order for the meeting and entertained her guests royally.

A delightful programme of songs by Miss Lillian Beatty of Boston, with Minette Dow of Court street as accompanist, an entertaining paper by Mrs. O W. Charles of Brockton, etc., was executed

Mrs. Arthur A. Fowle and Mrs. N. S. Watson were elected delegates to the State Conference, D. A. R in Boston this week

Mrs. William W. Crosby, Mrs. Emma M. Wright, Mrs. D. W. Bond, Mrs. C. W. Gilbert, Miss Helen Ramsdell, were appointed a committee to arrange for an entertainment.—X

Smoking That Maddens.

Marihuana is a weed used by people of the lower class and sometimes by soldiers, but those who make larger use of it are prisoners sentenced to long terms. The use of the weed and its sale, especially in barracks and prisons, are very severely punished; yet it has many adepts, and Indian women cultivate it because they sell it at rather high prices. The dry leaves of marihuana alone or mixed with tobacco make the smoker wilder than a wild beast. It is said that immediately after the first three or four drafts of smoke smokers begin to feel a slight headache; then they see everything moving, and finally they lose all control of their mental faculties. Everything, the smokers say, takes the shape of a monster, and men look like devils. They begin to fight, and, of course, everything smashed is a monster "killed." But there are imaginary beings whom the wild man cannot kill, and these inspire fear until the man is panic stricken and runs.—Mexican Herald.

The Curse of Cowdray.

Cowdray, once the estate of the earls of Egmont and now in the possession of Lord Cowdray, better known as Sir Weetman Pearson, is the subject of a very interesting superstition. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries Cowdray was conferred upon Sir Anthony Browne, the father of the first Lord Montague, who had already been given Battle Abbey as a reward for his services to Henry VIII. The story goes that Sir Anthony, who had destroyed the church and the cloisters in Battle Abbey, was visited in the great hall as he was holding his first feast by one of the dispossessed monks, who after solemnly cursing him, prophesied that his family should perish by fire and water. Two centuries and a half later the prophecy was tragically fulfilled. In 1793 the house was destroyed by fire and within a week of that disaster the last Lord Montague lost his life in Germany in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot the falls of the Rhine. —London News.

TRACING COUNTERFEITS.

Exciting Employment For Skilled Secret Service Men.

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The expert assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. The following case is one illustrating the difficulties which the secret service people meet and overcome:

A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and under took the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until the secret service man finally traced the bad note to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the secret service man that his suspicions were unfounded. Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment for rent of a house he owned in Pittsburg. While the sleuth was a bit discouraged, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburg.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburg proved to be a traveling oculist who spent most of his time in the middle west. The secret service man had the good luck, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip, and the man at once recognized the bad bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point whence the sleuth started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The secret service man got his address from the oculist and went right after the new clew. At this point he had a premonition that something was going to happen, and he wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter, an honest old fellow, said that he had received the bill from a certain Parker. The said Parker was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as a cab could take him and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own funds after traveling all over the continent was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

KIDNEY DISEASE KILLS.



Your health and life depend upon the Kidneys' working properly. When out of order you have pains in the back, brick dust deposits in the excretions, scalding pains, swelling around eyes, constipated bowels, drowsiness, fever, rheumatic pains. The best treatment for these conditions is **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.** It removes the uric acid from the system, the cause of most Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. 35 years of success. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles $1.00 all druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Charitable Association and Sarah M. C. Phinney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William H Field of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Helen O. Sprague of Wellesley, in the County of Norfolk, and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by Warren Avenue one hundred and thirty-one and 25-100 (131.25) feet; southerly by Dow's Lane two hundred and twenty-five and 16.100 (225.16) feet; southwesterly by land of the Trustees of the Woburn Charitable Association forty-nine and 83-100 (49.83) feet; and northwesterly by land of said Trustees two hundred and ten and 09 100 ($10.09) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of October, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marion L. Poole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Parker T. Poole of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

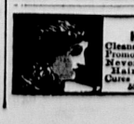
And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

21-24-4 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.

GEO. A. CAMMALL.
AUCTIONEER,
65 Winn St., Woburn
Personal attention given to sales anywhere in the State.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 77
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! ItCosts No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Autumn Styles

Now on exhibition. An early selection secures the cull of the market.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - Woburn

C. E. SMITH,
No. 439 Main Street
Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Houses For Sale and To Let. Rents Collected and Repairs
Member of the Mass. Real Estate Exchange.

WEDDING RINGS
That "Ring" True.

Just like the true love of the unselfish lover and true to the mark stamped on the inside. If it is stamped 18kt. it is 18kt. Our wedding rings are worthy of the name in style and weight, and

We Sell at a Modest Profit

Smith & Varney.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
BOSTON.
HOURS: 10 to 4.
SPECIAL FREE Lecture and Treatment every Thursday at 3 P. M.
Public cordially invited.
Telephone 22195 Back Bay, Boston.
" 105-2 Woburn.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Filled with fine reading which fascinates boys. Excellent stories of adventure, travel, history and current events. Photography, stamps, electricity, carpentry, sports, games. Tells boys just what to do and how to do it. Beautifully illustrated, and every line in harmony with refined home training; endorsed by 250,000 boys and their parents. Send $1.00 for a full year. On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents.
SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office.

The GIRL IN THE CASE

Leads to the Finding of a Wife

By STACY E. BAKER

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Rawlins, reaching for his own inferior timepiece, found in its place an expensive watch with three diamonds set in the rear case and the initials W. A. W. engraved thereon.

Naturally Rawlins was surprised. He returned the watch to his pocket, carefully folded his paper and glanced about in search of the philanthropic person who had effected the exchange.

The vinegary faced female wedged in the seat to the right of him stared back suspiciously.

A wheezing fat man, uncomfortably crowded, sat at his left and grinned heavily as he noted the observant eye of his fellow passenger.

"These street cars are crowded sunthin' awful, hain't they?"

Rawlins agreed. He couldn't accustom himself to the thought of this man's pudgy fingers deftly inserting themselves in his waistcoat pocket on a delicate mission of substitution.

He stared about him searchingly, but the enigma was unsolved when the conductor called Twenty-third street.

In the sacred precincts of his own little used law offices Rawlins gave a keener inspection to this gift the gods had thrust upon him.

Heavy lines corrugated the brow of the young attorney, and he pushed his thick black hair back into an impromptu pompadour as his mind grappled with the problem. The slim fingers of the youth touched the stem, and the case snapped suddenly open, disclosing the pictured face of a radiant girl.

Rawlins—John P. Rawlins, Esq.—was young—young enough, in fact, to believe in the ideal woman, and this likeness corresponded exactly with the dream in his heart. The great blue eyes, the flawless contour of the face, with its piquant, retrousse nose and determined little chin; the wave in the heavy hair, the peerless neck and shoulders—everything about the maid summed up soul dear to the youth.

The sudden advent of that rara avis, a client, compelled him to forego the pleasure of lingering longer in admiring contemplation of the picture. Before finding the likeness of the probable owner—Rawlins had an active mind—the man who had come into such peculiar possession of the watch had decided to turn it over to the police, but now—

Now the united efforts of the entire constabulary of the town could not have dragged it from him.

And yet—paradox—the youth wished to find the owner, if possible, more than ever. The riddle of how the little timepiece happened to be in his pocket had gripped him with an insatiable curiosity at first; now, strangely enough, his sole thoughts were of the maid in the case. He longed to meet her. He wanted to become acquainted with her.

The attorney was bothered with no clients that day, and in the afternoon, with the fair pictured face of the mysterious damsel propped before him, he compiled an advertisement for the morning papers:

Found, under peculiar circumstances, valuable watch. Owner can have same by calling at — Broadway and proving property. Rawlins, fourth floor.

Rawlins was a wealthy youth of good city connections. He had graduated from Harvard the year before and was now awakened to the fact that New York is overcrowded with attorneys. Clients, from a pecuniary standpoint, he didn't need, but the ennui of a listless life was boring him, stilling his ambition. This little adventure, with the flavor of romance so strong upon it, bade fair to give life back its relish.

The advertisement brought results. Every faker in the city seemed to have bought a paper and picked the Rawlins "found" as the easy money of the morning.

The lawyer entertained the sly adventurers with tentative questions on their lips, keen searchers after information that, in turn, was to be given over to shrewd confederates, who would follow up with better chances of landing the prize, and coarse women who attempted to wheedle the advertised article away from its holder, and, failing in this, fell into a vocabulary of vehement and impolite protest.

The attorney's faith in human nature was sadly jarred.

The keen youth gave absolutely no information to the gleaners along the paths of chance, and thus it came about that none was able to come later with sufficient information to draw down the trophy. Rawlins breathed his relief at the end of the day and again drew the watch from his pocket and studied the photograph. One longs doubly for the unattainable. The youth was in a perfect frenzy to meet the girl.

Time passed. Several months went by and still the young man was vainly striving to meet the fair one of the photograph. It became a habit with him to stand before the window of his office and stare down into the street. In this way there was a chance that his knowing eyes would find the owner of the watch.

One day as he stood at his usual point of vantage, his contemplative eyes on a lazy cab, the latter came to a stop in front of one of the large stores, and—oh, the sudden shock of it—she stepped out.

In a moment the long legs of the youth were fairly flying down the stairs—he wouldn't wait for the elevator—and he was across the street and into the store in another fast following sixty seconds.

It took the attorney some time to find the girl. The wonder of it is that he found her at all in that huge beehive of struggling patrons and clerks.

She was on the first floor and at the handkerchief counter. He patiently waited until she had finished her purchases.

"I beg your pardon!" he commenced, approaching, hat in hand.

The girl stared at him coldly. She was a revelation in beauty—all and more than the photograph had promised.

"I have here," said the lawyer, "something that I believe belongs to you." He smiled in what he evidently believed to be a courteous manner, but which left an entirely different impression on the lady.

"I do not know you, sir," she answered in a well bred voice, the cadence of which thrilled her susceptible admirer to the full of his rapidly beating heart. "You have probably mistaken me for another person." Her eyes rested meditatively upon an approaching floorwalker.

"I know we have never met," began Rawlins inanely, "but—but"—

"At an almost imperceptible sign from the girl the floorwalker joined them.

"This gentleman," began the girl distantly, "thinks he knows me. He doesn't." She paused suggestively.

The floorwalker, wise of his kind, eyed the attorney with small favor.

"You had better go, sir, else"— He, too, ended his sentence with an eloquent stop.

Rawlins, despite his keen admiration for the girl, was angry.

"One moment," he said authoritatively to the official. He turned again to the girl.

"Perhaps you recognize this," he asked and held the watch before her eyes.

The maid gazed at it with some curiosity. "I do not," she said. "To my knowledge, I have never seen it before in my life. Are you the—er—official propounder of enigmas here?"

The sarcasm was lost on the despondent Rawlins, who, with the iron hand of the floorwalker on his arm, was being rapidly escorted toward the door.

"I'm giving you a chance," explained the latter, "although I hadn't ought to. The bosses here haven't any time for fresh guys who antagonize the trade."

An elderly woman with gray hair and faded blue eyes came hurrying after the pair and touched the dejected lawyer on the arm.

"Just a moment," she began breathlessly. "My niece has been telling me about it. You—you must have my watch!"

"I knew it," interrupted the floorwalker. "I knew it from the start, madam. He's a 'dip,' old offender probably. If you'll just step into the office I'll see that you recover your property without any fuss, and we'll send this party down."

The woman stared.

"You are rather officious. This gentleman was attempting to do my niece a favor. He is no pickpocket. I am sure of that." She spoke coldly.

She turned to Rawlins. "Tell me, was the watch you wished to return set with three diamonds and did it contain a little miniature?"

Rawlins nodded a happy assent. The girl had joined them. The youth noted with an appreciative eye the embarrassed flush dotting her cheeks.

"This is your property," came from Rawlins. Once again he took the watch from his pocket, and the eager hands of the older woman accepted it.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she gasped. "It really is my watch!" She turned to Rawlins. "And you recognized my niece from the little picture?"

Again the happy youth nodded. Words were beyond him.

"But how did you get it?" she asked wonderingly. "I saw that great, fat thief who grabbed it from my hands run and jump on a street car, and although I promptly reported the matter to the police I really had given up expecting the return of the trinket long ago.

"It was my first day in the city," she continued. "I live in New Orleans, you must know, and I am only visiting here. Marie—she is my sister—worries so over trifles that I didn't tell her. Really, I never expected to see it again. I"—

"But why don't you allow the gentleman to answer your question, auntie?" laughingly interrupted the girl.

Upon Rawlins a great light had dawned. The good natured heavyweight seated on his right in the car had been the pickpocket who had stolen the watch. Evidently fearing capture, he had shifted the thing upon Rawlins and taken the cheaper timepiece of the attorney in return.

"It's a long story," explained the youth—"almost too long to tell here. I am a lawyer, with offices just across the way." He handed the older woman a card. "If I might suggest"—

"You must ride home with us in our carriage," eagerly interrupted the aunt, "and explain in detail. Really, I wouldn't miss the story for the watch. Or perhaps," she amended, "you can't spare the time just now?"

Rawlins glanced at the red cheeked girl.

"I will be pleased to ride home with you," he said.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother, with much depression of spirit, that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid; "but, you know, we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'Ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen,' and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer to be fair."

The Cautious Kind.

Before the customer paid his bill the hotel stenographer tore several pages out of her notebook and handed them to him. "Only the notes of his letters," she said to the next customer. "He is one of the cautious kind. There are not many like him. About once in six months somebody comes along who keeps such a watchful eye on his correspondence that he won't even let a stenographer keep his notes. Of course it is nothing to us, and we always give them up when asked to. I don't know what the cautious folk do with them. Destroy them, maybe. Anyhow, there is no record of foolish utterances left in the stenographer's books."—New York Sun.

Little Worries.

In Chesterton's "Tremendous Trifles" is this: A friend of mine who was visiting a poor woman in bereavement and casting about for some phrase of consolation that should not be either insolent or weak said at last: "I think one can live through these great sorrows and even be the better. What wears one is the little worries."

"That's quite right, mum," answered the old woman, with emphasis, "and I ought to know, seeing I've had ten of 'em."

AN ORIENTAL GARDEN.

It Is Not Planted With Flowers, and It Has No Lawns.

A garden does not necessarily mean a collection of flowers arranged more or less symmetrically, with spaces of lawn, shelter of trees and paths hither and thither. There have been gardens that, beyond a terra cotta jar or two holding a rosebush or a flowering almond, have had no green thing within their gates.

I know of an oriental garden in Fez where white garmented Moors come in the cool of the evening to sit and listen to ancient stories that they know by heart, or to music that was old when the pyramids were new, or perhaps to look at a dancing girl or two taking soft steps while they smoke their nargiles, yet that garden is nothing more than a series of arches upholding walls beyond walls, toned a faint, mysterious yellow that is not yellow, but white, and yet not white, but rose. In the middle is a pool of water in a stone basin that looks blue because of the intense sky overhead and that shimmers with gold in reflections from the walls. In the corner stands a mighty jar full of strange scarlet blossoms, and rugs of deep color and intricate pattern lie on the sun warmed flags. There is always the fairy music of dropping water, and wonderful shadows move among the arches.

This place is a garden for all that it is so builded of man. The word court will not do for it.—Century Magazine.

FIGHTING FATIGUE.

Jacking Up the Tired System Without Using Stimulants.

If efforts to keep at work are continued in spite of fatigue the quality of the work is poor and the exhaustion inordinate. Students constantly make this error and do all sorts of things to keep awake to burn the midnight oil when if they would go to bed and rest they could accomplish far more in half the time in the morning with little or no fatigue.

Yet there are times when sleepiness and fatigue must be overcome without resort to stimulants which injure the judgment. The tired physician with a critical case, for instance, must have his wits about him, and it will aid him vastly to go to an open window every fifteen or thirty minutes to take a dozen or two deep inspirations of cold air. His exhaustion in the end will be great, but he can make it up later.

As a matter of fact, surgeons and others whose work requires the keenest perceptions instinctively choose the early morning for their best efforts, reserving the afternoon for "low pressure" tasks or recreation. That is, it is far better to so live that we do not need the stimulus of these extraordinary methods of respiration.—American Medicine.

A Dime Better Than Two Nickels.

A professional panhandler approached a man crossing City Hall park and demanded a nickel, which the man good naturedly handed out, saying, "I suppose that goes for a glass of beer."

"Surest thing you know," replied the panhandler unblushingly. "And, by the way, while we are on the subject, I have now in my possession two nickels. Would you mind giving me a ten cent piece for them?"

"I will on one condition," said the man, whose curiosity was aroused. "What's the answer?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained the panhandler. "If I have a dime I go into a saloon and ask for beer. I have a nickel comeback, which enables me to amble over to the free lunch counter and fill up. Maybe you don't realize that getting change over the bar gives a man a certain tone that doesn't belong to him if he just coughs up a nickel."—New York Sun.

RESTAURANTS.

They Really Had Their Origin In the First French Revolution.

The restaurant of the present time had its origin in the first French revolution, toward the close of the eighteenth century. And the reputation of the French for good cookery and the delicacy of taste in eating as well as in producing toothsome dishes and morsels dates practically from the same time.

That revolution meant ruin to many noble families, and their downfall meant ruin also for their chefs, so some of the latter hit upon the idea of opening houses where dainties prepared by their skilled hands could be obtained. If the experiment succeeded the chefs would be as well off as when in service. The idea was pleasing to the public, the restaurants did a large business, and the proprietors had no reason to regret the revolution from a monetary point of view.

Then it occurred to others that the people might appreciate being educated up to this fine cookery, and many books on the culinary art were published and sold well. One of the most noted of these was "The Gourman Almanack," which appeared in 1798.

Restaurant really means "restoring" and was applied to these places because you went there to have something to revive or restore your failing strength.

MAKING NEEDLES.

Various Processes Through Which the Steel Wire Must Pass.

Needles are made from steel wire, which is first cut by shears from coils into the length of the needles to be made. After a bath of such bits as have been cut out they are placed in a furnace, then rolled until perfectly straight. Next the needle pointer takes up a dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and finger, with their ends on a turning grindstone, first one and then the other being ground. The little steel bobbins are next fed into a machine which flattens and gutters the heads, after which the eyes are punched.

They are now complete needles, but rough and easily bent. Careful heating and sudden cooling gives them the necessary temper, and nothing remains but to give them their final polish. On a coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of 40,000 or 50,000. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled on and soft soap daubed over the cloth, which, rolled tightly, is thrown into a pot with others, where it rolls about for twelve hours or more.

When taken from this friction bath the needles require only rinsing in clean hot water, when they are ready to be sorted and packed. — Chicago Tribune.

Never forget that the nearest approach to perfect domestic happiness on earth is the cultivation of unselfishness.

A CHINESE TITBIT.

Eggs That Have Been Preserved For a Century or More.

When Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world his commissariat carried with it a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the venerable ambassador's special use. Some of these eggs were exhibited in New York while he was staying here, and a few experts had the temerity to sample them. "They were not so bad after all," was the verdict of one American connoisseur, "although by their looks you would think they would come under the ban of the pure food law."

The eggs were incased in clay and when unpacked looked like pieces of pumice stone. They are preserved in this way by the Chinese for a century or more, and Li Hung Chang admitted that the hen which laid the eggs for his morning meal might have been decapitated anywhere from a quarter to half a century before he was born. The process of keeping is very primitive, but as effective as it is simple. The eggs are first boiled hard, and then while they are hot they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away.

In this condition the Chinese claim they will keep forever and not lose their flavor or wholesomeness. Indeed, they consider that age improves the flavor. Li Hung Chang's commissariat brought the eggs for his personal use in bags packed in rice husks, but as the clay was hard there was not much danger of breaking them. When opened the "white" was found to be almost black and the yolks green. The flavor, however, was preserved. The Chinese chop these preserved boiled eggs and decorate most of their viands with them. They also enter largely into all their sauces.

Duck eggs are also preserved by the Chinese in a somewhat similar fashion. There is a considerable trade in duck eggs of the Peking and Muscovy breeds, and many Chinese in this country import them from China in the preserved condition. The duck eggs are boiled and preserved in a paste of charcoal instead of clay.—Harper's Weekly.

SEARCHLIGHTS.

A Special Pattern Must Be Used on the Suez Canal.

Every war vessel carries from one to twenty searchlights, and every vessel of any description whatever passing through the Suez canal has to carry one of a special pattern.

A searchlight consists essentially of an arc lamp of special form, a parabolic mirror and a case to hold the lot, the case being mounted so as to be capable of movement in two directions—viz, vertically and horizontally. The hood, as this case is called, is made of sheet steel about 3.32 inch thick. The turnable, trunnions, etc., are cast in gun metal. The arms which support the hood are of cast steel. The lamp box is formed as part of the hood. The mirror is carried on springs in the back cover, and at the front of the hood is a "front glass" mounted in a gun metal ring, and the dispersion lens when carried is hinged on in front of this. Training is carried out by means of a worm and worm wheel or by a rack and pinion. Slewing is effected by means of a pinion which gears into a crown wheel on the underside of the turntable, or else it is done directly by hand.

The Suez canal regulations require that the projector shall be capable of giving the light required under two different conditions—in the first case a broad, flat beam of light illuminating both banks and the canal uninterruptedly, this being used when no other ship is approaching; in the other case they require a beam having the same angle of divergence and consequently the same width as the first, but divided into two portions, with a dark interval between, thus giving light at both sides, but not directly in front, and so not interfering with the navigation of the approaching vessel.—J. M. Heslop in Cassier's Magazine.

She Couldn't Fool Him.

"You have a splendid figure," said the tailor. "I shall have no trouble in giving you an excellent fit."

Feeling fairly well satisfied, the man went to a shoe store.

"Your feet are splendidly shaped and rather small for a man of your size, too," said the clerk. "These shoes are just what you ought to have."

He took them and bought a hat at the hatter's, where he was told that he had such a finely shaped head and such splendid features that the hat which he tried on first was just what he needed to make him look his best.

Then he passed into a large department store and, finding the glove counter, sat down where a pretty young woman was waiting to serve him.

"Just place your elbow on the counter, please," she said. "What a finely shaped hand you have! Let me"—

"Wait!" he commanded. "By George, you can't put that over on me! I used to be the catcher on a baseball team."—Buffalo News.

Could Not Deny It.

"I will ask you," said the lawyer, who was trying to throw doubts on the testimony of a witness, "if you have ever been indicted for any offense against the law?"

"I never have, sir."

"Have you ever been arrested on a charge of any kind?"

"Never."

"Well, have you ever been suspected of committing a crime?"

"I'd rather not answer that question."

"Ha! You would rather not. I thought so. I insist upon your answering it. Have you ever been suspected of crime?"

"Yes, sir; often. Every time I come home from a trip abroad the customs inspectors at New York city suspect me of being a smuggler."—Chicago Tribune.

The Chicle Tree.

Chewing gum is nothing but chicle mixed with sugar and flavoring, and chicle is the gum of a tree that grows plentifully in Mexico and Central America and that of recent years has been cultivated on a large scale in Yucatan. The chicle tree is not unlike the india rubber tree, and the gum was first shipped to America by men who believed that in it they had a perfect substitute for rubber. In this, however, they were mistaken, as it was found that the chicle gum was insoluble. Not to this day has any medium acid or alkali, spirit or ether been found that will dissolve it.—Argonaut.

Beyond his power the bravest cannot fight.—Homer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 23, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Comprehensive Quarterly Review — Golden Text, Luke ix, 51—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As the reviews thus far this year have not come at or near the end of the quarter, I feel led to do with this as with the last review and give the lessons and Golden Texts and then a summary of the teaching as probably the most profitable way to handle the fourteen lessons.

Third quarter:

No. 3. Peter's Confession, Matt. xvi, 13-28. G. T., Matt. xvi, 16.

No. 4. The Transfiguration, Matt. xvii, 1-8, 14-20. G. T., Matt. xvii, 5.

No. 5. Forgiveness, Matt. xviii, 21-35. G. T., Matt. vi, 14.

No. 6. On to Jerusalem, Matt. xix, 1, 2, 13-26. G. T., Matt. xix, 14.

No. 7. The Laborers, Matt. xx, 1-16. G. T., Matt. xix, 30.

No. 8. Nearing Jerusalem, Matt. xx, 17-34. G. T., Matt. xx, 28.

No. 9. Entering Jerusalem, Matt. xxi, 1-17. G. T., Matt. xxi, 9.

No. 10. Wicked Servants, Matt. xxi, 33-46. G. T., Matt. xxi, 43.

No. 11. Marriage Feast, Matt. xxii, 1-14. G. T., Matt. xxii, 14.

No. 12. Three Questions, Matt. xxii, 15-46. G. T., Matt. xxii, 21.

No. 13. Temperance, Gal. v, 15-26. G. T., Gal. v, 25.

Fourth quarter:

No. 1. Wise and Foolish, Matt. xxv, 1-13. G. T., Luke xii, 40.

No. 2. The Talents, Matt. xxv, 14-30. G. T., Matt. xxv, 21.

No. 3. Judgment of Nations, Matt. xxv, 31-46. G. T., Matt. xxv, 40.

We must keep before us in all these studies in Matthew that we are considering Jesus as the King of the Jews. As such He was born, and as such He was crucified (ii, 2; xxvii, 37). He is mentioned in chapter i, 1, as "Son of David, son of Abraham," and we need to remember the unconditional promises to both, all of which shall be fulfilled in due time. There are many who see in Jesus only a Saviour by whom they may reach heaven when they have to die, but such is not the revelation of Him in the Scriptures. He is the King of kings and Lord of lords, the prince of the king of the earth, before whom all kings shall fall down and whom all nations shall serve (I Tim. vi, 15; Rev. xvii, 14; xix, 16; i, 5; Ps. lxxii, 11). The kingdom, which is to include all nations, with Israel as a righteous nation at the center, was plainly and fully revealed in the Old Testament and was preached by John and Jesus and the twelve and the seventy as at hand. That the Messiah of Israel should suffer before He should reign was also plainly stated and typified in the lives of Joseph, Moses, David and others, but that a long period, an age, should intervene between the sufferings and the glory was not revealed in the Old Testament. This is the mystery kept secret since the world began which was specially revealed to Paul (Rom. xvi, 25, 26; Eph. iii, 1-11; Col. i, 26, 27).

When Peter, by the Spirit of God, confessed Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, then Jesus for the first time spoke of His church which He would build on that foundation truth. But Peter, not understanding the Scriptures nor the purpose of God, rebelled at the thought of Jesus' sufferings. Then our Lord taught that all disciples must be willing to suffer with Him, but that there would surely be a reward and that, though He and His followers were for a time to be content to suffer, the kingdom would surely come as shadowed forth in the great event of the transfiguration. With such a kingdom before us, made sure to us by a risen and glorified Christ, and having been made partakers of it by His great sufferings for us, by which we have the forgiveness of sins, we should walk worthy of such a kingdom, freely forgiving every one and by fasting and prayer overcoming the devil. As He steadfastly set His face toward Jerusalem, knowing all that awaited Him there, so we, His followers, must be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord (I Cor. xv, 58). We must let His love constrain us to accept any manner of service gladly, not for reward, but in real gratitude to Him, quite certain that the Judge of all the earth will always do right. We should be inspired by the assurance that as truly as all the Scriptures concerning His humiliation were literally fulfilled, even to His riding upon an ass' colt, so literally will all that is written concerning His glory be fulfilled also. Therefore we should rely upon Him to keep these temples of our bodies wholly for Himself, cleansed by His word and Spirit, that He may bear through us the fruit He desires to His glory.

All that we may have to bear for His sake from ungrateful, unreasonable and even cruel people should be accepted as the necessary pruning of the branches in order to the bearing of more and better fruit unto Him. The flesh is to be reckoned dead, and we are to live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit and be led by the Spirit, and thus show forth His praises. Being made ready for His call either to be absent from the body or to be caught up in the body at His coming for His saints by His righteousness freely given to us, may the Spirit so fill us that our light may so shine before men that they may glorify our Father.

A Tragedy of Instinct.

The processionaries are rather strange caterpillars. A single string of them five or six yards long has just climbed down from my parasol pines and is at this moment infolding itself in the walls of my garden, carpeting the ground traversed with transparent silk, according to the custom of the race. To say nothing of the meteorological apparatus of unparalleled delicacy which they carry on their spine, these caterpillars, as everybody knows, have this remarkable quality—that they travel only in a troop, one after the other, like the blind of Breughel or those in the parable, each of them obstinately, indissolubly following her leader; so much so that our author having one morning disposed the file on the edge of a large stone vase, thus closing the circuit, for seven whole days, during an atrocious week, through cold, hunger and unspeakable weariness, the unhappy troop on its tragic round without rest, respite or mercy, pursued the pitiless circle until death arrived.—Forum.

MODEST VICTOR HUGO.

The Great Master Thought No Honor Too Great For Himself.

It was Theophile Gautier who said something to the effect that if he thought that one line of the great master, Victor Hugo, was bad he would not acknowledge it to himself if he were alone at the bottom of a dark well. On another occasion Gautier spoke of Victor Hugo as "a new Moses fresh from Sinai, charged to deliver the tablets of the law." Decidedly, Victor Hugo was a man who knew how to cast a spell upon those about him. For example, look at the following picture drawn in the "Souvenir sur Turgenieff:"

"One evening Hugo's admirers assembled in his drawing room, were competing with one another in the eulogy of his genius, and the idea was thrown out, that the street in which he lived ought to bear his name. Some one suggested that the street was too small to be worthy of so great a poet, and the honor of bearing his name ought to be assigned to some more important thoroughfare. Then they proceeded to enumerate the most popular quarters of Paris, in an ascending scale, until one man exclaimed with enthusiasm that it would be an honor for the city of Paris itself to be reramed after the man of genius. Hugo, leaning against the mantelpiece, listened complacently to these flatterers outbidding each other. Then, with an air of one engaged in deep thought, he turned to a young man and said to him in his grand style, 'Even that will come, my friends—even that will come.'"—Bookman.

THE OVARINAS.

Picturesque Barefooted Fish Hawkers of Portugal.

The ovarinas are perhaps the most interesting people in Portugal. They are probably the lineal descendants of the original inhabitants of the land, and now come from a small place called Murtosa (Estarreja), not far from Oporto. As the termination indicates, the overinas are the women of these people.

Both old and young, for even young children are thus employed, are exceedingly active and energetic. They go about barefoot, wearing a peculiar costume, and carrying huge baskets of a peculiar shape on their heads. They travel many miles a day and penetrate into every corner of the city, crying their wares in a loud, unmusical shout. They mount even to the sixth floors and bargain with buyers. They go barefoot not because of their poverty, many of them possessing expensive gold ornaments, but because they can thus more easily cover the many miles they run during the day. Attempts have been made to do away with this method of selling fish, but they have all failed. The customers like to deal with these fish girls and can purchase from them very small amounts.

Fish is not purchased by weight, but by the fish or part of fish. The price averages 12 to 15 cents per pound. There are not less than 2,000 ovarinas engaged in selling fish in Lisbon.—Consular Report.

GIGANTIC TREE STUMPS.

Big Enough to Be Hollowed Out and Used For Houses.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are hewed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors, and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes into an inclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big tree of California the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly, the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds and covering them with trailing vines.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAISTCOAT.

It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.

Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II., and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. P. At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Pepys, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1666, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A neat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Patient Grissell," 1602, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1489, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he remodeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

Very Brief.

A record of brevity in a holiday correspondence was established by a Frenchman in the eighteenth century. Voltaire and Piton, the epigrammatist, exchanged challenges to write the shortest possible letter. So, when Voltaire was starting on a journey, he wrote to Piton, "Eo rus," which is the complete Latin for "I am going to the country." Piton's answer was just "I"—complete Latin for "Go!"

In business correspondence the record is divided between Victor Hugo, who, anxious to know how his "Les Miserables" was going, wrote to the publisher, "?" and the publisher, who triumphantly replied, "!"

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Camels That Ride.

The Bedouins decorate their baggage camels in the most fantastic manner. A huge pack saddle is surmounted by a still larger pannier. Above this again is a sort of chair in which the rider sits. The long strips of leather hanging down the sides are simply for decorative purposes. I have seen camels when too young to go on long treks being carried in these panniers, and they are always used for the Bedouin children.

This tribe has many quaint and curious customs. Perhaps the most curious of these is the manner in which they show their esteem for certain strangers. One evening when a young camel had been killed for the meal I noticed the women collecting the blood in a bowl. Then, to my astonishment, they started painting my camels on the necks and flanks with the blood. Unknowingly I was the recipient of the greatest honor that can be paid a stranger. The blood dried on and remained for a long time, acting as a talisman among all the Sherarat tribe.—Douglas Carruthers in Wide World Magazine.

Never let familiarity exclude respect.—Vanburgh.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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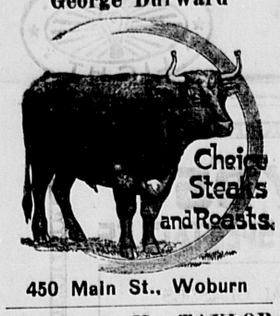
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1906.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.55, 10.15, 11.00 a. m. 2.50, 3.40, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 p. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.55 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.50, 5.30, 6.35, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.55 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.55, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.00 p. m., Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WEBB, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
18	Middlesex Leather Co., Cross St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
36	Cor. Willow and Medford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Richland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
912	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
911	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
912	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
912	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Fri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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The Origin of Pyrography.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography.

Neglected Opportunities.

"This is the site of an ancient city," announced the Arab guide. "As you see, not one stone remains upon another."

"You fellows lack enterprise," commented the tourist. "Why don't you take some of this building material and construct some ruins?"—Pittsburg Post.

Bad Arguments.

The best way of answering a bad argument is not to stop it, but let it go on its course until it overleaps the boundaries of common sense.—Sydney Smith.

Information.

Customer—Have you the papers for a week back? Newsboy—Fer a weak back? Yer don't want papers; yer wants a porous plaster.—Exchange.

Decide but Once.

When you decide more than once not to do a thing it is a sure sign that you will do it sooner or later.—Atchison Globe.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson.

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TWO IN A GALE

The Results Were Propitious

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The mountains lifted blue green summits to the soft blue skies, and their shadowy slopes were reflected in the cool depths of the lake at their feet. In the two storied pavilion that overhung the sheet of water three young men watched the hotel bus rolling up the incline to the many windowed hostelry perched on the eastern mountain.

Dick Fancher lifted a pair of field-glasses to his eyes and scanned the tiny objects emerging from the bus. "Girls, girls, everywhere, and not a man in sight," he misquoted complainingly.

Lester Pennington leaned back in his chair and yawned widely; then, as if suddenly reminded of something important, he jumped up and found a seat on the railing.

"Did you see the masculine young woman that came with the Bowker party?" he asked, with animation.

They nodded assent.

"Say," he went on, "tell me why a good looking girl will get herself up to look like a half baked dude? Did you note the dinky panama hat, the stiff collar and four-in-hand tie, the white shirt waist and black cutaway coat? Who could make love to a girl of that sort?"

"I couldn't," said Dick bluntly. "I'm fond of fluffy ruffly, lacy sorts of girls."

"So I've observed," chuckled Billy Satterly, knocking his pipe against the railing.

"You haven't expressed your opinion of the mannish young woman, Billy," suggested Pennington.

"Mail's in. Are you chaps going up after our share?" asked Satterly irrelevantly.

"Going after our own letters; then we shall sit on the piazza with the Bowker girls. Come up and get your own mail, you lazy beggar." Pennington poked Billy suggestively as he sauntered past. "Come on, Dick. Perhaps we can ring in a game of tennis. So long, Billy boy."

"Great Scott, it's hot here. I believe I'll climb up to the peak where the wind must be blowing some miles a minute." Billy pulled his hat down over his eyes and set forth on the narrow trail that wriggled up the mountain.

The wind was increasing, and the pines and cedars rustled and whispered noisily. All the wild scents of pine and hemlock and trailing sassafras and other more elusive odors assailed his nostrils as he climbed upward, stopping now and then to rest and gaze over the view that widened below as he went on. The long afternoon was before him, and he outlined a vaguely delightful period of repose on the peak with nothing above him but the tender blue sky and the fleecy white clouds sailing along toward the south.

"If none of those giggly girls from the hotel break in on me I ought to have a bully old time," panted Satterly as he toiled up the last steep ascent.

He crammed his hat down farther over his eyes in defense against the gale that was blowing up here. Bracing himself against the wind, he turned to look down into the valley below when he became aware that he was not alone on the peak.

Near him, and apparently oblivious to his presence, was a slender, boyish figure, whose black cloth skirts whipping back in the wind accentuated the masculine appearance of what proved to be a girl, "and a mighty pretty girl at that," thought Satterly as he looked at her.

This was the girl who had arrived with the Bowkers—the one Pennington had been making all sorts of asinine remarks about. Billy maneuvered himself into her range of vision and bared his head.

"Stiffish gale," he remarked pleasantly.

The girl swept him with contemptuous eyes from which all the softness had fled and bowed her head so very slightly that Billy admitted it would have been better if she had made no sign of recognition whatever.

His brow darkened under the brim of his hat; then he pulled the hat off again and stood bareheaded in the wind. He would make her speak, he vowed.

"Stiffish gale," he said again.

No reply this time. The girl had dropped her hat and framed her eyes with her hands, looking intently at the figures like mannikins dotted about the hotel grounds below.

"Stiffish gale," repeated Billy obstinately, still looking at her.

She made no reply to this original remark, but the young man thought he detected a quiver of the sensitive mouth.

"Stiffish gale!" he yelled angrily, just as the gale took her light hat and swept it with stinging force against his face. "I told you it was a stiffish gale," he added rebukingly as he held the hat toward her.

"The hands came down, and the soft eyes gleamed mirthfully upon him as she took the hat.

"Thank you," she said demurely.

"Then you're alive, after all," breathed Billy relievedly. "You were so silent I thought you were petrified with amazement or admiration or something, you know."

"I was petrified—with surprise that you should address me at all," said the girl, with unfriendly emphasis in her low voice. Satterly had to draw closer to hear what she said; between the wind and the rushing sound of the swaying trees below there was a tumult of harmonious noises.

"Why?" demanded Billy Satterly bluntly, fixing his honest eyes on hers.

"I was in the upper balcony of the pavilion a little while ago," she said

One Doctor—Only One

No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by him. No sense either in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Why try this thing, that thing, for your constipation? Why not stick to the good old reliable family laxative—Ayer's Pills? Ask your doctor if he approves this advice.

"Oh!" gasped Billy.

"I heard what you said," she went on resentfully. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, but—I thought it was unkind in you to say—I thought"—

Billy reddened to his forehead. "Oh, I say," he apologized, "the fellows didn't mean any harm; it's just the idle gossip that one drifts into when there isn't anything else to do. Every one of us would risk our neck for you. Don't"—

"What is your name?" asked the girl hurriedly.

"Satterly—Billy Satterly," he said.

"Oh, you're the one that didn't say anything, then?" She seemed to breathe a little sigh of relief. "Why didn't you answer when they asked what you thought of my masculine attire?"

"There was nothing to say. I happened to see you when you arrived on the stage last night, and"— He paused, as if embarrassed by a too eager tongue.

"And?" she suggested.

"I thought you didn't need any frills, you know," he finished lamely.

"Thanks," she said simply, dropping down to a seat on the rock and pressing back the flying waves of black hair from her eyes. "But that is not the reason why I wear plain clothes. You see, I'm a western girl, and I was born and raised on a ranch. Father and I lived alone. There were just two after I came, and I had to be both son and daughter to dad. He died a year ago, and so I had to come east and make my home with Mrs. Bowker, my aunt. I had private tutors at the ranch, but of the outside world I have been quite ignorant. I am learning rapidly that girls are girls and boys are boys, so a little later I'm going to put on frills and fribbles. I'm wearing these plain things—oh, well, because of dad, you know. It seems as if the old days were not so far away." She choked over the last words, and her eyes were drowned with sudden tears.

She searched vainly for a handkerchief, and Billy, full of tender solicitude, drew a snowy square from his own pocket, shook it out and tossed it into her lap; then he turned away and looked at distant ridges that seemed strangely blurred in outline.

"Thank you so much. I'm very sorry I made such a goose of myself," said the girl after a little while, "only"—

"You needn't say a word," interrupted Billy energetically. "After my mother went—why—well I know all about it. It's a stiffish gale," he added hastily.

"It is," she laughed through her tears. "How horrid you must have thought me, Mr. Satterly, but I heard what you were all saying, and I did feel so lonely and unappreciated, you know. Wasn't it silly? So I just tiptoed downstairs and flew up to this rock out of sheer desire to be alone."

"And I've been intruding on your privacy all this time," cried Billy remorsefully. "I'll run along down now—be careful when you descend; you might slip on the pine needles and sprain your ankle. One of the girls did that the other day." He turned to the path.

"Please stay, Mr. Satterly," she urged. "You mustn't let me drive you away. Thank you." She pressed the handkerchief into his hand, and he returned it to his pocket silently.

"You are sure I won't be in the way?" he asked, settling down on the ground and taking out his neglected newspaper.

"Not at all. And you may smoke your pipe too. I don't mind it," she smiled as he stuffed a tobacco pouch back in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

"You do not know my name," said the girl suddenly. "It's not fair when I am acquainted with yours. I am Rose Benworth."

"Thank you," said Satterly gravely.

After awhile the greedy wind tore the paper from his hands, and they watched it sail down the mountain side until it reached the lake, where it became a white winged craft and disappeared from view.

Then Billy showed Rose how to find pictures in the sailing clouds, and she scoffingly taught him more about cloud painting than he had ever dreamed, for she was a child of prairie and hill in the western country.

So they talked until the sun dipped below the west peak, and then they went regretfully down the narrow trail. "Back to the earth—out of the clouds," remarked Billy as he helped Rose Benworth over the slippery pine needles.

At the hop that night Dick Fancher and Lester Pennington rallied Billy on his long absence that afternoon. They had, with one accord, fallen captive to the charm of Rose Benworth in her simple white evening frock. She danced to perfection.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" they demanded of Billy. "You look as if you'd been drinking!"

"I have," he said urbanely.

"What?"

"Nectar and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Rubbish!" jeered Dick enviously. "You're in love, that's what's the matter with you."

And so it proved.

Truth.

In troubled waters you can scarce see your face or see it very little till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.—Selden.

Ridicule is the first and last argument of fools.—Simmons.

POLITICS IN THE STATE

Chairman Hatfield Says Republicans Will Win

GOVERNOR'S VETO EXPLAINED

So-Called Eight-Hour Bill Affected Only a Very Few Persons—Did Not Apply to Laborers In General—Draper's Work For Women and Children

Judging from the opinion of Mr. Charles E. Hatfield, chairman of the Republican state committee of Massachusetts, the political situation in this state is very encouraging. In an interview Mr. Hatfield has this to say:

"I regard conditions in this commonwealth as very satisfactory for Republican success in November. Since the alleged Democratic convention in Faneuil hall, I am getting letters from Republicans and Democrats from all over the state, saying that 'the only issue now before the people is Governor Draper and respectability,' and that they were 'going to vote for Draper and decency.' The great danger to the Republican party at this moment is over-confidence, because of the effect of the Democratic convention on the voters of the state. It seems to me that it behooves us to put forth every effort in every senatorial and representative district in the commonwealth, in order that the state ticket may be elected by an overwhelming majority, and the Democratic party be given a rebuke by the people. It is a sad spectacle to see a great political party unable to carry on to completion the work of a convention without turning it into a prize fight.

The Interest Is Unusual

"I have attended and spoken at a number of Republican conventions recently, and find an unusual amount of interest. Many of these conventions where there was no contest have been very well attended, and there is great interest even at this early stage of the campaign.

"It is a curious campaign. We have been obliged to wage a canvass for some time without knowing who the Democratic candidate was to be. Nevertheless I believe the Republican city and town committees are working in such perfect harmony with the state committee, that we are in a condition to take advantage of all the blunders of our opponents. There is certainly no less glory in picking up a football on a fumble and making a goal and kicking a goal from the field. Both methods are equally effective.

"The humorous remarks of former Congressman John R. Thayer at the opening of his address at the Democratic state convention mark him as the greatest humorist of the age. I believe the people, both Democrats and Republicans, are disgusted with Democrat machine methods, and that the whole Republican ticket will be elected by a fine majority.

"The State League of Republican clubs, which has just been formed in this state, ought to be of great assistance in getting out the vote, and in making headquarters for Republican voters to congregate, find and read Republican literature, and talk over Republican principles and policies.

"The Republican state committee is working in perfect accord with Mr. John Hays Hammond in this matter, and we expect this week to start three or four Republican clubs in the city of Boston."

The Eight-Hour Bill

There seems to be a very general misconception abroad in regard to the so-called eight-hour bill which was vetoed by Governor Draper this year, as well as last. There seems to be a general impression that this bill, if enacted, would have put working people generally on an eight-hour basis. This is not correct. The bill applied only to persons who worked for the commonwealth, for the county, city or town, and even then not to those working for all cities and towns, but only those working for cities or towns that had accepted section twenty of chapter 106 of the revised laws. Even when these provisions of the law had been accepted by the city or town the bill did not apply to all public employes, did not cover certain classes of printing, nor employes in any institution nor on a farm, nor those in charge of the grounds, or stables, or the domestic, kitchen, or dining-room service, nor those employed in storerooms and offices. It favored only a limited class, and by many was regarded as class legislation of the worst kind.

The attempt was made to pass this bill in the legislature by a false title. Those who advocated it called it "An act to constitute eight hours a day's work for public employes"—which it was not. That act had already been established by chapter 269 of the acts of 1907—passed by a Republican legislature and signed by a Republican governor.

The vetoed bill would not permit public employes to whom it applied to work more than eight hours, even though they wanted to—Would not allow them the chance to make the extra dollar or two that everybody likes to pick up now and then—made a criminal of anyone who permitted it, liable to a fine of $1000 and six months' imprisonment. There are a good many people in the commonwealth who think Governor Draper ought to be commended, not condemned, for protecting the public from this scheme of the favored few.

Draper a Great Governor

It is beginning to be appreciated that Governor Draper is one of the ablest chief executives who has filled that office in many years. Two years in office have shown the manner of man he is, and proved his integrity, his business-like methods, and his unfailing courage. He has given the people what they most needed, a business administration. His second year is closing with the people of the state generally employed, with many new mills in process of construction in different parts of the commonwealth, and with the condition of the savings banks of the state indicating a prosperous and thrifty commonwealth.

A glance at what he has accomplished as governor reveals a tremendous amount of work completed, many difficult problems solved, and a list of appointments to office of as high a grade as were ever sent in to the council by an executive of the state. In the making of these appointments he has freed himself entirely from personal considerations and friendships, and has consideration only for the best interests of the commonwealth.

Signed the Fifty-Six-Hour Bill

It is true that he has been attacked by prejudiced labor leaders as unfriendly to labor. As acting governor in 1908, Governor Draper signed an act (Chapter 645) reducing the hours of labor for women and children from fifty-eight to fifty-six hours a week. This single act affected more than 250,000 women and children employed in manufacturing establishments, to say nothing of mercantile establishments. Few governors have done as much during their entire terms of office for the interests of labor as Governor Draper did in that one stroke of his pen.

FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

Tiger and Crocodile In a Battle In the Water.

In India a native went to bathe in a ravine. He was in the water up to his neck when a tiger on the hill above gave a leap toward its prey. But the tiger had not calculated that, since his victim was much lower than himself, a leap of the right strength for a horizontal range would carry him far beyond his mark; consequently he fell some ten feet on the other side.

Now, it happened that a hungry crocodile was at the same time drawing a bee line under water toward the native. When the crocodile had almost come upon his prey he heard a splash just in front and made a dash, bringing his enormous jaws down on the tiger's paw.

The bather nearly fainted with fright when he saw the tiger fall into the water, and for a few moments he could not understand why the creature did not devour him. Why did he persist in keeping one of his paws under water, beating savagely with the other? And the water turned red!

Then all at once the assaults of the tiger became more furious, and his growls developed into roars. The huge tail of a crocodile reared up out of the water. The obvious intention was to pull the tiger under water and drown him, and the tiger, understanding this purpose, tried to frustrate it by beating the snout of the crocodile with his other paw. But the snout was too far down, and he left much of his force on the surface of the water. His struggles became more and more feeble, and at length he disappeared altogether, only a cluster of bubbles remaining to show where he had been.

His fight, however, had been a game one, not entirely in vain, for when the bodies of the two beasts finally came to the surface it was seen that the tiger had literally torn away the whole front of the crocodile's face and had blinded it so that its victory was a useless one.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rice In the Orient.

Rice is "wet," that grown for the most part in flooded land, or "dry," that raised on uplands. Its growth in those regions where civilization has penetrated least is pathetic. Parts of the east are still covered with virgin forest of tall trees. Underneath all is dark in heavy shade. Creepers twine up hundreds of feet and are all topped off with indescribable orchids, all hunting for air and sunshine. In the thick wood a suitable spot is chosen, for rice they must have or starve. Undergrowth is cut out and staked and hedged around to make a fence for the little rice farm.—Exchange.

Queer Kaffir Custom.

Kaffir women will not pronounce their husband's names or even use words which contain the emphatic syllable of those names. One old woman, being taught to say the Lord's prayer, changed the word from "come" in "Thy kingdom come" to something that made nonsense, and it proved that the proper "come" word was the main syllable of her husband's name.

Proving His Contention.

"Jones is an optimist, even in the most discouraging circumstances, isn't he?"

"Why, no. His mother-in-law is slightly indisposed, and he thinks there's no hope for her recovery."

"Well, what did I tell you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hands a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1910.

NEW ENGLAND FARMING.

Last Spring (1910) Mr. Frank Furbish, after properly preparing it, planted one acre of his farm in Kennebunk, Maine, that has been cropped every year since 1727, to Indian corn, and from that single acre, a month ago, harvested 205 bushels of as sound, handsome corn as ever grew, and 20 bushels of nubbins. That does not look as though farming in Maine has gone to seed, or is played out; or there is any excuse for "abandoned farms," of which, however, there are none in the Pine Tree State. The report of his success with the acre of corn informs us that Mr. Furbish is an intelligent, industrious, painstaking farmer; the soil which produced the splendid crop was of average York county character and fertility; and the result furnished evidence of the profits Maine agricultural labors are capable of yielding.

But this case is only introductory to a few remarks on an Editorial article printed in the *Outlook* two or three weeks ago on "Golden New England," a perusal of which must have been a surprise, a veritable eyeopener, to agriculturists both of New England and the Middle West, as well as others. The writer in the *Outlook* proves by comparative figures from official reports that New England soil is more productive than that of the great cornraising States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, etc.

The *Outlook* article shows that New Hampshire leads the country in the yield of corn per acre. New Hampshire's showing is forty-two bushels of corn to the acre; Connecticut's is forty; and Massachusetts's thirty-nine plus; while the best Illinois can do is thirty-nine minus, and Kansas, the great cornraising State, is content with twenty-eight. Iowa has eleven times more land under cultivation than Massachusetts, yet its crop is worth only nine times as much. Illinois has ten times the area but only eight times the value, while Kansas has thirteen times the area and but four and one-half times the value.

In all kinds of farm products, especially potatoes and hay, the State of Maine stands in the front rank, and the single annual apple yield in New England surpasses in value many of the leading crops of the Middle West.

Our New England farmers should buy and study the *Outlook* article, which treats comparatively of all farm products in New England and the West.

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

The Republican Party have always stood for a Protective Tariff and still stands there. Under that policy this country has grown rich and powerful.

Without the protection to the industries it has enjoyed, New England would now be a howling waste, or pretty near it.

This is what President Lincoln said about a Protective Tariff: "I don't know much about the tariff but I know this much: When we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy the manufactured goods at home we get both the goods and the money."

And this was President McKinley's opinion:

"Protection has vindicated itself. It cannot be helped by eulogy or hurt by defamation; it has worked its own demonstration and it presents in the sight of the world its matchless trophies.

STATE ELECTION.

In little more than a week from now the Massachusetts annual election will be held, or to be exact, the date for it is Nov. 8.

Unless all signs fail, the Republicans will have a walkover at the ballotboxes, for they have not only a strong ticket, but the Democrats, with a renegade from the Republican party for head of theirs, are split up into factions, quarreling among themselves, all at sea, have no expectation of winning the fight, and will not make much of an effort to do so.

Governor Draper and Senator Lodge have no doubt but that the Republicans will elect their entire State ticket, and that Governor Draper's majority on November 8 will be materially increased over last year.

☞ Hon. Lawrence Reade of this city, who was unanimously nominated by the Democrats of the 6th District for State Senator and would have made a good one, if elected, has wisely declined the honor. The prospect of an election was not bright enough to suit his fancy.

☞ Several zealous and patriotic Republicans went to Boston on the evening of Oct. 21 to hear Col. Roosevelt argue in favor of the reelection of Henry Cabot Lodge, to the U. S. Senate by the Massachusetts Legislature next winter.

A GREAT MEETING.

The Republican Club of Massachusetts sent out 8,000 invitations to Republicans all over the Commonwealth to attend a reception to be given Colonel Roosevelt in Boston, under the auspices of the Club, on Friday evening, Oct. 21, who was to come to speak in behalf of the reelection of Governor Draper, and of Henry Cabot Lodge to the U. S. Senate, and to present his cordial endorsement of the administration of President Taft, and emphatic approval of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which duties he discharged in a masterly manner.

Every invitation sent out by the Club must have been responded to in person, for the seating capacity of the Boston Arena is just 8,000, and there was not an empty seat in the immense auditorium. In addition to this vast throng of trueblue Republicans there were not less than 8,000 outside the big building waiting for something to turn up.

The great stage was occupied by distinguished public Functionaries, political celebrities, eminent citizens, and Congressmen

Hon. John L. Bates, ex-Governor, made a splendid presiding officer, and his speech on opening the rally was a gem. It was preceded by a handsome introduction of Col. Roosevelt by his close friend and admirer, U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Nahant. Of course, the former President was the Hero of the occasion, and when he appeared on the stage, oh, dear! didn't the welkin ring? but if his arrival on the platform was the signal for a tremendous outburst of applause, it was as nothing compared with the ovation accorded him when introduced by Senator Lodge, and eulogized by Governor Bates. The noise was deafening, and it seemed to the JOURNAL representative as though the crowd would never cease yelling and give the great man a chance to speak.

Col. Roosevelt delivered a grand speech. What he said was to the point. He commended the Massachusetts Republican platform; praised Governor Draper; and earnestly recommended the reelection of Senator Lodge. A significant thing about it was, that every time he, or Governor Bates mentioned the name of Lodge shouts of applause by the immense crowd were as long and loud as those for the Hero of the meeting. It was a splendid demonstration of approval of Senator Lodge, and unmistakable assurance of his reelection.

"THE CALL OF THE HEIGHTS."

This is the appropriate title of a book written by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D.D., Pastor of the Woburn First Congregational church, and lately published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston, New York and Chicago. It is an elegantly printed and bound volume of 56 pages, carrying as a subhead "Echoes from the Letter to the Philippians," presented in nine chapters each containing a pertinent "echo" from the "Letter" of St. Paul to the church at Philippi.

Rev. Dr. Norton is a close student of the Bible and treats its themes in a lucid and entertaining manner. He is, we believe, somewhat oldfashioned in his religious ideas, but it would be better if there was more oldfashioned religion and less "New Thought" in the world than there appears to be in these later times.

A clearer idea of what Dr. Norton's book is may be gained from a review of it in the *Congregationalist* of Sept. 17, last, than from any comments by the JOURNAL. It says "The Call of the Heights" is

"A concrete study of the life of the Spirit in a few of its characteristic expressions, as developed in the Letter to the Philippians. It is an echo of the wooing note of appeal which sounds throughout that letter, calling to heights of joy in service. It seeks to make real for the present day the motives and ideals which inspired the lives of early Christians, and which offer help for society in its perplexities, and for the soul in its struggles. It is a voice of hope, bidding to look up unto the hills whence help cometh. The writer is very sure that the new thought most heeded today is the old thought of grace and peace sent long ago to Philippi."

NOT IN IT.

In arranging a list of Rallies and assignments of stumpers for the current week the Republican State Committee kindly left Woburn out in the cold.

The Committee probably took the sensible view that the Woburn JOURNAL is more than a match for the Woburn Democracy and therefore rallies and orators are not needed here.

☞ How many people, we wonder, even Republicans, remember that both of the serious financial panics that have occurred since the organization of the Republican party in 1856 resulted directly and entirely from the election of a Democratic majority in the National House of Representatives? And, yet, that is history. Is another one wanted? Then elect a Democratic House again next month.

KELLEY FOR MAYOR.

Neither the public nor the rank and file of the Woburn Democracy know that B. P. W. Commissioner James H. Kelley is to be a candidate for Mayor of this city next December, but the inner circles of the party have been in possession of the fact for some time past. He will certainly be a candidate against Mayor Murray, and his friends say he is sure to win in the race.

Com. Kelley is being throughly groomed for the place by the leaders of the party, and he himself is busily engaged in pipelaying to secure the Democratic nomination.

Further comments on this subject may be looked for soon.

☞ A few evenings ago the following Democratic missionaries with a scanty allowance of Eugene Foss's money, came out here to wake up the Unterrified, but failed to do much business: Whitfield Tuck of Winchester, who is the Democratic candidate for sheriff; Attorney James J. Irwin, opposing District Attorney John J. Higgins, and Charles Daly of Medford, were the principal speakers. Their avowed object was to get recruits to help them smash the Middlesex County Republican "Ring," but if they don't meet with better success in other parts of the country than they did here, the "Ring" is safe for another term at best.

☞ Hon. John D. Long will preside, and President Charles W. Elliot of Cambridge, Bishop William Lawrence of Boston, and Robert A. Woods of Boston, head worker of the South End House, will be among the speakers at the Evening Session of the Eastern Section of the Fourth Annual State Nolicense Conference and Banquet, which will be held at Kingsley and Ford Halls, Ford Building, State House Park, Boston, Monday, October 31st.

☞ If Lawyer Vahey of Watertown could have shown a "barrl" as big and full as Foss's he would have won the Democratic nomination for Governor. But he couldn't do it and, therefore, failed, for penniless politicians stand a poor show in the Democratic party.

☞ Butler Ames's blowers and strikers are not numerous or politically powerful in this city. Representatives Bean and Buck will not be likely to vote for him for the U. S. Senate.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

N. E. Tel.—Rates.
City of Woburn—Births.
Edward Johnson—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
City of Woburn—State Election.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonol.

— Last Monday morning thermometers reported 40 degrees above, and Tuesday morning 44.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp kindly informed the JOURNAL that Mr. Clemson was 59 years old at the time of his sudden death in Maine last week instead of 62 years, as first stated.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint, says he doesn't want any better or bigger Republican Rally than the Roosevelt one in Boston last week. Mr. Flint is an enthusiastic Republican.

— The managers of the Daniel March Baraca Class series of entertainments for the benefit of the Choate Hospital were gratified with the success of their first one Monday.

— After a month's visit among old friends and neighbors here Mrs. James Walker returned to her home at Brockton with her daughter Nellie and granddaughter, last Saturday.

— Boston papers said last week that Waltham farmers had to haul water 10 miles for their cattle. If true, they must have passed a good many large water supplies in going that distance.

— Dr. Thomas Caulfield of Church avenue attended Theodore H. Johnson, 6 years old, son of Haken Johnson, who had one of his hips fractured while playing in the yard of his home on Chestnut street last Saturday.

— Mr. and Mrs. John C. Buck enjoyed their visit to and tarry at New York City and other famous localities last week. Fortunately for them the the West Indias hurricane had left and gone out to sea before they reached the metropolis.

— It is surmised that the many friends of Mrs. M. R. (Oliver F.) Bryant will be glad to obtain her present address, which is 10 Avon street in Wakefield, Mass., where, we trust, she is living a comfortable and contented life.

— More than 100 members attended the reunion and banquet of the Massachusetts Association of Union Exprisoners of War held at Arlington last week, and among them were Capt John P. Crane, J. Fred Leslie and Edward Hoskins of Woburn.

— Mr. and Mrs Fred Dow of Birmingham, Alabama, are visiting Mr. Dow's mother, Mrs. Carrie E Dow on Arlington Road, and Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of Montvale avenue parents of Mrs. Dow. He is a prosperous business man in the most enterprising city South.

— Oct. 23 was Sunday School Day all the world over. The several services of the combined schools in this city were held in First church where able and interesting addresses were delivered by Miss Margaret Slattery. Mrs. Dr. Williams led the union choir that furnished music at the meetings.

— Its work is so good and prices so low that the JOURNAL job printing department is fairly overrun with work week in and week out. All that is necessary to get and hold business is to please and satisfy the public; and that is just what we do all the year round Ask the Foreman for specimens of work and prices.

— Old Weather Prophets assure us that the long and severe drouth has at last been broken for good and all.

— About 200 people enjoyed the annual supper given by the Ladies Aid at the M E church Wednesday night.

— Mrs Fred Raggles of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, Maine, is visiting old neighbors and present friends here.

— Mr. Reade of North Weare, N H., after visiting Boston, spent Wednesday night with friends in thie city.

— Mrs. T. of Pleasant street learns, with profound regret, that her dear friend, Mrs. G., of Maine, has had another "dizzy spell."

— Angelo Crovo can't be blamed for doing a little bragging on his apples, for no better ones ever grew on trees. But aren't they juicy, though!

— The storm that visited this locality between 6 and 8 o'clock last Tuesday evening was accompanied by sharp lightning and heavy thunder. The rain was a welcome caller.

— At 3 o'clock last Sunday p m, the Boston Salvation Army held religious exercises in the Y. P. S. C. E. chapel, Cummingsville, at which there was a good and encouraging attendance.

— The regular meeting of the Maternal Association is to be held in First Church parlor at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Clara N Kelley will have charge of it. It is expected to be unusually interesting.

— President M. J. Fenenga of Northland College will preach at the First Church on Sunday morning. In the evening President Fenenga will give a stereopticon address illustrating the great work of the Northwest.

— Stephen Conn, the eleven months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace T. Conn of Wyncote, Pa., died Wednesday morning, Oct. 26, 1910 He was ill only four days with spinal menengitis, and his death is a great shock to his parents and their friends.

— The delegates from the First Church of Woburn to the fall meeting Woburn Conference, which was held in the Union church at South Medford last Tuesday, Oct. 25, were Mr. and Mrs James Skinner, Mr. Charles E. Richardson, Miss Mabel E Patten, J. R. Carter, Homer Danforth.

—The Woburn Woman's Club have an excellent rule that admits as guests during the season the six female students of the High School having the highest scholarship standing Those entitled to the honor this year are:—Misses Ellen Banwell, Marjorie Blake, Margaret Connolly, Irene Hagerty, Florence Kee and Agnes Proudfoot.

— The following Woburn members of Co. K attended the annual reunion and dinner of the 39th Mass. Regt. Association to which they belong at the residence of Mr. W. P. Brown in Winthrop last Thursday: George E Fowle, Abijah Thompson, Charles H. Johnson, J. Fred Leslie, Edward Hoskins, Peter Warren.

— Dr. J. Henry Hutchings of Mt. Pleasant street took Mr. Albert Herbert Holland, Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, into his swift and easy riding automobile last Friday evening and both had seats with the 8,000 people who crowded into the Arena in Boston at the great Roosevelt Rally there. They enjoyed it, too.

— The Firemen's Relief Association have arranged an attractive literary, musical and terpsichorean bill of fare for their entertainment in Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening, the attendance on which promises to fill the Hall chockful. The best musical and elocutionary talent in the country are to give the concert that is to preceed the dance.

— The first Tea of the season by the Boston Chapter of D. A. R., held in Pierce Hall that city on last Monday afternoon, was dignified by the attendance of the State Regent, Mrs. James G Dunning of Springfield, who was assisted in reciving by, among other distinguished Daughters, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, Regent of the Loammi Baldwin Chapter of Woburn.

— The Woburn Woman's Club were favored with the finest kind of weather for the opening meeting of their 1910 11 campaign last Friday afternoon, consequently the attendance at Lyceum Hall was uncommonly large. The entertainment consisted of a recital of Gilbert's "The Sweetbearts" by Mrs. Christobel W. Kidder, and other good things. The Club have issued their programme for the season ending next April.

— Miss Mabel Fraser, who was about to leave Woburn, with her family, for Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, where she is to permanently abide, was presented with a flue umbrella by members of her class in First church Sunday School, at a party given to the class by Miss Elva Caldwell, the teacher, at her home on Eastern avenue last Saturday evening. Miss Ruth Sanborn, a member, daughter of Dr. S. H Sanborn, made the presentation address.

— The funeral of Francis W. Clemson was held at 178 Salem street, this city, last Sunday afternoon, Oct 23, under the direction of Messrs. B. A. and C. E. Tripp, the Prospect street undertakers, and was attended by a great many people. The funeral and burial services were conducted by Hugh de Payens Commandery of Knights Templars, of which the deceased was a member. The Harvard Quartet of Boston sang three pieces, and the floral contributions were many and beautiful.

— Miss Maude Hortense Littlefield of 79 Prospect street has received a New Jersey newspaper which contained the pleasing information that her cousin, Dr. Spencer Littlefield Higgins, U S N., has recently been promoted from the office of Assistant Surgeon to Past Surgeon in the Navy, assigned to the Flag-ship New York of the Asiatic Fleet, and is now stationed at the Naval Hospital at Yokohoma, Japan Dr. Higgins is a grandson of the late Joshua Littlefield, a prominent Woburn citizen, and the son of Delia Littlefield (Mrs. James W. Higgins,) who will be remembered as a former teacher in the Woburn schools. He is, also, a nephew of Mr. Clarence Littlefield of the Barker Lumber Company, and of Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, to whom his promotion gave great pleasure.

— The Senior Class of the Woburn High School will hold their dance in High School hall on Friday evening, Nov. 4.

— Next Sunday morning those who attend the Methodist church will have a rare treat in listening to Miss Lily D. Greene of Cawnpore, India. And in the evening Rev. Ernest Legg, who is having a prosperous pastorate in Vermont, will preach. Mr. Legg is the son of Mr. F. W. Legg of this city.

— There was a steady downpower of much needed rain all last Saturday night, and was followed by one of the most cheerless and disagreeable Sabbaths of tde present fall. Not only did a low temperature prevail, but a heavy wind whistled dismally around the corners of buildings and through the leafless branches of the trees and kept windows rattling and supplying nerve racking music, which, altogether, made a Sunday long to be held in mind for its gloom and discomfort.

— Remember that the Firemen's Relief Association entertainment and ball is to be held on Wednesday evening, November 2, 1910, at 8 o'clock. The following are the artists who will appear: Miss Elsie Kirvan, Accompanist; Mr. Fred E Kendall, Humorist and Baritone; Miss Roselth Adams Knapp, Reader and Story Teller; Mr. Herbert Clark, Comedian; Miss Sadie Cushman, Operatic Soloist.

PROMRAM.

1 Reading. Selected. Miss Knapp
2 "A Little Music" Mr. Clark
3 Capt. Macklin's Escape. Mr. Kendall
4 Solo. Selected. Miss Cushman
5 An Irish Monologue (in costume), Miss Knapp
6 Song. "Conquered." Mr. Kendall
7 Impersonations. Mr Clark
8 Solo. Selected. Miss Cushman
9 Woman's Rights (in costume), Miss Knapp
10 An Old Line Sermon Mr. Kendall

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

There will be another vaudeville debut at B F. Keith's theatre next week, Charlotte Hunt, the stock actress who has become one of the great popular favorites of Boston, making her first appearance in a new comedy entitled "Love Under Difficulties." Miss Hunt made one of the most remarkable hits last year when she engaged the Majestic theatre in Boston and played to tremendous business through the hot weather. In fact, it was one of the most remarkable seasons ever played by a stock star in the Hub.

HOLLIS STREET.

Mr. William Gillette, under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman, begins at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, next Monday evening, 31st instant an engagement of signal importance to this community. The distinguished playwright-actor is announced for farewell appearances in a round of his famous successes, and the list is to embrace such stage triumphs as "Sherlock Holmes," "Secret Service," "Held by the Enemy," "Clarice," "Too Much Johnson," and "The Private Secretary."

CASTLE SQUARE.

No play has created a stir equal to "The Servant in the House" in many seasons. Written by Charles Rann Kennedy, himself an actor of many years experience, it tells a graphic tale of selfish humanity and its moral transformation under good influence. By it the spectator may be entertained or instructed, or both, and through it there persists a humor that is exceedingly rare in a serious drama. The scene is an English country vicarage, and its inmate and Bishop of the Church of England are subjected to the moral influence of one Hanson, a butler attired in Oriental garb, but who is in reality the Bishop of Benares.

THE GLOBE.

When "The Family," which had such a remarkable success in Chicago not long since and will be seen at the Globe for the second week beginning Monday, October 31, was produced there at the Powers' Theatre, Charles W. Collins, critic for the "Inter-Ocean," wrote in its praise: "Simple, tender and true—these are the inevitable adjectives for 'the Family.' It is in the right line with the American drama—native in every stroke of its simplicity; close to the hearts of the people with its alternating moods of sorrow and mirth, the one poignant and the the other genial; reaching elemental truth in its little cross-sections of life, without esoteric pyschology borrowed from the complex problem propounders of Europe."

Fined $40 For Breaking Mazda Street Light.

Four Cambridge boys who were arrested last Sunday for breaking electric incandescent street lights in Waltham felt the stern and heavy hand of justice when they got into the police court Monday morning They were found guilty on the testimony of the officer who arrested them, and were fined $10 apiece, making a total of $40 as the price they paid for what they thought was an escapade. The execution of the sentence was suspended until November 1.

The law is very strict in the punishment of marauders who think they are having fun breaking street lights Their devilitry is not only an expense to the electric lighting companies, but is a source of very serious danger to every citizen who has occasion to use the streets. Both in East Boston and Waltham, where hoodlums had broken street lamps, fire alarms called out the Departments before the broken lamps could be replaced. The result was that drivers of fire apparatus were nearly killed because they were forced to drive their horses through streets that are ordinarily well lighted, but happened at that time, because of the wickedness of the boys, to be in darkness. Judges in our courts are more and more severe, and there is always the possibility of a maximum sentence, which, under the statute, is $100 fine or one year's imprisonment, or both.—Comm.

The Bull Snake.

The bull snake, a species of pine snake, inhabits the shady pine woods along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Florida, but other species are found almost everywhere except in New England. The bull snake is quite harmless, but is a powerful constrictor. It lays eggs and feeds upon birds, rodents and eggs. It swallows an egg whole, and after the egg has passed a few inches down the throat—where it forms a large swelling—the serpent lifts its head, elevates its back and exerts a downward pressure until the shell breaks. Owing to a curious constriction of its epiglottis its hiss is so loud and so well sustained as to resemble the sound of redhot iron being plunged in water. The maximum length of these snakes is seven and a half feet. Their color is white, with the exception of the head and back, the former being spotted black and the latter brown.—Wide World Magazine.

Beggars and Bandages.

It was a case in which first aid to the injured was imperative, but no one present knew how to extend the aid. Presently a bandaged beggar who had been sitting on the curb cast off his pretense of helplessness. Out of linen strips provided by the women in the crowd he fashioned bandages and applied them skillfully.

"Where did you acquire all that skill in nursing?" a bystander asked.

"It is one of the first things the men of our profession learn," was the candid response. "Half our success depends upon arrangement of bandages that makes us look as if we had been half killed. No doctor can be depended on to fix us up, so we have to do our own bandaging. Every successful man in the business practices on himself and the other fellows until he can turn out a first class job."—New York Sun.

Makes Oil and Water Mix.

Carbonol, a coal tar product, gives water the power to dissolve grease. Every housekeeper knows that the most difficult part of any kind of cleaning is the removal of grease. Water will dissolve dirt of any kind, but as it refuses to mix with oil or grease, there is no remedy except to scour and remove the grease by friction, a laborious and not very thorough method.

Carbonol is a liquid that mixes with water and with grease. A spoonful of it in a bucket of water is sufficient to enable the water to dissolve any grease with which it comes in contact. When the kitchen dishes are washed, for instance, the housekeeper throws in a dash of carbonol into the washing pan, and the grease can be washed away with the dirt easily and immediately.

Sponging carpets and furniture with a carbonol solution is wonderfully effective in removing the dinginess. The carbonol seems to get at a layer which ordinary cleaning does not touch. The fine film which is deposited by smoke, cooking vapors, etc., gathers and retains dust and no amount of brushing will make it let go. Carbonol, however, by dissolving this greasy film, releases both grease and dirt and the original newness and freshness of carpet, rugs, hangings, upholstery and garments will be restored.

A little carbonol in the kitchen sink greatly simplifies the work of keeping it clean, and as it runs down through the pipes, the carbonol cleans them also and prevents clogging by waste grease.

The garbage can, which is almost impossible to clean in ordinary ways can be rinsed with a carbonol solution and made clean and sweet.

Carbonol is also a powerful germicide and insecticide. It will disinfect a sickroom and all utensils used in the treatment of contagious diseases. A few drops in crannies or cracks of the floors and walls will drive away vermin better than insect powder.

Simply as a precaution against disease, use carbonol in the water when house-cleaning. It will make the house much more sanitary and safe to live in.

A generous sample of this remarkable preparation mailed free on request. Address the Barrett Mfg. Co., 297 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,

October 20, 1910.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1910,

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1. Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.
Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.
Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.
Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several Wards, in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours give in their votes for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Representative in Congress, Councillor, Senator, two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, County Commissioner (to fill vacancy), two Associate Commissioners, District Attorney, Sheriff.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Malden Sq. at 5 45 AM., then half hourly until 9 45 then hourly until 2 45 PM., then half hourly until 11.15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9 15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham Sq. at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15, ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 8.15 PM., then half hourly until 11 45. Sunday at 9 45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM, ¶10.30 ¶11 00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8 30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P. M., ¶10 30, ¶11 00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

We All Want
The Best Things.

All of us can have many of these best things because we actually need them. We need them because they increase our comfort at work and at home, because they increase our efficiency, and because they actually save us money.

Electric Light is one of these best things we need and can afford.

Phone Us About It — Oxford 3300

39 Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

EDISON LIGHT

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Combining Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.
With KRYPTOK BIFOCALS your Far and Near Glasses are always ready, with no greater trouble than raising your eyes to look off, and dropping them to read.
Call at any of our stores to see them.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
} BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

His World.

Pretty Girl (to Charles, her betrothed)—Charley, how far is it around the world? Isn't it 24,000?"—

Charles (putting both arms around her)—That's all a mistake, love. It is only about twenty-four inches."

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In this city, October 19, by the Rev. Henry C. Parker, Lawrence Hansen and Matilda Lynch, both of Woburn.
In this city, Oct. 20, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Austin W. Sobey of Boston, Mass., and Lena Elvira White of Woburn.
In this city, Oct. 25, by Rev. Austin H. Herrick, Alexander Henry of New York City and Catherine Boyd of Woburn.
In this city, Oct. 26, by Rev. William H. Osmond, Randall A. Flagg and Helen R. Stanton, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 18, Francis W. Clemson, aged 59 years, 6 months, 18 days.
In this city, Oct. 21, Sarah L. Todd, aged 90 years.
In this city, Oct. 26, Katherine E. Davis, aged 60 years, 5 months, 18 days.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October third.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RE-UME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis R. Jackson and Anna P. Jackson, his wife, in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lewis W. Thompson, dated October 13, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3127, Page 93, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 21st, 1910,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Bow street in said Woburn, containing about ten thousand (10,000) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake in the easterly side line of said Bow street, and at land of Jacob M. Ellis, from thence the line runs Southerly by and with said Bow street, forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to other land of said Ellis, formerly of Maggie Down; thence turning nearly a right angle, the line runs Easterly on and by land last named, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to a stake at a corner; thence turning, the line runs Northerly still by land of said Ellis forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to a stake at other land of said Ellis; thence turning, the line runs Westerly still by land of said Ellis, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage in the principal sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) Dollars when given, held by the Woburn Co operative Bank; also subject to any unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other municipal liens.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., October 26th, 1910.

NOTICE
Lost Savings Bank Book

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Thomas F. Kenney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 33340, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, THOMAS F. KENNEY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

GEO. A. CAMMALL.
AUCTIONEER,
65 Winn St., Woburn
Personal attention given to sales anywhere in the State.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert Hosmer Gowing, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary Abbie Gowing, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

14 21 28 W. E. ROGERS, Register.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE
Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins.. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10 27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 6.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12 00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m, 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Ridgway's TEAS

Having taken the Agency for these

Famous Teas

I am carrying a full line of them and I am prepared to fill all orders for them.

Owing to the superior strength and flavor of these Teas it is advisable to use rather less than is usual with ordinary kinds.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Post Card Size
Brownie Camera
— FOR —
Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's
379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

BETTER SERVICE FOR LESS MONEY

That is the experience of many who have applied for the new telephone rates. Not only do they pay less, but "divided ringing" gives a service infinitely more satisfactory.

Have you figured this out for yourself?

Look over the following schedules, apply them to your personal needs and see if in the matter of cost or quality of service, or both, you are not benefited.

If any point is not clear to you, telephone Fort Hill 7600 and ask for the "Rate Department," or better still, come to either of our Boston offices—119 Milk Street, or 165 Tremont Street—and have your requirements carefully analyzed by our expert contract agents.

All applications are being filled in rotation, as far as possible. Apply as early as possible, therefore, if you want to enjoy quickly the advantages of this new rate system.

NEW TELEPHONE RATES FOR WOBURN

UNLIMITED SERVICE

The WOBURN DISTRICT consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

For UNLIMITED SERVICE within this district the schedule of yearly rates is as follows:

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$54
Two-party line, unlimited	48

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$33
Two-party line, unlimited	24

Private Branch Exchange Rates

Private Branch Exchange measured rates covering all the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts remain unchanged.

Subscribers desiring quotations for Private Branch Exchange Service for all or any of these districts are invited to communicate with the Private Branch Exchange Department, 101 Milk Street, Boston. Telephone Fort Hill, 7600.

DISTRICT MEASURED SERVICE

The number of calls represented by the District Measured Service Minimum Guaranty (480, 600 or 780 as the case may be) may be used in the Woburn district which consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

or to the following additional exchanges within an eight mile radius of Woburn:

Arlington, Belmont, Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Somerville, Wakefield.

Additional calls, in excess of the Minimum Guaranty, made to exchanges within the Woburn district are 3 cents each, additional calls made to other Suburban exchanges are 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof from the Woburn exchange.

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	$39
Two-party line, 600 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	30

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	39
Two-party line, 480 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	24

NOTE—The present Metropolitan and Suburban Measured Service Rate for One-Party Line Service (business or residence) is retained in the New Schedule.

PREPAYMENT COIN BOX SERVICE

BUSINESS RATES

Special line, yearly guaranty of	$60
Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	30

RESIDENCE RATE

Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	$21

Deposits for calls within the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts will count toward the guaranty.

Calls to exchanges within eight miles of the Woburn central office will cost 5 cents. Calls to other exchanges within the Suburban District will cost five cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.

TOLL RATES

To Metropolitan Exchanges	10 cents
To Suburban Exchanges, 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.	
To Burlington	5 cents

EXTENSION SET RATES

	A year
Unlimited service, business or residence	$9
Unlimited service, special residence set	8
Measured service, business or residence	6
Measured service, special residence set	5

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

CITY OF WOBURN

City Clerk's Office,
October 27th, 1910.

Public Notice to Parents, Householders, Physicians and Midwives.

In accordance with the requirements of Section 16, Chapter 29, of the Revised Laws, I hereby give public notice that I am prepared to furnish blanks for returns of births to parents, householders, physicians and midwives who apply therefor.

JOHN H. FINN,
City Clerk.

Revised Laws of Massachusetts.
Chapter 29.
Of the Return and Registry of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

SECTION 8. Physicians and midwives shall, on or before the fifth day of each month, report to the clerk of each city or town a correct list of all children born therein during the preceding month at whose birth they were present, stating the date and place of each birth, the name, if any, of the child, its sex and color, and the name and place of birth and residence of the parents, the maiden name of the mother, and the occupation of the father. If the child is illegitimate the name of, and other facts relating to, the father shall not be stated, except at the request in writing of both father and mother, filed with the return. The fee of the physician or midwife shall be twenty-five cents for each birth so reported, which shall be paid by the city or town where the report is made, upon presentation to the city or town treasurer of a certificate from the city or town clerk, stating that said births have been properly reported to him. A physician or midwife who neglects to report such list on or before the fifteenth day of the month shall for each offence forfeit not more than twenty-five dollars.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Charitable Association and Sarah M. C. Phinney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William H. Field of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Helen O. Sprague of Wellesley, in the County of Norfolk, and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by Warren Avenue one hundred and thirty-one and 26-100 (131.26) feet; southerly by Dow's Lane two hundred and twenty-five and 16-100 (225.16) feet; southwesterly by land of the Trustees of the Woburn Charitable Association forty-nine and 93-100 (49.93) feet; and northwesterly by land of said Trustees two hundred and ten and 09-100 (210.09) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of October, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marion L. Poole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Parker T. Poole of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

21-24-4 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Welch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Madden of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 77
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1199 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! ItCosts No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Autumn Styles

Now on exhibition. An early selection secures the cull of the market.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - Woburn

C. E. SMITH,
No. 439 Main Street
Real Estate and Fire Insurance

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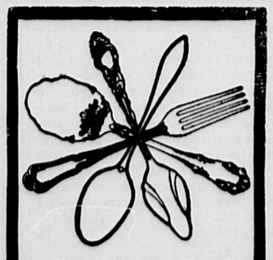
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MARY RYAN and FORREST ROBINSON in Act 4 of "The Fortune Hunter," Tremont Theatre.

WINCHESTER.

It isn't thought that Mr. Whitfield Tuck of this town, Democratic candidate for sheriff of Middlesex County, will get many votes here.

I'm looking to see the boys and girls up to all kinds of games, sports and mischief next Monday evening, for it is Halloween, you know. Don't rush things too hard, dear children

I understand that Congressman McCall feels entirely comfortable over his prospect for a reelection on Nov. 8, next. And well he may, for he will have the easiest kind of a walkover at the polls.

Rogy handicap at Winchester Country Club tomorrow, Oct. 29.

They say our schools are flourishing like all possessed. The rooms are all full of hard working teachers and scholars.

For my part, I don't believe the Democrats of this town feel very enthusiastic over Mr E W. Foss's candidacy for Governor. They know that Foss is opposed to labor unions, and hasn't much regard for the poor man, any way.

A proposition to establish a "Neighborhood Auto Club," meaning a Cooperative garage, in a fashionable residential quarter of the villiage has aroused a tremendous opposition and row. I don't know how it will come out.

I can't say positively whether Mr. W. Tuck and Mr. Carter went into Boston the other night to hear Roosevelt speak in favor of Lodge's reelection to the U. S. S or not; but don't think they did.

President Mellen of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co., rejects the gates plan for doing away with the grade-crossing difficulty that has been talked about to death's door time and time again, and will agree to no other than the total abolition of the present crossing. I beg to remark that President Mellen is a clearheaded man

Burlington.

Mrs. Emma Simonds Woodbury, who died at her home in Milbury, Mass., October 19, was well known and had many friends in Burlington. She was the daughter of the late Abel and Harriet Simonds and the only sister of Edward and Austin Simonds, now of Somerville. She attended school in this town and resided here until her marriage. Of a sunny disposition, with a pleasant smile ever ready for all she met, she will be long remembered. In the years since she left Burlington, she never forgot her old friends and sent them messages from time to time, even in her last days. For more than a year, she has been the most patient of sufferers, and for months, her death has been daily expected. Those who ministered to her and her near relatives can only be thankful for her release, but when we think of her as we knew her, of her purity of heart and life, her submission to the wil of the Highest in all events, we know that earth is poorer and Heaven richer for the passing of her gentle spirit.

Mrs. Sarah Todd.

Mrs. Sarah Todd, an estimable woman, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Todd, and mother of Mrs. T. G. Beggs of Confluence, Penn., and Mrs. R G Hargrave of New York, died on Oct 21, 910, at the Woburn Home for Aged Women, where she had long lived, at the advanced age of 86 years, her passing away being sincerely lamented by many friends.

The funeral, in charge of Undertaker Tripp, was held at the Home on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 23. The religious services were conducted by Rev. A H Herrick, Pastor of the Woburn M E church.

Mistook the Punctuation.

The Young Woman (surprised and indignant)—How dared you kiss me, sir! Penitent Young Man—Why, you said you'd like to see me do it. The Young Woman—But you know as well as I do that I said it with an exclamation point at the end!—Chicago Tribune.

The Assent Sarcastic.

He (at the end of a fishing story)—My word, it was a monster! 'Pon my word, I never saw such a fish in my life! She—I don't believe you ever did!—London Mail.

Riches are able to solder up an abundance of flaws.—Cervantes.

Mrs. Grundy.

The first mention of Mrs. Grundy is found in Morton's clever comedy "Speed the Plow." Farmer Ashfield, at table with his jug and pipe, is talking to his wife on her return from market.

"Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?"

"What news, husband? What I always told you—that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought 5 saillings a quarter more than ours did."

"All the better foor he!"

"Ah, the sun seems to shine on purpose for him."

"Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't three grumble when they be unkindly a bit."

"And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market."

"Be quiet, wool ye? Always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears: 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs. Grundy think?' Canst thee be quiet? Let ur alone and behave thyself pratty!"

No Mystery About It.

The other night after Harker was safe in bed there came a mysterious tapping below his window. Harker slipped out of his covers and cautiously raised the sash.

"What's wanted?" he demanded, his teeth chattering

"I just wanted to tell you," came a muffled voice, "that there's a hand moving around just inside your cellar window."

With visions of burglars Harker picked up his revolver and slipped through the halls in his pajamas. Cautiously he searched the cellar with a lighted candle, but it was empty. Outside on the sidewalk stood the stranger.

"I don't see any burglars down here," called Harker nervously.

"Who said anything about burglars?" laughed the stranger.

"Why, didn't you call me out of bed to tell me that there was a hand moving around near the cellar window?"

"Sure, it's the dial on the gas meter it works while you sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

Conscience Versus Art.

Shortly after Tennyson's poem "The Vision of Sin" appeared an eminent mathematician sent the poet a letter that ran like this:

"Dear Sir—I find in a recent poem of yours, entitled 'The Vision of Sin,' the following unwarranted statement: 'Every moment dies a man, and every moment one is born.' I need hardly point out that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is an established fact that the said population is constantly on the increase. I would therefore suggest that in the next edition of this poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows: 'Every moment dies a man, and one and a sixteenth is born.' I may add that the exact figures are 1.167, but something must, of course, be conceded to the laws of rhythm."

The Abyssinian wife is the head of the house.

Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high.—Matthew Arnold.

POLICE OF GERMANY.

Privacy of the Home No Bar to Their Farreaching Authority.

To a foreigner no feature of German life is more striking than the prominence and almost unlimited authority of the police. Many of its functions are such as in the United States would be intrusted only to a court of law. What seems almost equally strange, the greater part of these functions are exercised quite independently of the local government.

The minuteness and thoroughness of the work of the German police are a constant surprise to the foreigner. The policeman not only preserves order in the streets, but exercises a farreaching authority in private houses. For instance, he undertakes the nightly locking of one's street door at a sufficiently early hour. He sees that one has his chimney regularly cleaned. He inspects at stated times one's stoves and heating apparatus, and while he is about it he will look into a few other matters of domestic economy.

One feature of his activity strikes a good many American visitors with favor. In some places singing and piano playing with open windows are forbidden, and it is a common house regulation in large towns that no pianos may be played after 10 o'clock in the evening. The German policeman is also something of a food inspector in his way, and he keeps a sharp eye on venders of food and of medicines. It is not an uncommon sight to see a German policeman halt a milkman's wagon and on the spot make an inspection of his wares. Should there prove to be anything wrong with them they are promptly seized and destroyed and the matter is immediately taken in hand by the higher authorities.—New York Press.

A BATHLESS AGE.

For a Thousand Years the People of Europe Went Unwashed.

When Egypt, Greece and Rome were at the height of their ancient power their citizens made bathing a social function, a municipal duty and a religious observance. The public baths of these nations were magnificent architecturally and important as centers of hygienic and municipal sentiment.

With the decadence of these countries the world seems to have reverted to a period of mental sloth and physical uncleanliness. As an authority on the matter puts it:

"For 1,000 years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath, if the historian of these times, Michelet, is to be believed. The ancient love of the bath seemed to have disappeared from off the land.

"There was no Greece or Rome to hold up the ensign of cleanliness to the nations of Europe. Small wonder that the people of the continent became physical decadents, as indeed they were in spite of tradition to the contrary.

"It is not strange that there came the awful epidemics that cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness and the terrible mental epidemics that followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania and the biting mania.

"The bath was banished and filth was almost deified. Indeed, it was then thought that the sanctification of the body was only accomplished when that body was indescribably dirty."—Physical Culture.

An Island of Black Cats.

"The Island of Black Cats" is a name often applied to Chatham island, one of the Galapagos. It is in the Pacific ocean, about 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. It is overrun with black cats, and cats of no other color are seen there. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

A Startling Reply.

"It is very detrimental to the conversation if you play bridge while talking. A gentleman once entered a room and walked up to a lady who was deeply engrossed in correcting her score. 'How d'ye do, Mrs. So-and-so?' he exclaimed. 'I have just met your children with the nurse. By the way, how many have you got?'

"The lady looked up and replied, 'Sixteen above and twenty-four below.'"—From "The Confessions of a Bridge Player," by Quilon.

How Stupid!

Mrs. Jones (reading)—It says here that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile.

Mr. Jones (without looking up from his paper)—Well, a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land, while a nautical mile is measured on the water, and you know most things swell when in water.

Mrs. Jones (resuming her reading)—Why, of course! How stupid!—Ladies' Home Journal.

How It Looked.

"Why don't you eat your caviare?" asked the host.

"Didn't know it was to eat," replied Broncho Bob. "I thought there had been an accident and the cook spilled the bird shot."—Washington Star.

Domestic Bliss.

Mrs. Henpeck (with newspaper)—It says here that buttermilk will extend one's life to over a hundred. Henpeck (wearily)—If I was a bachelor, I'd take to drinking it.—Boston Transcript.

Belts by the Pound.

A western senator of ample physical proportions was endeavoring to obtain a belt at a Washington haberdashery. He was having a difficult time in selecting a belt whose design struck his fancy as well as of proper requirements for his girth.

"How much is that one?" he demanded of the clerk, who was entirely unaware of the distinguished character of the patron.

"That is $4," said the salesman.

"Four dollars!" exclaimed the senator. "Isn't that an awful price for a belt?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the man behind the counter; "but, you see, sir, after they get into the regular surcingle size we charge for 'em by the pound."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where It Hurts.

"Say, I have an awful pain. I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me on what side one gets it?"

"Why, on the inside, of course."—Columbia Jester.

OLD FAMILIES.

Some In Europe and In the Orient That Are Really Ancient.

In Great Britain and on the continent those families pride themselves that count their ancestry through ten generations, but their claims to really ancient lineage seem insignificant when compared with those of certain houses in the orient.

We read that the oldest family in Great Britain, the Mar family in Scotland, may trace its pedigree to 1093. Then, too, we have the Campbells of Argyll, whose date is put down at 1190. The Grosvenor family, that of the Duke of Westminster, refers its origin to the same year that the Conqueror "came over"—i. e., 1066. The Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back farther than that, its date being 952, while the Bourbons proudly mention 864 as the date of their origin.

But none of them is to be mentioned in the same breath with the emperor of Japan, whose office has been filled by members of his family for a period of over 2,500 years, the present ruler being the one hundred and twenty second in the line. The first emperor of Japan sat on the throne about the time when Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing—that is, in 650 B. C.

Another oriental branch, the descendants of Mohammed, presents claims not to be dismissed. The prophet was born in 570, and a list of his descendants has been carefully retained, being duly set forth in a volume kept in Mecca. Little or no doubt exists of the authenticity of the long list of names of Mohammed's descendants as registered in this sacred book.—Harper's Weekly.

WANTED NO FUSS.

Any Old Thing Would Do For Dinner, So She Said.

Mrs. Betsy Baxter was the last person in the world to want anybody to make trouble on her account. When she "dropped in" on Mrs. Doolittle unexpectedly for dinner one day she made her position on this point quite clear. "Don't you go to a mite of bother on my account, Mis' Doolittle. You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate and set before me anything you happen to have in the house.

"If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, an' make up a pan o' your tea biscuits that no one can beat, an' open a glass o' your red currant jelly, an' have a dish o' your quince preserves, an' some o' the pound cake you most always have in your cake jar, you do that, an' have some piping hot apple fritters with hot maple sirup to go with 'em, an' some o' your good coffee, an' any vegetables you happen to have in the house—I like sweet potatoes the way you fix 'em mightily—but, la, just have anything else you happen to have.

"I'm one that expects an' is willing to eat what's set before me, an' no questions asked ner fault found when I go visiting. So don't you put yourself out a mite for me. If you have what I've mentioned an' anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. I ain't one that cares very much about what I eat anyhow. As the saying is, 'any old thing' will do for me."—Puck.

Recipe For a Flower Garden.

Take twenty square yards of sand and pebbles, stir in sufficient clay to make a compact water tight mass, ram down hard and score the surface with a rake. Add carefully ten packets of seeds of the most magnificent flower known that will grow anywhere and under any conditions, throwing up a continuous succession of enormous flower trusses from March to November, each petal five inches across and of the richest and most glowing tints. This is the commonest of all flowers and will be found listed on any page of any florist's catalogue. Set the whole out to rise, keeping it moist and warm. After allowing the mass to rise four months sprinkle red spiders and green aphides plentifully over the top and soak well with tears. The net result may be preserved in a small bottle of alcohol for future reference.—Philadelphia North American.

A CAREFUL MAN.

His Indecision In the Matter of Employing a Doctor.

The parsimony of the old New Englander of the type now almost vanished was nobly exemplified in Mr. Benny Huntingdon, who lived with his maiden sister in a little town in western Massachusetts. Neiher had ever spent a penny unnecessarily and when in his old age Mr. Benny became crippled with "the rheumatiz" and bad, as well, strange flutterings of the heart, which were unrelieved by the best recommended "yarb teas," they were greatly shocked at the suggestions and warnings of their friends and neighbors that they ought to send for a doctor. Mr. Benny refused, declared his scorn of the entire medical profession and continued to save his pennies.

But the pain grew worse. Mr. Benny was confined to his bed in great agony and overheard some of the neighbors telling his sister that he was going to die. Then he sent for an old schoolmate, a man as "careful" as himself.

"Josiah," he asked, in a low, confidential tone, "have you ever had a doctor?"

Josiah shook his head. "Dunno as I have," he answered.

Mr. Benny reached out and laid a trembling hand upon his old friend's arm. "Josiah," he asked again, "did you ever hear how much one o' them doctors charges for a visit?"

Josiah looked at his suffering friend with pitying sympathy. "Well," he said, breaking it as gently as he could—"well, I have heard, Benny, that they charge as much as $2 a visit!"

"Two dollars!" Mr. Benny repeated "Two dollars!" Then he sank back on his pillow and sighed in a voice of strangely mingled relief, regret and resignation. "Well, I dunno but I'd rather spend $5 than die!"—Youth's Companion.

Naturally.

Scribbler—I am going to call my new play "The Wicked Flee." Wigwag—I suppose you'll—er—try it on the dog.—Philadelphia Record.

As Usual.

"Mrs. Parker is back in town."

"Has she any servants yet?"

"No. She's screaming for help."—Harper's Bazar.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—Goethe.

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

A WINNING TRICK.

He Lost All His Bets and Made Money by Doing So.

The captain of one rather old and slow steamer of years ago, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea and would have probably to return in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing passage back to England. Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home.

In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely to his ship, arguing that as the captain stood to lose £250 the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty.

Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost £250, but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior, a probable delay of weeks, he had cleared in a few days after his bets became known to the public with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who, of course, paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A DANGEROUS TRAITOR.

The Result of Pechantre's Plot to Kill the King.

Probably no well meaning poet was ever more taken by surprise than was M. Pechantre, a gentle and mild mannered French dramatist of the seventeenth century, who was one day arrested for high treason as he was peacefully eating his dinner at a village inn.

The landlord of the inn where he was in the habit of dining discovered on a table a piece of paper on which were written some unintelligible phrases and below in a plain, bold hand, "Here I will kill the king."

The landlord consulted with the chief of police. Clearly this clew to a conspiracy ought to be followed up. The person who had left the paper had already been remarked for his absent air and gleaming eye. That man was Pechantre.

The chief of police instructed the landlord to send for him the next time the conspirator came to dinner.

When Pechantre was shown the evidence of his guilt he forgot the awful charge against him and exclaimed:

"Well, I am glad to see that paper. I have looked everywhere for it. It is part of a tragedy I am writing. It is the climax of my best scene, where Nero is to be killed. It comes in here. Let me read it to you." And he took a thick manuscript from his pocket.

"Monsieur, you may finish your dinner and your tragedy in peace," said the chief of police, and he beat a hasty retreat.

His Turn Came.

Ben Davis defeated President Madison for election to the Virginia house of delegates after Madison had left the White House. Old Davis, who seldom wore a coat, was sitting on a rail fence on the roadside in Greene county one morning when a young man dressed in dapper fashion and evidently from the city passed by.

"Good morning," said David, with the proverbial Virginia politeness.

To this the stranger paid no attention. In a few minutes, however, he came to a fork in the roads and was evidently in doubt which way he should go. He retraced his steps to where Davis still sat on the fence and asked him with great politeness if he could tell him which way led to Standardsville. Davis made no reply.

"Will you please tell me," the young man repeated, "which road I take to get to Stanardsville?"

"You can," said Davis stolidly, "take any d——d road you please."—Popular Magazine.

A Lawyer's Paradise.

Naples, under Spanish rule in the eighteenth century, was overrun with lawyers. Of their profusion Joseph Addison had this to say:

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said that when Innocent XI. had desired the Marquis of Campio to furnish him with 30,000 head of swine the marquis answered him that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for 30,000 lawyers he had them at his service."

It seems to have been a golden age for lawyers, for, as the author says, "there are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending, for when a Neapolitan has nothing else to do he generally shuts himself up in his closet and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a lawsuit and plague his neighbors."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Technically Gentlemen.

There is only one strictly technical definition of gentleman—a man entitled to bear coat armor. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used with this significance, and the secondhand bookstall hunter will occasionally find "So-and-so, 'gentleman,'" written on dusty and stained fly leaves. But this definition has dropped out, for now any one may use arms who chooses to pay for an arms license. The inland revenue takes your guinea or two guineas without inquiring as to your right to bear arms. And, though the heralds' college has the right to grant arms to those who can afford to pay the necessary fees, it cannot prevent people from using arms to which they have no right.—London Chronicle.

Very "Respectful."

The villagers used to make love in a solid, stolid fashion. "I'm sure, m'm," said a servant to her mistress, "nobody could have had a respectfuler young man uor what Thomas has been to me. We've been courting two years come Martlemass, and he's never yet offered to kiss me!"—From "Recollections of a Yorkshire Village," by J. S. Fletcher.

Hoot Awa', Mon.

An English clergyman, talking one day with a Scottish brother of the cloth, remarked facetiously, "Well, David, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours."

"Mon," returned the other, with ready wit, "I never 'ocht before that your head was sae empty."—Boston Transcript.

A WHALE IN A HURRY.

The Truthful Mariner Tells How Fast the Big Fellow Went.

"Sometimes you can put an iron into a whale and he won't splash on the surface, but will start off like a rocket or perhaps will go right down and you have to cut loose and lose your line and irons," said the truthful old mariner.

"We were lying becalmed one day off the Cape of Good Hope. By and by we saw two or three whales coming up to blow about two miles away.

"The captain called the watch up, and a couple of boats started for the whales, which were lying still, as if sunning themselves. We raced with the other boat and got ahead, for my men were lithe and tough, and by and by we got alongside of one of the big fellows. The steering oar was pulled in, the oars were packed—that is, piled in so that they couldn't strike the water—then an iron was thrown into the floating island.

"The whale lay still for a moment, as if struck with amazement that any one should dare to touch him. Suddenly he made up his mind what to do. He started off like a locomotive, the rope whizzing around in a way to astonish a landlubber. When the rope was out we were rushing by the captain's boat like mad.

"All we could do in that double ended boat was to sit still and see her go through the water. I candidly believe that we went at the rate of a mile a minute, and the water was a very wonderful sight. It reminds me, now that I think of it, of Poe's description of the interior of the maelstrom, where the water went round so fast and was so black that it must have seemed like a wall of polished ebony.

"The pressure downward piled the water up on both sides of us so that it seemed to be at least three feet higher than the edge of the boat, but it couldn't run in, for we were going so fast it hadn't time.

"Every one's eyes were blurred with the wind, which seemed to be blowing a hurricane against us. It looked as if the whale would never get tired out, and we were going to sea at an amazing rate. The ship went away as if by magic, and we had lost sight of the other boat. Finally the line all at once slackened.

"The whale hadn't stopped and, for all I know, is going ahead at the rate of a mile a minute still, but the iron had come out.

"We rowed back to the ship, and as we came along the captain called over the rail:

"'Where's the whale?'

"'Oh,' said I, 'the iron melted out, he went so fast.'

"'Just what I thought,' said the captain, and that night we all had plum duff and grog."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Queen Elizabeth Ordered a Coat.

In a sale at Southby's, in London, the following document written on vellum and bearing Queen Elizabeth's sign manual was sold:

"Elizabeth, by the grace of God Quene (sic) of England, ffraunce (sic) and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc., wee will and commande you forthe withe upon the sighte hereof to deliver, or cawse to be delivered to our well beloved servante, Raif Brooke, Esquire, alias Yorke, one of our heraudes of Armes, one cote depicted with our Armes on Satten with fine golde in ovle of like stuxe lengthe and breadeth as heretofore hath bene accustomed.

"Wesminster, the XXIVth dale of Januarye. In the thirey fourth yere of our raigne.

"To our trustie and well beloved servante, John Ffortescue, Esquire, Master of our great wardrobe."

For Visitors Only.

A young southern woman who moved to Buffalo sent to her mother for a cook who had been brought up in the family. Aunt Venetia's first public trying out was at a luncheon. The fish course was to be crabs; hence the necessity of a lecture on ptomaines and food poisoning. "Now, be sure, Venetia," said the young woman, "to see that the crabs are alive and healthy before you put them on the fire."

The day the luncheon came, bringing with it the crabs, which looked all that could be desired as they were brought to table. Pinned to one of them was a note from the cook reading:

"Miss Florence—They was all kicking alive except this one. Don't eat it yourself."—Buffalo Express.

"The Laocoon."

The famous work "The Laocoon" was modeled by the great artists of Rhodes about A. D. 70. It represents the death of the Trojan hero Laocoon, priest of Neptune, and his two sons, as described by Virgil. It was discovered near Rome in 1506 and purchased by Pope Julius II. It is now in the Vatican. "The Laocoon," like "Hamlet," has provoked a world of comment, but all agree that it is one of the masterpieces of artistic expression.—New York American.

Shy, but Observant.

The average man's wife is a shy little woman who can see more out of her sitting room window than he can see from the top of a skyscraper.—Galveston News.

Nobody Knows It All.

No man is so wise that the little barefoot boy in the street cannot teach him a trick or two.—Detroit Free Press.

Innocence can return to all with repentance.—Cooper.

No Swelling at All.

"I see not one ripple on the water. All is calmness," said the little German lady, looking out dreamily over the quiet sea. "I haf crossed the ocean when it was calm like this all the way over."

"Do you mean that there was no swell even in midocean?" asked her companion, who had never crossed at all.

"No, no swelling at all," was the reply.—New York Press.

Wherein They Differ.

Jack—Widows are wiser than maids in one respect at least. Tom—What's the answer? Jack—They never let a good chance go by, thinking that a better one will come their way.—Chicago News.

In Mitigation.

Judge—Hoss thief, you're, found guilty by th' jury. Have y' anything to say as to why I shouldn't soak y' th' limit? Prisoner—Well, judge, it wasn't your hoss I stole.—Cleveland Leader.

AMBASSADORS.

They Enjoy Some Curious Privileges at European Courts.

In the popular mind—the American mind at least—there is very little difference between an ambassador and a minister, but the former is entitled to very many privileges abroad that are denied to a mere envoy.

For instance, one curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure, generally speaking, is as follows:

When the audience is at an end the ambassador waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But when the reigning sovereign is a woman, still politer methods obtain. To turn his back would be discourteous; to walk backward would be to resign a privilege; therefore the ambassador retires sideways like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other he endeavors to find the door. By this unique means he contrives to evince all politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retain one of his privileges.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide for him. No one save an ambassador can claim this privilege, the most any non-ambassadorial individual can expect is that one of the doors shall be opened to him.

One privilege appertaining to the ambassador, one capable of causing great inconvenience to the ruler, is the right of demanding admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. This was one of the reasons why Abdul Hamid, when sultan of Turkey, opposed the raising of our mission at Constantinople to an embassy. It was decidedly inconvenient at times to see the American representative at all.

To the European the most important feature of the ambassador's makeup is his sword. There the blade of the sword is a rapier blade with the point blunted. It has been facetiously observed abroad that the use the sword is put to in addition to its trick of tripping up its wearer is usually the harmless one of poking fires. One diplomatist was said to file his bills on his sword when it was not otherwise engaged, and for a long while it was a standing witticism of the corps diplomatique in Europe that the Russian ambassadors used their swords to file broken treaties, a circumstance that was held to account for the inordinate length of their weapons.—Harper's Weekly.

Emmet's Presence of Mind.

A story is told of Robert Emmet which proves his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote, chalk. Timid men would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

Queen Elizabeth's Amulet.

Queen Elizabeth during her last illness wore around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed to her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generaly the case, proved of no avail, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened, but died. During the plague in London people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck and also the powder of toads.

Called For Glory Divine.

Among the customers in a drug store one day last week was a little girl who is known to her playmates in that vicinity as "Peggy." As she stood waiting for her turn it could be noticed that she was repeating something under her breath in her effort to remember what her mother had sent her to buy.

"Mother wants five cents' worth of glory divine."

"Of what?" said the young clerk, who was standing there as if stunned by a hard blow of a baseball bat.

"Glory divine, glory divine," came the reply in a louder voice than when she had made the original request.

"You had better go home and have your mother write it down on paper, little girl," said the clerk, feeling that the girl was too sure to argue with him.

Soon she returned, and, handing the note to the clerk, he read, "Five cents' worth of chlorate of lime."—Philadelphia Times.

A Bit of Sicily.

"There is no Italian town more picturesque than the Sicilian capital, Palermo," writes a traveler. "In its port lie crowded the queerest coasting craft I have ever set eyes on. Sailing ships of all rigs, their hulls painted all the colors of the rainbow, nose up against the quay, where mule carts, whose drivers are shouting at the top of their voices, wait to take away the merchandise. The narrow street where the custom house officers examine the goods brought ashore is a place of terrific noise. When a driver, two clerks and two custom house officers are discussing the contents of a bale or a cask it seems as though murder must be committed within the next few seconds. But somebody signs something, the cart moves on, and everybody laughs."

Well Qualified.

"Why do you apply for a position as boss of this gang? Have you ever had any experience?"

"Bossed my son after he grew up."—Buffalo Express.

Procrastination is one of the most expensive forms of happiness.—Life.

Aids to Conversation.

"Books help a man's conversation."

"Undoubtedly. But the man who buys them seldom gets to be as good a talker as the man who sold them to him."—Washington Star.

Reliance on the right is expressed by defiance of the wrong.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 30, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 1-16. Memory Verse, 13—Golden Text, Mark xiv, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We are to have five lessons in this chapter, the greater portion of which is recorded by Mark and Luke also. The first five verses and the last three are in the regular order of events, two days before the Passover, and Jesus again announces that He is to be crucified (verse 2). The record says that not only had the chief priests, scribes and elders determined to kill Him, but they were actually consulting as to how they could do it in a quiet manner without an uproar, for they feared the people. "Then entered Satan into Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve, and he went his way and communed with the chief priests and captains how he might betray Him unto them," and for thirty pieces of silver he agreed to do it in the absence of the multitude (verse 15; Luke xxii, 3-6). Luke also tells us that during those last days He was in the daytime teaching in the temple, and at night He went out and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives (xxi, 37). After such a record concerning Him whose witnesses we are and whose steps we are to follow shall we ever again complain if we are hated for His sake, if one who professed to be our friend joins the enemy against us.

The anointing by Mary is recorded by Mark and John also, but not by Luke. In Luke vii, 36-50, there is a record of an anointing which was also in the house of a man called Simon, but that Simon was no friend of Jesus, and the woman is unnamed and was confessedly a sinful woman.

The event of our lesson today was six days before the Passover, and it was at Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, and Martha and Mary and Lazarus were all present. They made Him a supper, and Martha served, and Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Him (John xii, 1, 2). It was on that evening that Mary took the pound of very precious ointment of spikenard and brake the alabaster box and poured it both on His head and on His feet as He sat at meat, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Compare the three records. Mary, like the other woman, wiped His feet with her hair, but the other wiped her own tears with which she had washed His feet, while Mary wiped them after she had anointed them with the ointment (Luke vii, 38; John xii, 3). In the one case it was the heartfelt gratitude of a truly penitent sinner, while in the other it was the devotion of true worship and an anointing beforehand for His burial, for He said so, and He knew her heart and her purpose. My own conviction is that Mary had received His words concerning His cruel death at the hands of His enemies and knew that it would therefore be impossible for His friends to show any kindness to His body then, as far as she could see, and she had made preparation and had watched for her opportunity, which has now come. Can any one say that He, knowing all things, had not arranged this stop at Bethany specially for her sake? The other women, who, like Peter and John and the rest of His disciples, had not received His sayings concerning His sufferings, bought spices after His death and burial to anoint His body when the Sabbath had passed, but they never used them for that purpose, so that Mary was the only woman who was privileged to anoint Him for burial.

Those who receive all His words have blessings beyond all others. Some one has suggested that in the three, Martha, Mary and Lazarus, taken together, we have what constitutes a well rounded Christian life—Lazarus, the power of a resurrection life, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus (John xii, 11); Martha, restful service, because that here we do not read of her being cumbered, as on a former occasion; Mary, true devotion and worship, for such is always costly. David said, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing" (II Sam. xxiv, 24). Let us ponder, as in His sight, the cost of our worship of and devotion to Him. Financially how does it compare with our worship of self and the world? If we become as devoted to Him as Mary was not only will some Judas criticise us, but many professedly devoted ones will find fault also, for, while no one will, perhaps, condemn our love for self and this present world, many will protest against too much devotion to Jesus Christ. Well, let them, if only we can have His "She hath done what she could." "She hath wrought a good work on me" (Mark xiv, 6, 8). If fault finders with devotion to missions could by any means hear His voice they would doubtless hear a "Let alone," "Why trouble ye them" (verse 10; Mark xiv, 6). Think of the honor conferred upon Mary in that a testimony concerning her love and devotion is given in all the world wherever the gospel is preached. Oh, how real devotion to Him is needed in our day, when all the world is open to the gospel and the age of unparalleled opportunity is fast closing, and soon He will come again to take His church to Himself. May we abide according to I John ii, 28.

A Love Passage.

"Love! Ah, love!" cooed the sentimental maiden. "I feel as if I could live on nothing but love."

"Do let me be your caterer," returned the ardent youth at her side.—Boston Transcript.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines or will ever know.—Miss Bowdler.

Gallant.

Nell—I have to read a paper on "Ideal Woman" at the next meeting of our ladies' club. Jack—Well, all you need to do is to stand up and let them look at you.

More Noticeable.

The more rare a man's qualitys are the more he will be found fault with. Dust on a diamond is alwus more noticeable than dust on a brik.—Josh Billings.

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven.—Irving.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 26, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Tingling Ears.

If your ears burn, people say, some one is talking about you. This is very old, for Pliny says, "When our ears do glow and tingle some do talk of us in our absence."

Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing" makes Beatrice say to Ursula and Hero, who had been talking of her, "What fire is in mine ears!"

Sir Thomas Browne ascribes this conceit to the superstition of guardian angels, who touch the right ear if the talk is favorable and the left if otherwise. This is done to cheer or warn.

One ear tingles, some there be
That are sparling now at me!

Puzzled Tommy.

"Pa," said Tommy, "my Sunday school teacher says if I'm good I'll go to heaven."

"Well, what about it?" said his pa.

"Well, you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I want to know who's fibbing, you or her."—Lippincott's.

An Important Advantage.

"Do you think a college education affords a man an important advantage?"

"Oh, yes! One has to have it in order to get into a university club."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 5.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 p. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
29	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
58	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
912	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
961	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, North Woburn. (Private.)
912	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.40 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
Fire once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

The Irishman's Resource.

In his volume of essays, "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest," Mr. Coulson Kernahan compares his compatriots, the natives of the Green Isle, with the English:

"That your Englishman never knows when he is beaten is the veriest platitude. In all the world there is no nationality which can play a losing game with such desperate doggedness. I venture to think, however, that the Irishman—and therein is perhaps a reason why he excels in the art of war—is more resourceful, is quicker to think and quicker to act.

"An Englishman, finding himself in a corner so tight that any one else would decide at once that there was nothing for it but surrender or retreat, says: 'Here I am, and here I'll stick to be shot at till I'm killed or till relief comes.' An Irishman in the same place would say: 'It's the mischief's own hole I'm in! But wait now! What way 'll I be getting out?' And get out the Irishman generally does, for he is so resourceful that his resourcefulness might sometimes be better described as slipperiness."

The Making of a Business Man.

So many panes of glass in old Mr. Viner's greenhouse had been broken that he had at last offered a reward of 10 shillings to any one who should give information as to the identity of the latest offender. The bait soon drew. A youngster called on Mr. Viner and informed him that a lad named Archie Thompson was a guilty party. He received his reward, went away rejoicing, and the old gentleman forthwith wrote to the local schoolmaster demanding the production of the said Archie Thompson to make good the damage he had done to his windows.

Next day the informer called again.

"The schoolmaster sent me," he said briskly. "I've seen a glazier, and he'll put your glass right for 3 shillings. Here it is, and"—

"Not so fast, my lad," said Mr. Viner. "Have you come on behalf of Archie Thompson?"

"Well, yes, sir, in a way," said the boy. "Fact is," he continued confidentially, "I'm him!"—London Answers.

Woburn Journal.

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Coverly's Substitute

Appearances Were Against Him.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"I'm sorry, Elizabeth," said Ralph Coverly, "that I must go to Chicago on business for the firm of Fabens & Coverly."

"Never mind, Ralph. My one week has been lovely, and I shall enjoy spending a quiet time with your mother."

"Mother will be delighted to have you with her constantly. An invalid's days are dull enough. But there is an elderly aunt coming tomorrow, and I'm afraid you'll not find it very amusing with just Aunt Agatha and mother. I've thought of a plan so that you might enjoy the program we planned and not miss any of the concerts or art galleries or even the opera."

"What is that, dear? Really, half of the anticipated pleasure was the knowledge that we were to be together."

Ralph hesitated, and then, as if dismissing some unworthy doubt from his mind, he said quickly:

"Why, I've spoken to Fabens. He's a mighty clever chap and is better versed in all the things you're interested in than I am. I'm such a practical fellow, Elizabeth. Well, I told Fabens all the things I'd planned we were to do the coming week and asked him to see that you didn't miss any of the pleasures."

"It's very thoughtful of you, Ralph."

The next morning when Elizabeth wandered downstairs to a late breakfast she found the expected Aunt Agatha established at the head of the table. She was a stern visaged lady, whose hair remained a shining black in defiance of threescore years. She wore gold spectacles with thick lenses, which magnified her dark eyes with startling results. An ear trumpet dangled from a ribbon over her shoulder, much like a powderhorn at the back of a hunter.

"Good morning, Miss Neal—or shall I say Elizabeth? My niece has written of you, and I've seen your picture. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're not at all the sort of girl I thought Ralph would marry! He always preferred brunettes, like myself. Well, men are fickle as the weather! It's too bad Mary is confined to her room. You will be very lonely." Miss Dale paused to take breath.

"Mrs. Coverly will enjoy having some one with her. She is so much alone except for the nurse," said Elizabeth.

"I can't hear a word you say," asserted Miss Dale calmly. "It doesn't matter. I can always guess what people are talking about at table. You probably remarked that you wouldn't be lonely at all during Ralph's absence. I know Dick Fabens, my dear, and a more fascinating man I never met. Ralph is very foolish to leave you in Dick's care. But, there, every one has his consolations, and that little dark beauty Ralph was so crazy about last year lives in Chicago. There, there! Don't get emotional!"

Elizabeth, angry and amused, watched her and when she was alone finished her breakfast and retired to her own room. Later her brief morning visit to sweet Mrs. Coverly brought forth the fact that Aunt Agatha had arrived from her suburban home at an early hour that morning. She had surveyed the house from attic to cellar and had interviewed the nurse and the servants with praiseworthy results.

Mrs. Coverly smiled indulgently and touched Elizabeth's serious face with a delicate forefinger. "Aunt Agatha is an angel at heart, Elizabeth, but her deafness has accentuated certain oddities in her manner, and she has adopted a freedom of speech that is sometimes alarming. Don't forget. I shall expect you to come in for our game of chess every evening if you don't mind devoting so much time to an old woman."

Elizabeth's answer was to kiss the hand that caressed her, and the next half hour was one of delightful intimacy with the mother of her prospective husband.

Aunt Agatha at luncheon was a repetition of Aunt Agatha at breakfast, and her deeply voiced monologue left the girl with a strange sense of desolation. For the first time since her engagement to Ralph there crept into her heart a vague disquiet as to his perfect loyalty. Who was this dark beauty of whom Aunt Agatha Dale babbled?

Two o'clock brought Dick Fabens with tickets for a matinee, and, as Aunt Agatha was too rheumatic to go far afield, Elizabeth went alone with Ralph's partner. During their brief ride in the carriage Elizabeth learned that Mr. Fabens was feeling much better and that the simple program Ralph had laid out appealed to his convalescent body and mind as nothing else could.

Dick Fabens was fascinating. Older than Ralph, he was attractive by reason of his contrasting gray hair and youthful face. He was strangely sympathetic to Elizabeth, and she found herself looking to him for confirmation of all her delight in each pleasure that came to her in the days that followed.

He did not flirt with her; he did not make love to her. He was simply natural and unaffected, and by very reason of her enforced solitude at the Coverly home Elizabeth turned to him for congeniality and pleasure during those seven days.

Aunt Agatha suddenly disapproved of Dick Fabens' attention and expressed her opinion each morning. Elizabeth came to take a wicked delight in listening to those lectures, and frequent mention of the dark beauty in Chicago and Ralph's weakness in that direction hardened her heart against the absent lover. His daily letters were characteristically short, and her jealous eyes read between the lines that he was enjoying his stay in the Windy City. Then on Thursday the letters ceased coming, and Elizabeth stopped writing.

On Saturday morning she took counsel in her own room and decided that Ralph Coverly was tired of her. If he had not been, if he had really cared for her, would he not have hesitated at leaving a substitute for his own escort? Was it not to justify his own attentions to this other girl—whose name Aunt Agatha had once admitted to be Elsie—that he had provided a substitute? Fabens spoke little of his partner beyond saying that the coveted contract had been secured by Ralph.

Saturday morning Elizabeth went back to the boarding school, where she was a teacher of music, but before she went she inclosed her engagement ring in a tiny box, registered it and sent it to Ralph's office, with a brief note explaining her action. "It has all been a mistake," she said.

Aunt Agatha's farewell of her was prolonged and affectionate at the late breakfast, several hours after the ring and letter had been sent.

"Goodby, my dear Elizabeth. I've learned to love you dearly, and I've watched you closely during the past week while Dick Fabens has been taking you out, and you are a most unusual girl. Ralph has won a treasure indeed. We would have been so unhappy if he had cared for that Elsie girl who set her cap for him last year. It's a good thing she eloped with her chauffeur and went to Paris, for"— And so on until Elizabeth's brain reeled with the horror of what she had done.

Her farewell to Mrs. Coverly was tearful and brief, but she did not dare divulge the fact of her broken engagement to the woman who had taken the motherless girl to her warm heart.

At Ferncliff the weeks passed drearily without word from Ralph. There was a picture postcard from Aunt Agatha, who had returned to her home, saying she trusted the missive found Elizabeth in good health. Then Elizabeth mailed a card to Miss Dale and hoped that lady was quite well, and so ended her connection with the Coverly family.

There came a day several months afterward when she received cards for Dick Fabens' wedding to some girl from New Orleans. She laid it away with a little sigh. It was merely an echo of the happy life she had dropped out of. She blamed herself bitterly for listening to Aunt Agatha's inane chatter and knew that she had wronged Ralph. And yet there was the fact that he had ceased writing to her. That might be easily explained. Letters often miscarried. There was no excuse for her doubt of her lover's constancy. She ought to have trusted him against everybody in the world, even as he would have done had the case been reversed.

That same day was a half holiday, and Elizabeth, weary with the strain of teaching and very unhappy, stole away to spend the afternoon alone in the beautiful chestnut woods that stretched behind the school buildings. The trees were in their summer glory of gold and brown, and through the scanty foliage there were glimpses of the clear blue sky. Where the trees fringed the banks of the tumbling river Elizabeth found a seat on a mossy rock.

The rushing of the river drowned all other sounds, and it was not until he stood beside her that Elizabeth knew Ralph Coverly had come at last. From very joy in his presence she was powerless to move.

He looked down at her, pale and worn and quite unlike his usual buoyant self.

"Elizabeth," he said desperately, "I've just had Fabens' invitation. If it isn't he, who is it?"

"Who is who?" asked Elizabeth weakly, her voice breaking as he caught her hand.

"The one who came between us," said Ralph hoarsely. "Aunt Agatha hinted—she wrote—it was Fabens, and you were both so happy, so I stopped writing and came home to find the ring and your letter. I was a beast to Fabens—thought he had cut me out with you—and then he stiffened up, and we've hardly been on speaking terms outside of business. Then this morning I found his wedding invitation in my mail, and so I came down to find out who the other man is. I would have staked my life on your faith, Elizabeth!"

"You may now. Wait, Ralph, till I tell you all," sobbed Elizabeth. But Ralph did not wait. His arms were about her and her sunny head on his shoulder while she poured out the misunderstanding and misery of those seven days.

"It's turned out for the best, dear," he comforted her. "This contract was a big thing, and so I am not going to wait another week for you. June is too far away. Give up your position and come. Mother needs you, and I do not dare run the chance of having to provide another substitute."

"Or another visit from Aunt Agatha," said Elizabeth devoutly.

National Traits.

It takes one hour to know a Frenchman, one month to know a German and almost a lifetime to know an Englishman—well.—Rome Corriere.

Doubt is born of the mind; faith is the daughter of the soul.—Emerson.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

STOPS FALLING HAIR
DESTROYS DANDRUFF
AN ELEGANT DRESSING
MAKES HAIR GROW

Ingredients: Sulphur. Glycerin. Quinin. Sodium Chlorid. Capsicum. Sage. Alcohol. Water. Perfume.

Ask your doctor if there is anything injurious here.
Ask him also if there is not genuine merit here.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

PRIMITIVE PHYSIC.

John Wesley as a Physician and Some of His Remedies.

It is not generally known that John Wesley in one of his brief intervals of leisure published a sort of medical vade mecum called not inappropriately "Primitive Physic." It was first published in 1747, and it ran into at least twenty-four editions. The author was greatly surprised there was so swift and large a demand for it. In the later editions he was able to add the word "Tried" to certain remedies the virtues of which he had meanwhile found opportunities of testing. After five years' careful trial and notwithstanding the objections of the learned he recommends for the ague "to go into the cold bath just before the cold fit," but omits to say how to time the coming of the fit. To prevent apoplexy use the cold bath and drink only water. If this proves useless and a fit should declare itself you have only to "put a handful of salt with a pint of cold water and if possible pour it down the throat of the patient." To cure asthma "take a pint of cold water every morning, washing the head therein immediately after." Wesley gives four ways of curing old age—"take tar water morning and evening" or "a decoction of nettles" or "be electrified daily" or "chew cinnamon daily and swallow your saliva." The two great panaceas in the Wesleyan doctrine are the use of cold water and the use of electricity, and at the end of the book are columns of every sort of disease which may be overcome by these simple expedients.—St. James' Gazette.

WANTED A JOB.

Therefore He Did His Best to Please the Manager.

A certain playwright relates how a manager was much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made by a peculiarly seedy individual. Time and again the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "See Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to set forth his qualifications.

At last the applicant did succeed in gaining audience of Blank, the stage manager, who was in the theater for the time "sizing up" candidates for the chorus.

There were, of course, a number ahead of him, but this fact did not prevent the seedy man from interrupting the stage manager between songs with requests for a job.

Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and ordered him to play an accompaniment for the stranger. With considerable hesitation the seedy person raised what voice he had in song. The result was bad as bad could be.

The manager suddenly commanded him to desist.

"What do you mean by this tomfoolery?" he demanded, disgusted. "You certainly have confounded impudence to ask me for a job!"

"Look here!" said the stranger, angry in turn. "I don't claim to be able to sing. In fact, I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I only sang to please you because you insisted on it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

His Favorite Opiate.

Ushers in theaters handle some peculiar people during a season, but the experience of the employee of a Chestnut street playhouse was a puzzle for some time. A well dressed, middle aged man would secure an end seat in the front row almost every evening. He would tell the usher if he fell asleep he was not to be disturbed until after the show. No sooner would the orchestra play the overture than the ushers would notice that the man was asleep. At the close of the night's entertainment some one would rouse the sleeper and he would leave with a polite acknowledgment. One night he explained his strange behavior:

"I suffer from insomnia," he said. "The only relief I get is when I sit close to the drummer in an orchestra. There is something in the rhythmic beating of the drum that soothes me to sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

Found a Place.

The billposter had one poster left and no conspicuous place to put it. He stood on the corner and wondered what he should do with it. Presently an Italian woman carrying a big load of wood on her head passed by.

"Better than a Broadway electric tower for my business," said he.

Paste brush and paste were requisitioned, the poster was clapped on the perambulating wood pile, and for fifteen minutes the ever curious Broadway crowd stopped, turned and even followed to learn something about the commodity that was advertised in that novel manner.—New York Sun.

Wanted to Know.

"Have you ever read any of my husband's poetry?"

"Yes, I have had that—er—yes, ma'am."

"What do you think of it?"

"Madam, are you looking for a compliment for your husband's verses or for sympathy for yourself?"—Houston Post.

Different Now.

"Before we were married," sighed the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long distance telephone just as you used to say, to hear my voice."

"Well," retorted the rebellious husband, "nowadays you won't let me get far enough from you to use the long distance."—London Telegraph.

MILITARY FORMS.

The Why and Wherefore of Many Army Customs.

HAND AND SWORD SALUTES.

The Origin of the Former Goes Back to the Time of the Borgias and the Latter to the Knights of the Crusades—Funeral Volleys and Taps.

Why does a soldier when saluting a superior raise his hand to his head covering? The beginning dates back to the time of the Borgias, if not to an earlier date. In those days assassination was in vogue, and in order that an inferior might not have a superior at advantage the inferior was compelled when coming into his superior's presence to raise his right hand, palm to the front, to show that no dagger was concealed there. From this old custom our hand salute has come down.

The salute with the sword was not done that way in the beginning without any reason. When knights of the crusades received their orders it was the custom for them to call upon God to witness their assumption of the orders given. To do this the sword was raised to the front so that the hilt reached the lips, when the cross formed by the hilt and blade could be kissed and an oath registered to carry out the orders faithfully. The dropping of the sword, point to the front, indicates submission.

Why in the funeral cortege of a mounted officer or soldier is the horse, saddled and equipped, with the boots of the late rider placed heels to the front in the stirrups, led to the place of burial? To show by reversal of the boots the owner's march has ended.

We must go back to the days of the Romans for the reason why in the service three volleys are fired over the open grave of a comrade. Among the Romans the burial consisted of the throwing of earth three times on the coffin. Three times was the dead man called by name, which ended the ceremony, and as the friends and relatives departed each said "Vale!" three times. So as a farewell to our dead comrades we fire three volleys over the grave. Then the service called taps is sounded, this closing the ceremony.

Why should the call taps be sounded in preference to any other? Because taps is the call for "lights out," and the lights of life are out in the comrade who has "joined the silent bivouac of the dead." This ending of a service funeral dates back to the early forties, but did not become a fixed custom till late in the civil war.

There was a reason for causing all witnesses before a military court to remove the glove from the right hand before taking the oath. The raising of the hands and eyes toward heaven when taking an oath is of great antiquity. When the Bible was printed the bare hand was laid on the book, which was afterward kissed. But the Bible was not always at hand when needed. So the custom of raising the right hand and uncovering the head has grown into general practice. In olden days the criminal was branded in the palm of the right hand, and for this reason the custom of requiring the removal of the glove came into vogue in order that the hand might be inspected.

The colored silk sash long worn by officers of our army, which for many years has ceased to form part of the uniform, except for general officers, was not adopted simply because it looked pretty. It was originally intended that this sash, which was very strong, woven of silk and could be stretched out to over a yard in width, should be used as a hammock in which wounded officers could be carried off the battlefield.

And likewise the guady colored horsehair plume that flowed from the helmet was not placed there because it looked so well. The original hair plume hung down on the shoulders of the wearer, and it was intended that it should be a safeguard against a saber cut aimed at the back of the neck, for the long thick hair would turn the blow and save decapitation or an ugly wound. Today the little hair tuft seen on the headdress of mounted soldiers is the result.

There is a reason why the flag at half staff, as an indication of sorrow, must always be hoisted to the top of the staff before being lowered. The flag is saluted when raised and lowered only when it is at the peak of the staff. So when it is necesasry to display it at half mast it must be raised to the top before being finally lowered, for at this time the gun fires its salute, and either the band or the trumpeters are sounding appropriate music or call.

Twenty-one guns, the number fired in the international salute, were not selected at random. The number was chosen by our government because it was the number long used by the British for their international salute. Why the British used twenty-one guns was no doubt due to an early custom which had for a warship salute seven guns. A fort was allowed to fire three times as many guns as a warship, because in those days it was difficult to keep powder in good condition at sea. It could be kept in good condition on land, and consequently the shore battery was allowed a larger number, or twenty-one. When the time arrived that better powder was made and it could be carried at sea without deterioration the warship was allowed the same number of guns as the shore battery, and the twenty-one of today are the result. —Major B. W. Atkinson, U. S. A., in Chicago Record-Herald.

Tom's Memory.

"Before I went away I told Tom just what I wanted him to do about the house from day to day, and to make it doubly sure I talked my orders into our phonograph so he could play the record each night and so remember."

"And did he then forget?"

"I found everything in the house about ruined. He said he couldn't bear to play the phonograph in my absence; it reminded him so of me and made him lonely."—Boston Herald.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 58.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1910

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

It is interesting and instructive to once in awhile call to mind and reread what eminent American statesmen have said concerning the Republican system of tariff protection to home industries.

President Grant said:

"The American system of locating manufacturing next to the plow and the pasture has produced a result noticeable by the intelligent portion of all commercial nations."

President Ben Harrison's idea:

"The more work there is to do in this country the higher the wages that will be paid for doing it. That policy which gives the largest amount of work to be done at home is the policy which will secure to our laboring men steady employment at the best wages."

President Roosevelt declared in favor of a high Protective Tariff in these ringing words:

"The country has and this country needs better paid, better educated, better fed and better clothed workingmen, of a higher type than are to be found in any foreign country."

United States Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who is recognized as a leading statesman, is every day preaching on the stump sound Tariff doctrine in the present political campaign here at home. No man knows better what Protection means to New England, or is more earnest in advocating it.

STATE ELECTION.

It is predicted by the politicians of both parties that the vote in Massachusetts next Tuesday will be larger than ever before.

Eugene N. Foss, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is stirring up the Democracy by his harrangues and money to a pitch of excitement that will take nearly the entire party to the polls; while the election of a United States Senator next winter, the fate of Draper, Congressional contests, and some other things, will have a tendency to materially swell the total rate.

No "landslides" await either side, but the voters are alive and will turn out in full force to elect their favorite candidates.

Our opinion of what the result of the voting will be has undergone no change since the last issue of the JOURNAL—the Republicans will win.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL.

Hon. Samuel W. McCall, who represents this District, the 8th, in Congress, is doing nothing uncommon to capture a 10th election on Nov. 8. There is no need of it. Without effort a nomination and election come to him regularly every two years, and history will repeat itself in his case this pull.

Congressman McCall is now serving his 18th year in the National House. He owes his entry and continuance there solely to ability and honesty, for he is utterly destitute of animal magnetism, is as cold as ice, attracts no friends who would lay down their lives for him; but he gets there every time, all the same, and brains and integrity do it.

As a statesman and Republican leader McCall enjoys an enviable National reputation, and the people of this Congressional District are proud of him.

MISDIRECTED.

A few days ago the JOURNAL received a letter from Mr. Frederick S. Deitrick of Cambridge, Attorney at Law, if his card tells the truth, which contained these introductory lines:

"I enclose herewith copy of platform in my campaign for Congress against McCall, also, a brief summary of speech which I made at the Democratic Rally held at Cedar Hall, Cambridge, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26. I shall be grateful if you can publish this in your valuable columns so that the voters of the Eighth District may know my position on the various questions involved in the campaign."

Mr. Deitrick is the alleged Democratic candidate for Congressman in this District and it does not seem reasonable that he should have sent this letter to the Woburn JOURNAL for publication. It was evidently misdirected.

☞ Mayor Hugh Murray has just received from A. Lincoln Filene, Chairman of the committee in charge of the local arrangements, an invitation to attend the fourth annual convention of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, which will be held in Boston, Nov. 17-18-19. The educational convention, from all indications, will be one of the most important gatherings that has ever come to New England, bringing here the United States Commissioner of Labor, the President of the Wabash Railroad, and many other notable speakers.

BEAN AND BUCK.

Republican managers of the Representative campaign in this District, after having carefully considered the situation, announce that candidates Bean and Buck are sure of a majority next Tuesday of between 400 and 500, or about the same as Bean and Gowing received last year. Their canvas is progressing in a perfectly satisfactory manner all over the District.

Candidate Buck is one of the most prominent and popular citizens of Wilmington and will receive the vote for Representative of every Republican in that town who will be able to get to the polls next Tuesday.

Cannidate Bean's record so far in the present Legislature entitles him to a reelection, which he will receive on Nov. 8 by a rousing plurality. Speaker Walker of the House is especially desirous that Mr. Bean should be returned by the 20th District for another year, and he may rest assured that his desire in this respect will be gratified.

By Bean and Buck this District will be well and creditably represented in the Legislature next year.

CURTIS GUILD.

The Republicans of Massachusetts have warm spots under their waistcoats for Curtis Guild, Jr., Editor and Statesman. They think he should have been more in evidence at Republican rallies than he has been; that with his help their victory would have been surer next Teusday.

Ex-Governor Guild has made a few excellent speeches since the present campaign set in. He ought to have made more of them.

BRAG.

Every time Candidate Foss returns to Boston from a stumping tour he reports to the Central Committee that the Democrats will carry the State next Tuesday and his election is sure.

His game of Brag didn't work last year, and isn't likely to this time.

"DOWN ON THE CAPE."

Newspaper reports tell us that large and enthusiastic crowds of Cape Cod Republicans have attended the rallies that Hon. George F. Bean of Woburn has been addressing there under the auspices of the Republican State Committee.

THE COMMITTEE.

It stands the Woburn Republicans in hand to elect Republicans for their Ward and City Committee this year.

☞ At a meeting held the other night the Woburn Board of Public Works voted to notify the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston to continue the street lights all night in this city, instead of to 12.30 A. M. Woburn now pays the Edison Co. $13,176.87 for lighting its streets with arc and incandescent lamps until 12 30 A. M. every night in the year. If the lights were continued all night every night in the year, the cost would be $16,519.99 or $3,403.12, more than at present. The all-night rule began on Nov. 1, 1910.

☞ King George V of Great Britain recently became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Company of Boston, Mass., U. S. A., a military organization born in 1637, an offspring of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, the date of the origin of which runs back to nobody knows where. The Boston Company are practically a Total Abstinence Society, and how King George will manage to get his regular "'alf-and-'alf" when he comes over to attend the annual election of Company officers remains to be seen.

☞ In an item in another place in this paper mention is made of the new schedule of charges by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company and the opposition to it by some of the patrons: and now, as supplementary to that item, and for the edification of the faultfinders, we are able to state that in the short time the new rate has been in operation over 15,000 subscribers in the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts have taken advantage of it.

☞ In order to take the wind out of the sails of those who would twit the Committee, after election, or before, of acting as Aids to General Apathy, the Republicans held a rally at Headquarters 381 Main street last night. The Democrats held one, too.

☞ We cherish no especial aversion to Gasbags in general, but Tom Lawson, the selfstyled "Copper King," suits us most too well.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

N. E. Tel.—Rates.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
State of Mass.—Candidates.
F. G. Davis—Electric Flatirons.
American Frost Asso.—Savannh Line.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonol.

— There was a heavy frost here last Saturday morning, the first of the season.

— The Boston & Northern Street Railway Company's State tax this year is $109,551.21.—a pretty stiff figure.

— Read what F. G. Davis says in another column about electric irons.

— The Womans Club are to hold their meeting at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Lyceum Hall. The exercises are to consist of a lecture by Alvah G Salmon of New York entitled "Music of Russia" illustrated by piano pieces.

— Secretary of State Olin has an interesting communication in this issue of the JOURNAL which is respectfully submitted to the careful study of the intelligent patrons of that excellent and popular Family and Fireside paper. Mr. Olin, a gentleman of ability, wields a lively and entertaining goose quill.

— Before condemning the new telephone charges it would be a good plan for the patrons to study them thoroughly and determine what they really mean. An advertisement in this paper furnishes just the information necessary to a correct understanding of the subject, to which the especial attention of the reader is respectfully directed.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. held their annual election last week and chose the following officers: Miss Susie V. O'Neil, President; Miss Nellie Doherty, Vice President; Miss Lottie McDonald, Recording Secretary; Miss Blanche Gillis, Financial Secretary; Misses Jennie E Goode, May Durant and May Harrold, Board of Directors.

— Evidently Hon. William E. Blodgett, ex-Mayor of Woburn, a gentleman highly esteemed in this community, deems it prudent to make his peace with the Baptist church dignitaries, for he and Dame Blodgett have issued invitations to the members to attend a reception to be given to Pastor Williams and the Deacons of the church on Thursday evening, Nov. 10, at their fine residence on Mishawum Road.

— The new trolley line that Supt. Gray has opened direct from Woburn, via Lynn and Saugus, to Salem is a blessing, not in disguise. The Boston & Lexington Company would find it greatly to the advantage of their Woburn and Lexington road in the summer season, if they would take measures to secure it. But they are a foolish and stiffnecked people. They think Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes meant Lexington, when he named Boston "The Hub of the Universe."

— Fred Stanley, proprietor of the "Old and Reliable" Boston Branch grocery, is as busy as a bee, and so are his polite and efficient clerks getting everything shipshape for Thanksgiving feasting and banqueting, and for Christmas too. The Boston Branch has always been famous for the fine quality of its groceries, and preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner, and it will be right up to concert pitch and highwater mark this year. Fred knows how to do it.

— Natives of Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise have always been celebrated for the possession of large, warm and well regulated hearts, and Mrs. J. W. Hammond, the well known working member and officer of the W. C. T. U. of this city, is no exception to the rule, as the Editor of this paper has the best of reasons for knowing. As old Mrs. Partington used to say, a "feller feelin" exists between Mrs. H. and the author of this item, for Kennebunkport and Old Wells are only an arrow's flight apart.

— No Halloween outrages were indulged in by the young people of this city, or, at least, no report of any has assailed our ears. They had a plenty of fun, for it was a fine evening for outdoor sports and indoor parties, many of the latter of which were held in various sections of the city. Some gates were unhinged and carried away; frequent and violent ringing of doorbells kept the inmates on the jump; and a few other things testified to a visit from the old Saint, but no serious damage was done that we have heard of.

— While November came in last Tuesday not exactly like a lamb, the weather possessed some of the characteristics of that interesting little animal. It couldn't be truthfully said that, like the lamb, it was imbued with a spirit calculated to induce it to go out on the green and gambol, but it was mild and sunny—sort of balmy like—obviating the necessity of a full head of furnace or steam heat, and withall, pleasant and comfortable. We shouldn't mind if there was never any worse weather than that of Nov. 1, 1910.

— Speaking of October the Poet William Cullen Bryant, who by the way was a native of the Berkshire Hills, said in his poem, The Death of the Flowers, "The Melancholly days are come," etc. but that saying didn't hold good last month. Barring a scarcity of rain, last October was an agreeable sort of a month. Although chilly N. W. winds prevailed to an unusual extent, and the temperature on the whole, may have been slightly below the average, there were no violent gales, or hard N. E rainstorms, and clear, sunshiny days were the rule all through the month.

— Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch of Milford, N. H., was in his old home town of Woburn last Monday feeling happy over his discharge from the Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary where he had been 18 days recovering from a successful removal of a cataract from his right eye.

— First Parish annual supper Nov. 10.

— Rained hard all last night and is still pouring

— That of last Wednesday night and yesterday was the grandest rainstorm of the season and the most needed.

— If it has not already been done, a Nurse Registry is to be established here by the Woburn Medical Association, and, as the use of medicine is rapidly going out of fashion, and nursing is taking its place, the establishment of such a Registry will be a good thing.

— No pleasanter affair has been enjoyed by young people of this city than the Halloween masquerade party in costumes, given by Clarke Mendum at the home of his parents, Lawyer and Mrs Samuel W. Mendum, on Arlington Road one evening lately, when and where no gathering of young guests were more royally entertained. Halloween games and dancing kept the gay party in merry mood to a fairly late hour, when the gallant lads were particular to see to it that the fair damsels didn't go home alone. The following composed the party: Celia Whithed, Alice Brooks Wyer, Fostina Wade, Margaret Wade, Edith Place, Camilla Burdett, Dora Gilbert, Eleanor Ray, Ethelind Cutler, Jennette Clary of Winchester, Elmer Silver, Elmer Cotton, Eric Soles, Malcolm Blodgett, Nelson Whithed, Ralph Joslin of Winchester, Clifford Blaisdell, Chester Johnson, Clarke Mendum, a Knight of the Pumpkin. Mrs. Arthur Wyer and Misses Marion Burt, Anna Burdett and Laura Vickery assisted in serving.

— Last Monday morning four young men who gave their names as Daniel Sullivan of Malden; William Edwards Baltimore; Daniel A. Flynn, Boston; John J. McCarthy, Boston; were arraigned in the District Court on charges of attempted highway robbery on Charles street between 11 and 12 o'clock Sunday night, and bound over to the grand jury in the sum of $1,000 each. Not being able to furnish sureties, they were sent to jail at Cambridge. It was alleged that the four men boarded a Woburn car at Sullivan Square at 11 o'clock Sunday night and followed Louis J. Harris to this city with intent to rob him of a bag of money, a costly diamond pin and other jewelry, and when he reached a point on Charles street near his mother's home the man who had passed him suddenly turned and demanded the money and jewels. Harris fought and yelled for help, which frightened the highwaymen and they fled. Within 30 minutes however, the Woburn police had captured two of them, and the Winchester police the others. It was a capital piece of police work, for which the officers of Woburn and Winchester received due credit from their respective Chiefs. The case will go to the grand jury next week. There is an interesting story back of this affair which the JOURNAL may take it into its head to write out and print some day.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Wool Schedule.

The brighest advocate of a reduction of the wool duties who appeared before the Committee on Ways and Means was Mr. Andrew J. Solis It is of interest therefore to know that in a letter to the Springfield *Republican* Mr. Solis says:

"It is known that Samuel W. McCall voted and worked at all times for lower duties and then stood firm for ad valorem duties on wool."

This is in line with the letter from Charles A. Conant, who himself was once the Democratic candidate for Congress in this Distriat, in which Mr. Conant declared that Mr. McCall, to his "personal knowledge," had aided in securing certain reductions in the tariff and urged his re-election.

Mr. McCall advocated lower duties throughout, a l tt was largely due to his position that many of the more than 600 reductions of duties in the Payne bill was made. Gentlemen who know accurately what was being done in Washington freely concede the work for lower duties done by Mr. McCall.—X.

Obituary.

Mrs. Emma C Simonson, widow of the Rev. George A. Simonson, formerly pastor of the Baptist church of Woburn, died at her home, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Friday, Oct. 28, aged 68 years. She was a daughter of the Rev. M. G Clarke.

Since leaving Woburn she for many years made her home in St. Charles, Ill., later in Berwyn, Ill. She has been East for two years living with her two daughters, one of whom teaches in New York City. The burial was at Woodstock, Conn.

Mrs. Patten.

On Oct. 6, 1910, Mrs. Isabelle Moulton Patten, a former resident of Woburn, died in Sheldonville, Mass. She was the daughter of Joseph P. and Mary B Moulton, born in Charlestown, Mass., Nov. 17, 1842. She leaves two brothers Caleb S. of Lynn and Joseph H. Their former home was on Salem street this city.

Fate of a Speeder.

Gunner—Bigwood, the millionaire, started off for a banquet and was arrested for speeding. Guyer—Then he wasn't wined and toasted? Gunner—No; instead he was fined and roasted.—Chicago News.

We All Want
The Best Things.

All of us can have many of these best things because we actually need them. We need them because they increase our comfort at work and at home, because they increase our efficiency, and because they actually save us money.

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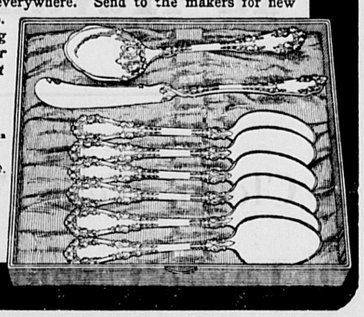
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Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Charlotte Hunt, the Boston stock actress who has been making such a hit at B. F. Keith's theatre, will appear Monday in something that will prove a decided novelty in vaudeville. It is a one-act comedy drama written by Miss Hunt, and in which she is the only person appearing. The action takes place in a ladie's boudoir, and during the piece a delightful little love story with a jealous woman as the principal figure, is unfolded, and at the same time Miss Hunt does a charming little bit of comedy in showing Milady dressing for the street.

HOLLIS STREET.

Mr. William Gillette, under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman, crowded the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, all last week with a revival production of his most popular dramatization of Conan Doyle's hero of fiction "Sherlock Holmes," the title role of which Mr. Gillette performed with his customary masterful skill and sensation. It was impossible to realize that the stage tale was one that had been oft told before the very same footlights, so thorough was the presentation. The star was as admirable as ever in his impersonation of the great detective, the company superbly supporting and the scenic effects both complete and startling.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Shakespeare has always succeeded at the Castle Square. Last season "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Othello" were played to large and appreciative audiences, and now for the first time this season, Mr Craig will make a Shakespearian production. He has chosen "Richard III" as one of the most notable of the great dramas by the master dramatist, and he is sure that the revival of so rarely produced a play will arouse more than ordinary attention. "Richard III," has for its leading character the great Duke of Gloster, who won the throne for himself after persistent efforts in which he stopped at nothing to reach the height of his ambition, and the play itself forms a vivid and picturesque narrative of the most interesting episodes of his career.

A Nickname For Barrett.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, was subject to dyspepsia, and when he was cold and distant toward his company. One irreverent fellow always refused, however, to be suppressed. He said one day: "Just look at Cassius. He looks as solemn and righteous as if he'd swallowed the sword of justice. Let's call him the Scabbard." And the Scabbard he was—out of his hearing—for the rest of that season.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

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WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

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The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

BOSTON, November 1, 1910

I certify that the following is a list of all the candidates duly nominated to be voted for in the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District, November 8, 1910.

WILLIAM M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

1910.

GOVERNOR. Mark One.

Eben S Draper of Hopedale, Republican.
Eugene N. Foss of Boston, Democratic.
Eugene N. Foss of Boston, Democratic Progressive Nom. Paper.
John A. Nicholls of Boston, Prohibition.
Moritz E. Ruther of Holyoke, Socialist Labor.
Daniel A. White of Brockton, Socialist.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR. Mark One.

Thomas F. Cassidy of Adams, Democratic Independent Nom. Paper
Louis A. Frothingham of Boston, Republican
Henry C Hess of Boston, Socialist Labor
Patrick Mahoney of Cambridge, Socialist
William G. Merrill of Malden, Prohibition.

SECRETARY. Mark One.

Harriet D'Orsay of Lynn, Socialist
Charles J. Martell of Boston, Democratic
Andrew Mortenson of Somerville, Socialist Labor.
William M. Olin of Boston, Republican
William E. Thomas of Boston, Prohibition.

TREASURER. Mark One.

Carl Fredrikson of Worcester, Socialist Labor
Thomas A. Frissell of Hinsdale, Prohibition
Sylvester J. McBride of Watertown, Socialist
Benjamin F. Peach of Lynn, Democratic
Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville, Republican

AUDITOR. Mark One.

John Holt of Worcester, Prohibition
Jeremiah P. McNally of Salem, Socialist Labor
Ambrose Miles of Lynn, Socialist
Charles C. Paine of Barnstable, Democratic
Henry E. Turner of Malden, Republican

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mark One.

Dennis McGoff of New Bedford, Socialist Labor
Harold Metcalf of New Bedford, Socialist
John B. Ratigan of Worcester, Democratic
James M. Swift of Fall River, Republican

CONGRESSMAN. MARK ONE.
SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Walter H. Creamer of Lynn, Democratic
W. Lathrop Meaker of Revere, Direct People's Candidate
Ernest W. Roberts of Chelsea, Republican

CONGRESSMAN. MARK ONE.
EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Frederick S. Deitrick of Cambridge, Democratic
Samuel W. McCall of Winchester, Republican.

COUNCILLOR. MARK ONE.
SIXTH DISTRICT.

Herbert E. Fletcher of Westford, Republican
J. Kelso Mairs of Waltham, Democratic

SENATOR. MARK ONE.
SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Charles H. Brown of Medford, Republican
Joseph J. Donahue of Medford, Democratic

REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT. MARK TWO.
TWENTIETH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

George F. Bean of Woburn, Republican
Herbert N. Buck of Wilmington, Republican
George L. Flint of Reading, Democratic
Joseph H. Parker, Jr., of Woburn, Democratic

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. MARK ONE.
TWENTY-FIRST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Charles A. Dean of Wakefield, Democratic
George E. Walker of Wakefield. Republican

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. MARK ONE.
TWENTY-SEVENTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Henry Bishop of Winchester, Democratic
William P. Callahan of Winchester, Citizens Nomination
Wilton B. Fay of Medford, Republican

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. MARK ONE.
TWENTY-EIGHTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Richard J. Dwyer of Medford, Democratic
Benjamin F. Haines of Medford, Republican

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. MARK ONE.
TWENTY-NINTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

John G. Brackett of Arlington, Republican
Roger W. Homer of Arlington, Democratic

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. MARK ONE.
THIRTY-FIRST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Charles Fred Buck of Stoneham, Republican Independent Nom. Paper
Joseph W. Holden of Stoneham, Republican

COUNTY COMMISSIONER. MARK ONE.
MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
(For regular term.)

Charles H. Richardson of Lowell, Republican
Dexter C. Whittemore of Carlisle, Democratic

COUNTY COMMISSIONER. MARK ONE.
MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
(To fill vacancy, unexpired term.)

Winthrop H. Fairbanks of Sudbury, Democratic
Chester B. Williams of Wayland, Republican

ASSOCIATE COMMISSIONERS. MARK TWO
MIDDLESEX COUNTY

Leander V. Colahan of Stoneham, Democratic
Joseph L. Marin of Lowell, Democratic
Frank A. Patch of Littleton, Republican
Edward Everett Thompson of Woburn, Republican

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. MARK ONE
NORTHERN DISTRICT

John J. Higgins of Somerville, Republican
James J. Irwin of Everett, Democratic

SHERIFF. MARK ONE
MIDDLESEX COUNTY

John R. Fairbairn of Cambridge, Republican
Whitfield L. Tuck of Winchester, Democratic

For
(27TH MIDDLESEX REP. DIST.)

Medford, Wards 3, 6,
Winchester,

To vote on the following, mark a Cross X in the square at the right of YES or NO:—

"Shall nominations by political parties of candidates for the office of representative in this district be by direct plurality vote?"	YES
	NO

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Welch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Madden of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marion L. Poole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Parker T. Poole of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

21-24-4 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1 57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9 57, 10 27, and 10 57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11 02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 8.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.. SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m.. 12.00 M., 1 30, 3.00. 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

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Look over the following schedules, apply them to your personal needs and see if in the matter of cost or quality of service, or both, you are not benefited.

If any point is not clear to you, telephone Fort Hill 7600 and ask for the "Rate Department," or better still, come to either of our Boston offices—119 Milk Street, or 165 Tremont Street—and have your requirements carefully analyzed by our expert contract agents.

All applications are being filled in rotation, as far as possible. Apply as early as possible, therefore, if you want to enjoy quickly the advantages of this new rate system.

NEW TELEPHONE RATES FOR WOBURN

UNLIMITED SERVICE

The WOBURN DISTRICT consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

For UNLIMITED SERVICE within this district the schedule of yearly rates is as follows:

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$54
Two-party line, unlimited	48

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, unlimited	$33
Two-party line, unlimited	24

Private Branch Exchange Rates

Private Branch Exchange measured rates covering all the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts remain unchanged.

Subscribers desiring quotations for Private Branch Exchange Service for all or any of these districts are invited to communicate with the Private Branch Exchange Department, 101 Milk Street, Boston. Telephone Fort Hill, 7600.

DISTRICT MEASURED SERVICE

The number of calls represented by the District Measured Service Minimum Guaranty (480, 600 or 780 as the case may be) may be used in the Woburn district which consists of the following exchanges:

Bedford (as included in Lexington,) Lexington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester, Woburn.

or to the following additional exchanges within an eight mile radius of Woburn:

Arlington, Belmont, Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Somerville, Wakefield.

Additional calls, in excess of the Minimum Guaranty, made to exchanges within the Woburn district are 3 cents each, additional calls made to other Suburban exchanges are 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof from the Woburn exchange.

BUSINESS RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	$39
Two-party line, 600 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	30

RESIDENCE RATES

One-party line, 780 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	39
Two-party line, 480 calls (additional calls 3 cents each)	24

NOTE—The present Metropolitan and Suburban Measured Service Rate for One Party Line Service (business or residence) is retained in the New Schedule.

PREPAYMENT COIN BOX SERVICE

BUSINESS RATES

Special line, yearly guaranty of	$60
Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	30

RESIDENCE RATE

Four-party line, yearly guaranty of	$21

Deposits for calls within the Metropolitan and Suburban Districts will count toward the guaranty.

Calls to exchanges within eight miles of the Woburn central office will cost 5 cents. Calls to other exchanges within the Suburban District will cost five cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.

TOLL RATES

To Metropolitan Exchanges	10 cents
To Suburban Exchanges, 5 cents for each eight miles or fraction thereof.	
To Burlington	5 cents

EXTENSION SET RATES

	A year
Unlimited service, business or residence	$9
Unlimited service, special residence set	8
Measured service, business or residence	6
Measured service, special residence set	5

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,

October 20, 1910.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1910,

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.

Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.

Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.

Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.

Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.

Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.

Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several Wards, in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours' give in their votes for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Representative in Congress, Councillor, Senator, two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, County Commissioner (to fill vacancy), two Associate Commissioners, District Attorney, Sheriff.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN

City Clerk's Office,
October 27th, 1910.

Public Notice to Parents, Householders, Physicians and Midwives.

In accordance with the requirements of Section 16, Chapter 29, of the Revised Laws, I hereby give public notice that I am prepared to furnish blanks for returns of births to parents, householders, physicians and midwives who apply therefor.

JOHN H. FINN,
City Clerk.

Revised Laws of Massachusetts.
Chapter 29.

Of the Return and Registry of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

SECTION 8. Physicians and midwives shall, on or before the fifth day of each month, report to the clerk of each city or town a correct list of all children born therein during the preceding month at whose birth they were present, stating the date and place of each birth, the name, if any, of the child, its sex and color, and the name and place of birth and residence of the parents, the maiden name of the mother, and the occupation of the father. If the child is illegitimate the name of, and other facts relating to, the father shall not be stated, except at the request in writing of both father and mother, filed with the return. The fee of the physician or midwife shall be twenty-five cents for each birth so reported, which shall be paid by the city or town where the report is made, upon presentation to the city or town treasurer of a certificate from the city or town clerk, stating that said births have been properly reported to him. A physician or midwife who neglects to report such list on or before the fifteenth day of the month shall for each offence forfeit not more than twenty-five dollars.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

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Now on exhibition. An early selection secures the cull of the market.

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Member of the Mass. Real Estate Exchange.

There Are Ordinary Diamonds
And There Are
Smith & Varney Diamonds.

It is difficult to tell the difference between a Good diamond and a Pretty diamond. To make the distinction calls for knowlege and experience. If you have the knowledge and experience you can buy diamonds anywhere, otherwise it is far safer to purchase from a jewelry house with a reputation and a comprehensive stock. We have both, and our knowledge is at your service while our guarantee is positive and is your protection.

Smith & Varney.

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A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
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Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis R. Jackson and Anna P. Jackson, his wife, in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lewis W. Thompson, dated October 13, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3127, Page 93, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 21st, 1910,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Bow street in said Woburn, containing about ten thousand (10,000) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake in the easterly side line of said Bow street, and at land of Jacob M. Ellis, from thence the line runs Southerly by and with said Bow street, forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to other land of said Ellis, formerly of Maggie Dewn; thence turning nearly a right angle, the line runs Easterly on and by land last named, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to a stake at a corner; thence turning, the line runs Northerly still by land of said Ellis forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to a stake at other land of said Ellis; thence turning, the line runs Westerly still by land of said Ellis, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage in the principal sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) Dollars when given, held by the Woburn Co operative Bank; also subject to any unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other municipal liens.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., October 26th, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Charitable Association and Sarah M. C. Phinney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; William H. Field of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Helen O. Sprague of Wellesley, in the County of Norfolk, and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn, bounded northeasterly by Warren Avenue one hundred and thirty-one and 25-100 (131.25) feet; southerly by Dow's Lane two hundred and twenty-five and 18-100 (225.18) feet; southwesterly by land of the Trustees of the Woburn Charitable Association forty-nine and 82-100 (49.82) feet; and northwesterly by land of said Trustees two hundred and ten and 09 100 (210.09) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of October, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

NOTICE
Lost Savings Bank Book

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Thomas F. Kenney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 33340, issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

Signed, THOMAS F. KENNEY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

High Notes.

A reporter once said to Caruso: "What is your price per night?" "Per night?" Caruso chuckled. "You mean per note."

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories. —Platt.

CARBONOL

A Safe Disinfectant

Carbonol, the coal tar dis in fec tant, is like carbolic acid without the peril. It destroys odors, kills germs, suppresses insect life, dissolves grease, removes ltains, cleans rugs wonderfully disinfects rooms or utensils; after sickness, makes the cellar healthy, cleans waste pipes. More necessary than soap. 10c and 25c a bottle. Sample free on request.

Barrett Manufacturing Co.
297 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.
CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Malden Sq at 5.45 AM., then half hourly until 9 45 then hourly until 2 45 PM., then half hourly until 11 15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9 15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham Sq at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15, ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 3.15 PM., then half hourly until 11 45 Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM ,¶10.30 ¶11 00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8.30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P. M., ¶10 30, ¶11 00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8.15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

Firemen's Relief Association.

The annual concert and ball of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association held in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday night, Nov. 2, was a highly gratifying success from every point of view. A fine order of exercises was executed perfectly from the drop of the hat to finis, and everybody was pleased.

The sale of tickets yielded $600, a larger sum than that obtained from any former annual ball of the Association.

The Hall was well filled with the cream of society; entertainment was excellent and keenly enjoyed; and many couples danced after the best of music to their heart's content.

The managers of the fine entertainment rejoiced heartily over the success of one of the most satisfactory society and social events of the present fall.

Everybody patronizes the annuals of the W. F. R. A.

WINCHESTER.

The Mystic Valley League are to begin a tourney of 10 weeks on Nov. 7, and close on Jan. 25, 1911.

The new minister of the Unitarian church, Rev. Joel Metcalf of Taunton will begin his pastorate here on Jan. [illegible] 1911.

Work has been commenced on the new Edison E. I. Co. building on Church street which is to be for exhibition purposes. It is to be a fine looking structure.

Our people are beginning to put by money for their Thanksgiving turkey, which, it is hoped, may be large, fat, juicy and tender with plenty of cranberry sauce.

The Calumet Winter Bowling tournament is in full swing, and is creating intense interest among sportsmen in these parts. This is a great tenpin town, and no mistake.

Congressman McCall isn't doing much towards securing a reelection next week. The fact is there is no need of his exerting himself, or rending his garments; his campaign is running itself.

I understand that my good neighbor, Mr. Whitfield Tuck, who is the Democratic candidate for Sheriff, is working early and late to get people to vote for him, and has some hopes of pulling through and beating Sheriff Fairbairn. Of course, this dream of Mr. Tuck will fall far short of realization, for there is absolutely no show for him.

The *Star* of last week printed a letter written by Charles A Conant a noted writer on political and economic subjects, which strongly endorsed the reelection of Hon. S. W. McCall of this town for another election. "Charlie" Conant is a Winchester born lad, and, if I mistake not, was local reporter for the Woburn JOURNAL.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. "Mrs. Julia Ward Howe as a Type of the American Lady."
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In Melrose Highlands, Oct, 24, by J. O. Paisley, David W. Holbrook of Lynn, Mass. and Ethel W. Powers of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 27, Margaret McCrillen, aged 62 years.

In this city, Oct. 27, Eliza McKanion, aged 43 years.

In Sheldonville, Mass., Oct. 6, 1910, Mrs. Isabelle Moulton Patten, formerly of Woburn, aged 68 years.

The Horseshoe Legend.

Here is an explanation of the old horseshoe superstition: St. Dunstan was a skilled farrier. One day while at work in his forge the devil entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This St. Dunstan did, but only after he had made the evil one promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where the horseshoe was displayed.

An Inconsistency.

There is a strange inconsistency in "Hamlet." It is where Hamlet speaks of "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," and yet the play hinges largely upon the fact that he has had interviews with his father's ghost, who had, of course, come back from the undiscovered country.

The Obstacle.

"Why not set your cap for that young fellow? He's single and well off."

"Yes, he's single, but he knows he's well off."

A Desperate Case.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The Camembert, sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—Exchange.

Well Trained.

"Mr. Jonesby never interrupts one, and he is the best listener I ever met."

"No wonder; he's been married three times."

Wesley and Tea.

In his younger days John Wesley found it difficult to stop drinking tea. He wrote in 1746: "We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expect some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and accordingly the first three days my head ached and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. On Thursday my headache was gone, my memory as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects from that day to this."

Later in life Wesley returned to the use of tea, as his big teapot preserved in his house in London shows.—Chicago News.

Once a Sailor Always a Sailor.

Charitable institutions often find it hard to learn the occupations of those admitted. A man who has followed several trades when asked his occupation names the one he regards as most dignified, even if he has not followed it for years. The Survey tells of a case that happened in the Cook County infirmary. The man "at the age of nineteen was a sailor for one year. His career as a sailor ended with an accident on the ship by which he lost a leg. For the next thirty-six years he took various jobs as caretaker and the like, such as a crippled person can obtain. Yet when after thirty-six years of independence he was finally forced to take refuge in a poorhouse he puts himself down on the entrance card as a sailor, and one feels in that word the pride of a Norse son of the sea."

A Striped One.

"Now, children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up a picture of a zebra.

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.—Our Dumb Animals.

FOILED.

A Historical Story of Diplomacy.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

In looking over some papers, yellow with age, I came upon the following, written by my grandfather, who in his younger days was a newspaper correspondent of considerable celebrity:

During the civil war I was sent to France as correspondent for the Washington ——. The duties of a European correspondent are very different from one in America. There it is the duty of the enterprising journalist to secure an entree to the society of those who are making the history of their times, from whom alone he can get the news.

There was one man in France to whom the Emperor Napoleon III, was more indebted for bolstering him on his throne than any of his imperial majesty's official councilors. One evening at a ball at the Tuileries this man, whom I shall call Count de V., approached me and entered into a conversation with me about my journalistic work. I was rather surprised that he should take any interest in such a matter, for no American correspondent was a part of the European system, being usually employed to gather the news as it was published and transmit it to American newspapers.

Among other things Count de V. asked me if I corresponded with any other than American papers. I replied that I had a commission to send news to an English paper whenever I had anything special to send, whereupon he asked me to breakfast with him the next morning, promising that he would give me an item.

When I met the count the next morning at breakfast I was not only amazed at the item he gave me, but at his giving it. He told me that the emperor had been striving to secure another power to join him in interfering to stop the war in America; that he had been working secretly and persistently upon the English government, the people of England being almost wholly on the side of the south owing largely to their dependence on getting cotton from that section. "The emperor," he added, "is about to succeed, and within sixty days a combined French and English fleet will be on the American Atlantic coast to break the blockade."

Patriotic American that I was, my blood chilled at this information; but, immediately remembering that if the news were true a man so close to the emperor would be guilty of betraying a trust to give it to me, I said, "It would be impossible for me to secure the publication of this news in any English paper without documentary proof."

"I can give you the proof," replied the count, "provided that proof remains with you and dies with you—that it is kept a secret till we are all dead."

"I am quite sure, count," I replied, "that if I can say that I am convinced the paper will act upon my assurance that I have been convinced."

Count de V. arose, went to a cabinet, unlocked a drawer with a key he took from his vest pocket and brought out a package of papers, which he laid before me. I perused them with ever growing wonder and long before I had finished was convinced not only of the truth of his statement, but that within sixty days the independence of the Confederate states would be acknowledged by France and England. I kept rereading the papers in order to gain time to think. I was perusing documents of which President Lincoln was ignorant and which constituted the death warrant of the Union cause. What should I do—what could I do—to arrest such a blow? Finally I looked at the count and said:

"Count, you are either the greatest knave or the greatest fool on earth or you have some especial purpose which will result beneficently to the emperor."

"I am no knave. How much of a fool I am depends upon your sense of honor. That I have a purpose I will not deny."

"You have gone so far that you must go further. Tell me all."

The count deliberated for some time, and before he spoke his manner indicated that he had resolved to tell the whole story.

"Very well," he said. "Listen. The throne is tottering. There are too many factions striving to possess the government to permit the emperor to remain in peace upon it. He realizes this and desires to concentrate the minds of the people on some foreign achievement for the benefit of France. He purposes to take possession of the government of Mexico, which has been offered him by a few malcontents there. Before doing this he desires to break the United States into two parts, gaining at the same time the good will of one. By bringing about this intervention he will establish the Confederacy and gain the eternal gratitude of the southern people. His Mexican scheme will then be on a far stronger basis."

The count paused, and I noticed that a pained expression passed over his face.

"And your opinion, count, of the wisdom of all this?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It means the end of the empire. No more crazy scheme was ever devised. I believe that there are underlying principles in this American struggle of yours which in the end, however remote, will give the free north the victory over the slave south—that even the south, once free, will not tolerate a foreign government set up so close to her. And now we come to the object of this revelation. I have begged and pleaded with the emperor to have nothing to do with America or the struggle now going on in America. He declares that it is his only hope to save his throne. He will not listen to me. I would save him from himself. By securing a premature publication of the plan I may thwart it, and my master will be saved from its disastrous consequences."

In my enthusiasm I grasped the count's hand and held it as in a vise.

"Count," I exclaimed, "I am no less struck with wonder at your disinterested wisdom than I was at first at your seeming dishonor. These men about the emperor are idiots. You are a statesman in the very highest degree."

Though I was burning to act in the matter, I left the count to spend twenty-four hours in thought upon it before doing so. The fate of my countrymen was in my hands. By an error I might turn the clock of human liberty back half a century. By a well aimed stroke I might change the fate of the American republic. I slept not a wink that night and when the morning came had formed a new plan. At 10 o'clock I was again with the Count de V.

"Count," I said, "I have not sufficient standing with any English paper to feel sure I can put your scheme in practice. American journals would pay millions for the news, but they are too far away to serve the purpose. I have a proposition to make. Trust me to reveal this conspiracy to some ruler who has the power in himself to thwart it."

The count thought a few moments, then with a sudden impulse turned to his desk, seized pen and paper and wrote. "There," he said when he had finished, "is a note of introduction to a man very near the person of the emperor of Russia. I have told him to introduce you to his master and say that I have proof in my possession of all you may tell him. Go to St. Petersburg, reveal the plot to the czar, but remember that my honor, my life, depend upon your ability to play this difficult role."

"I will do my best, count, not only for my country, but for you."

"Goodby!" he said. "And may you save the empire of France as well as the cause of liberty in America. If you do either and I am sacrificed I shall not go down in vain."

That night I took a train for St. Petersburg. Fast as we traveled we seemed to me to be going at a snail's pace. My mind was ever on my work of blocking the most rascally political game that was ever played by civilized governments. But, while I thought much of the main issue, I thought more of devices by which I could get the benefit of De V.'s information without bringing him into the matter

Arrived at St. Petersburg, as soon as I had made a toilet I drove to the house of Alexiaef Vronsky, to whom I bore the letter of introduction. I found a middle aged gentleman, untitled, but for some reason possessing great influence with the czar. He listened to what I had to say, then told me that he would go at once with a view to making an appointment for me at the palace. The same afternoon he wrote me a note saying that he would go with me and present me to the emperor the next morning at 11 o'clock.

On the way to the palace Vronsky said to me:

"There is great hope for you in this: The emperor is not fearful or jealous of the French, but he is watching the efforts put forth by England to control the sea and thereby the trade of the world. I tell you this that you may know your best card and know how and when to play it."

When I stood in presence of the autocrat of all the Russias I felt that I bore on my shoulders the cause of freedom for the world. He listened to what I had to say intently and with evident interest. But, seeing me hesitate, he said:

"You may trust me as you have been trusted."

That was a help to me, and I got on much better as soon as I had been thus assured. I laid bare the whole scheme and showed a knowledge of facts which fitted in with much that he knew himself about the schemes not only of Napoleon III., but the prime minister of England. Before I had finished I knew I had at heart won the czar's confidence.

"I can only say to you now," said his majesty, "that the scheme will not be carried out."

I withdrew at once perfectly satisfied with the result of my mission. After thanking Vronsky again and again for this introduction I took the train at once for Paris, knowing that De V. would be eager to hear what I might have to say. I called on him on my arrival before going to my home and after assuring him that his part in the matter would never be known gave him an account of my interview ending with the czar's assurance.

In a few weeks, hearing nothing more of the matter and becoming uneasy, I sailed for America to report the affair to the president. In sailing up New York bay I found it filled with a Russian war fleet.

Not So Far Wrong.

"Have you written all the invitations to my party, mamma?" queried little Eva.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother. "They are all written and mailed."

"And how soon will the acceptions and deceptions begin to come in?"—Chicago News.

A Single Exception.

"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"

"Sometimes," replied Farmer Corntassel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—Washington Star.

Another Difference.

"I don't see any difference between you and a trained nurse except the uniform," said her sick husband.

"And the salary," she added thoughtfully.—Harper's Bazar.

Reckless haste is the direct road to error.

Fellow Worms.

Before Longfellow bought the house in Cambridge so associated with his memory it was owned and occupied by old Mrs. Craigie. Mrs. Craigie was a woman of many eccentricities. Some one once tried to persuade her to have her trees tarred to protect them from caterpillars, which also invaded her neighbors' trees. She refused to be so cruel to the caterpillars. "They are our fellow worms," she said.

Somewhat Surprised.

"Why didn't your boy enter college?"

"He couldn't pass the examination."

"Do they have to pass an examination? I thought all a college boy needed was some funny clothes."—Pittsburg Post.

His Motive.

Pillows—I never realized till three years ago why Dobson was always preaching patience. Boulsters—What made you realize it then? Pillows—I lent him $10.—New York Globe.

Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.—Goethe.

A HINDU WIZARD.

His Trick That Puzzled an Occidental Master of Magic.

Some of the tricks of the Hindu wizards are past understanding, according to an occidental master of magic who was speaking of his oriental rivals. This is what he says he saw a Hindu wizard do in a club in Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."

BANKING IN ENGLAND.

Started by London Goldsmiths In the Seventeenth Century.

The business of banking was not introduced into England until the seventeenth century, when it began to be undertaken by goldsmiths in London, who appear to have borrowed it from Holland. It was attacked, as innovations commonly are. Mr. Gilbart in his "History and Principles of Banking" quotes from a pamphlet published in 1676, entitled "The Mystery of the New Fashioned Goldsmiths or Bankers Discovered," a passage that may be reproduced:

"Much about the same time—the time of the civil commotion—the goldsmiths (or new fashioned bankers) began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates remitted to town and to allow them and others who put cash into their hands some interest for it if it remained but a single month in their hands or even a lesser time. There was a great allurement to put money into their hands, which would bear interest till the day they wanted it, and they could also draw it out by £100 or £50, etc., at a time as they wanted it with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it out on either real or personal security. The consequence was that it quickly brought a great quantity of cash into their hands, so that the chief or greatest of them was now enabled to supply Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues as his occasion required upon great advantages to themselves."

A Chinese Hero.

At Loping Hsien is a statue draped in full dress of a mandarin (the puting or police master) named Chin, who gave his life for the people. An exile who was in the camp at Jaochow and who owed the hsien (district magistrate) a grudge, rode a black horse to Loping and, having killed the hsien, got back for the Jaochow roll call next morning. As the murderer could not be found orders came from the capital that a large number of the people should be killed. To prevent this slaughter of innocent folk the puting, a good old man, said he stabbed the hsien after a few words over the wine cups, and he was consequently beheaded. No resident of the district would deal the fatal blow, but an itinerant cobbler or bamboo worker did it for a reward of 40 taels. Tradition adds that he was struck dead by lightning after leaving the execution ground. —Chinese Mercury.

Sameness of Opinion.

"I suppose," said the young man with the soiled collar and baggy trousers as he sat down beside a stranger on one of the park benches, "you would not take me for a member of a millionaire's family, would you?"

"No," answered the stranger after sizing him up; "frankly speaking, I wouldn't."

"Neither would the millionaire," rejoined the young man sadly. "I asked him last night."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Stuck to His Bargain.

Exasperated Purchaser—Didn't you guarantee that this parrot would repeat every word he heard?

Bird Dealer—Certainly I did.

"But he doesn't repeat a single word."

"He repeats every word he hears, but he never hears any. He is as deaf as a post."

Detected.

It was at a Fourth of July meeting in a little city. The mayor, William Smith, rose and at dignified length read the Declaration of Independence.

There was a pause; then from one of the mayor's old schoolmates came the loud whisper: "Bill never writ that. He ain't smart enough."—New York Times.

Unapproachable.

Tall Student—Your father is touchy, isn't he? Short Student—No. That's the trouble. You can't touch him at all.—Chicago News.

A Joke on the King.

Sir Ernest Cassel was persona grata with King Edward VII. As a matter of fact there was a curious and striking resemblance between the back view of the late king and that of Sir Ernest. It was so pronounced that the great financier was known among his friends as "Windsor Castle."

There is a good story and a true one told in connection with this. It happened at a garden party at Windsor castle. A well known peer of the realm was strolling about when, as he thought, he spotted Sir Ernest sitting in a chair. Going toward him on tiptoe, he gave him a resounding smack on the shoulder.

"Hello, old Windsor Castle!" he cried, "How are you?"

The occupant of the chair, startled, turned around. It was King Edward, who, unaware of Sir Ernest's nickname, was for a time exceedingly vexed at this undue liberty. However, when the circumstances were explained to him he enjoyed the joke hugely.—London M. A. P.

A GASTRONOMIC JOY.

Old English Recipe For the Famous Soupe a la Crecy.

In the "Illustrated London Cookery Book," by Frederick Bishop, late cuisiner to St. James' palace, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Stafford, Baron Rothschild, Earl Norbury, Captain Duncombe and many of the first families of Great Britain (1852), we find this recipe for soupe a la Crecy:

"Cut half a pound of lean ham in dice, three onions, four turnips, twelve carrots (the outer side red only), a head of celery, a fagot of sweet herbs, two blades of mace, six cloves, a bay leaf and half a pound of salt butter. Fry all down in a stewpan until they get a little brown; then add some second stock and stew until all the roots are quite tender; then rub it through a tammy sieve or tammy cloth with two long spoons. If very thick add more stock. Season with cayenne and black pepper and salt and a good bit of sugar. Send up on a napkin some nice fried bread cut in small dice and not greasy."

This is far less elaborate than it sounds and is, indeed, in the main the recognized recipe for the royal soup. The spice is, if anything, a trifle overdone, and the carrots want to be well chosen, as the slightest stringiness destroys the homogeneity of the compound. The bread dice are important and should be fried in the very best butter or superlatively good olive oil.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CORDITE.

Made of Two Powerful Explosives Kneaded Into Paste.

Cordite is the outcome of the strange paradox that if you mix together two powerful explosives the result is a smokeless slow burning powder. Nitroglycerin and gun cotton mixed together with a little petroleum jelly make cordite. It is curious to see the two deadly explosives being kneaded together into a paste by women with the same unconcern as dough is kneaded for bread. Indeed, machines similar to those used in bakeries take up the work and knead the buff colored cordite paste for seven hours. Then it is forced through molds and issues in long cords—hence the name cordite—the thickness of which is varied according to the weapon in which it is to be used.

For big guns cordite is half an inch thick and cut into lengths of thirty-seven inches. Rather more than a thousand of these cordite sticks packed in two bundles make up the cartridge for a twelve inch gun. For the rifle cordite is pressed into a very thin string, like the finest macaroni, and sixty of these strands one inch and a half long make the neat little bundle which lies inside the cartridge case. For some European armies cordite is made in flat thin strips like whalebone. Kept away from fire, cordite can be handled with impunity.—London Graphic.

Mountains of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab as seen by them from Jerusalem are lost in a purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley 1,300 feet below sea level undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet. Though its glory is far outshone by that of western Palestine, still, both in the old and the new dispensations, it has a history of its own and from an economic standpoint will always enter very largely into the life of Palestine.—Christian Herald.

Victor Hugo's Double.

Victor Hugo had a real double in flesh and blood, who exploited his physical resemblance to the man of genius. He cut his beard like Hugo's, copied the master's dress in its smallest details and so for eighteen years divided with the master the admiration of the public. His especial delight was to pose in a poetical attitude in front of a Punch and Judy show. He did this at a particular spot every Thursday afternoon for years, thoroughly enjoying the murmurs of curiosity and applause proceeding from the gaping crowd which he deceived. We do not hear that he reaped any other reward but his pleasure.

Didn't Like the Suit.

"Sir," said the young man as he entered the library for the purpose of interviewing the father of the only girl, "I am in love with your daughter. Have you any objection to my suit?"

The old man looked the y. m. over from head to foot.

"I sure have," he replied. "Why, I wouldn't wear a misfit suit like that to a dog fight. Why don't you try some other tailor?"—Chicago News.

From His Pa's Side.

"She doesn't know where the baby gets his bad temper."

"That's strange. Most young mothers can place that sort of responsibility in a jiffy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another Definition.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a coquette? Pa—A coquette, my son, is a girl who gets more admiration than proposals.—Exchange.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

Puffs.

"Miss Footlittle's reputation and her complexion are very much alike."

"Meaning that they are both brilliant, eh?"

"No; they are both made with a puff."—Boston Transcript.

Pope's Preference.

The Prince of Wales of Pope's time once said to the poet:

"Mr. Pope, do you not like kings?"

"Sir," replied the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown."

He Told Her.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie softly.

A Pearl In the Trough.

"How are you today? Feeling well?"

"Do you really care a rap?"

"Not a rap. I merely asked out of politeness that I see was quite wasted."—Pittsburg Post.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 6, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 17-30. Memory Verses, 26-28—Golden Text, Luke xxii, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson, entitled "The Last Supper," is recorded by Mark and Luke as well as by Mathew, and there is a long portion recorded by John only (chapters xiii to xvii, inclusive). It is easy to read it. How often we have done so, but who can understand it? Only by the Spirit can we in any measure grasp a little of its significance. May each one of us have a special anointing to read, to write, to meditate, to teach, and may the Spirit have full control of us, that Jesus Christ may be glorified. Luke says that He sent Peter and John, saying, "Go and prepare us the Passover, that we may eat." Then they asked Him, "Where wilt thou that we prepare?" To which He replied that they were to follow a man whom they would meet, in the city bearing a pitcher of water, and by him they would find the furnished upper room. They found as He had said and made ready the Passover. With the "Where wilt thou?" of this lesson I have in mind the "What wilt thou?" of Acts ix, 6, with Prov. iii, 5, 6, and its "Trust—lean not—acknowledge—He shall direct." We cannot learn the way of peace and His guidance in all things until we have learned that we of ourselves know nothing and can do nothing. Then see what simple, ordinary things He uses—a man, a pitcher of water and, away back in the story, a shepherd's rod, a dream many a time, a barley cake, the dew, a vine, a fig tree, a gourd, a worm, a hen and chickens, sparrows, everything? If there seems to be delay in guidance He is saying, "My time is not yet," but in due time He will say, "My time is at hand."

When evening came He sat down with the twelve and spake of His great desire for this time, but that He would never again eat the Passover with them nor drink of the fruit of the vine till the kingdom of God should come (Luke xxii, 15-18), thus pointing to a future fulfillment of the Passover, when the deliverance of Israel from all nations would so far exceed the deliverance from Egypt that the deliverance under Moses would not seem worth mentioning in comparison (Jer xxiii, 7, 8). Then followed, still between verses 20 and 21 of our lesson, the washing of their feet, with its great lesson of humility. Those who think that He taught only literal foot washing should consider His words to Peter, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me" (John xiii, 8). He washed the feet of Judas as well as of the others, yet Judas had no part with Him, and He said concerning him, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born" (verse 24). If the wicked are to be annihilated, as some teach, there is no force in this saying of Jesus. Some time during the feast Jesus indicated Judas as His betrayer by dipping a sop and handing it to him. Satan having then entered into Judas, Jesus said to him, "That thou doest do quickly," and he went out immediately, and it was night (John xiii, 26-30). It has been night with him ever since, and there is no morning for him (Isa. viii, 20, R. V.).

The Passover being ended and Judas having gone out to do his devilish work, our Lord took bread, blessed, brake and gave to the disciples and said, "Take, eat; this is My body." Then He took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Then He added a word about not drinking it henceforth till the kingdom comes (verses 26-29). Paul in his statement of this says that Jesus added both in reference to the bread and the wine, "This do in remembrance of Me," and he added, "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till He come" (I Cor. xi, 23-26). Those who teach that He gave them His actual body and blood to eat and drink should explain how this could be while He sat there among them. Rather let us accept His own explanation in John vi, 47, 54, that eating His flesh and drinking His blood is just believing in Him, for everlasting life is the result in each case, and there are not two ways of obtaining this life. What we eat we receive into us and assimilate it, and it becomes part of our body. As we eat His words, which are spirit and life, we eat Himself, and He dwells in us (John vi, 63; Jer. xv, 16).

We cannot begin to consider in so brief a lesson all the words and events of that evening, but between verses 29 and 30 of our lesson we must think of the whole of John xiv and with verse 31 of that chapter compare verse 30 of our lesson, remembering that John xiv is preceded by Peter's assurance of readiness to die with Jesus. How little we know ourselves! How well He knows us! And yet with all our vain boasting hear His "Let not your heart be troubled," as if He said: "You will find out what I know already, but do not think of yourself or be discouraged."

After verse 30 of our lesson we must think of the whole of John xv, xvi and xvii. Then in verse 31 hear His quotation from Zech. xiii, 7, and let the sword of that verse point you back to the sword of Gen. iii, 24, which must find a sacrifice, the antitype of Abel's lamb, if man would approach God.

Johnny Roche's Tower.

Standing on the banks of the river Awberg, between Mallow and Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roche's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labor of one man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever, also erected a mill, constructing the water wheel after a special design of his own. Long before the introduction of the bicycle he went about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own construction, propelled by foot power. His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river bed. John Roche died, but was not interred in the strange burying place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives deeming such a mode of sepulture unchristian.—London Strand Magazine.

Cold Comfort.

Modest Amateur (showing his latest painting)—I'm sure, Miss Ethel, you think I'm still some little way from being an artist. Fair Critic (anxious to say the polite thing)—Oh, no. Very, very far from it, I assure you.

THE BELTED PLAID.

This Was the Original Dress of the Scottish Highlander.

The original dress of the highlander was the belted plaid. This was a piece of tartan cloth, two yards broad and four long, which was drawn around the waist in nicely adjusted folds and tightly buckled with a belt. The lower part came down to the knees in much the same manner as the modern kilt, while the upper part was drawn up and adjusted to the left shoulder, so that the right arm might be perfectly free. This upper part was the plaid, which was used as a covering for the shoulders and body in wet weather, and when the use of both arms was required it was fastened across the breast with a brooch, often curiously enriched. A brooch was also used to fasten the plaid on the left shoulder. To attire himself in the belted plaid required on the part of the highlander no small amount of dexterity. The usual way was to lay it on the floor and after carefully arranging the folds to lie down upon it and then buckle it on. The lower end was fastened at the right hip. The utility of such a dress in the highlands is obvious, for the plaid rendered the man indifferent to storms and prepared to pass a night in the open air in the most inclement weather, while the loose undergarment enabled him to wade rivers or ascend mountains with equal ease. It was thus peculiarly adapted to the warrior, the hunter and the shepherd.—London Mail.

SHE LOVED SNUFF.

Remarkable Will and Funeral of a Queer Englishwoman.

The will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, which is preserved as a curiosity at Somerset House, England, is a tribute to the delights and consolations of snuff. The testatrix directed that in her coffin should be buried with her all her handkerchiefs and sufficient of the best Scotch snuff to cover her body. This she preferred to flowers, as "nothing could be more fragrant and so refreshing to me as that precious powder." Further, the six greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster, were to be her bearers. Six old maids, each bearing in her hand a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they walked, were to bear the pall. Before the corpse the minister was to walk, carrying and partaking of a pound of snuff. At every twenty yards a handful of snuff was to be delivered to the bystanders, and at the door of the testatrix's house were to be placed two bushels of the same quality of snuff for gratuitous distribution. In order to insure the carrying out of her wishes the testatrix made the legacies given by the will dependent upon an exact and literal fulfillment of the conditions above named. In closing she bade all concerned to regard snuff as the grand cordial of nature.

Toned It Down.

"King Edward," said an English visitor in New York, "hated snobbishness. To show how ridiculous snobbishness was he used often to tell about an alphabet book of his childhood.

"This book had alliterative sentences arranged under each letter, thus:

"'Callous Caroline caned a cur cruelly.'

"'Henry hated the heat of heavy hats.'

"Under the letter V came the facetious sentence:

"'Villiam Vilkins viped his veskit.'

"But the young prince's snobbish tutors thought this sentence too vulgar and low for their charge and accordingly they substituted for it the more refined and genteel line:

"'Vincent Vining viewed a vacant villa.'"

Genius and Mediocrity.

Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can talk; it is for genius to observe."

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

Contrary Human Nature.

"I suppose it is our natural contrariness which makes us do such paradoxical things."

"Such as what?"

"As makes us long for things when we are short."—Baltimore American.

Annoying.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about? Second Angel—She says her hatpins stick out beyond her halo. —Harper's Bazar.

An Ancient Steam Man.

There are a host of authorities on hydraulics and mechanics that could be quoted to support the assertion that the steam engine is not a modern invention. Carpini in the account of his travels, A. D. 1286, describes a species of aeophile, or steam, engine made in the form of a man. This contrivance was filled with "inflammable liquid" (probably petroleum) and made to do terrible work in the battles between the Mongols and the troops of Prester John.

Remarkable.

"He takes a cold bath every morning—a very remarkable man!"

"Plenty of men do that."

"But I knew him for five years before he ever mentioned the fact."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Easier Way.

"Do foreigners buy many of our stocks?"

"Some. Usually, though, they prefer to acquire them by marriage."—Pittsburg Post.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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"That's the Way They All Do."

An enthusiastic citizen about to visit Europe was rejoicing over the fact and the pleasure to come.

"How delightful it will be," he said to his wife, "to tread the bounding billows and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it—to breathe in great drafts of life giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open"—

"You probably will, dear," interrupted his wife encouragingly. "That's the way all the ocean travelers do."—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Wizard.

"It's a remarkable thing," said old Brightboy at tea time, "but I can push my saucer through the handle of my cup."

The others glanced at the small handle and gave the speaker a withering look.

"I can," persisted Brightboy.

"Do it, then," they challenged.

Calmly taking up his spoon, Brightboy passed it through the handle of the cup and then pushed the saucer with it.

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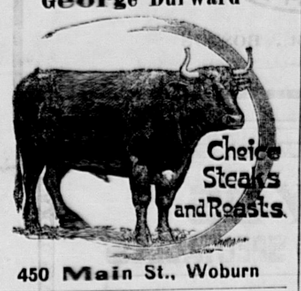
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.47 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.47 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.40, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.40, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 9.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 5.50, 8.20, 8.00, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 9.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 9.45 a. m., 2.40, 6.00 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 5.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 6.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
12	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Privat.e.
13	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Richland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
66	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
67	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
68	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
112	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
911	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
112	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
912	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and C. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Three blows call out entire department.
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TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS.

The Precautions Taken to Guard Against Grave Robbers.

The ingenuity displayed by the ancient Egyptians to prevent robbers from breaking into the pharaohic graves merits admiration from present day engineers, writes Dr. Holscher, chief architect in the Prussian government, in a work on the sarcophagus of Khafra, the builder of the second Gizeh pyramid, who reigned in Egypt some 5,000 years ago.

The lid of the red granite sarcophagus was dovetailed with minute precision into the receptacle. To prevent the cover from being drawn back the Egyptian builders bored two holes in the lid at the edge, not showing above. These corresponded exactly with two similar holes, less deep than the other two, sunk in the front of the receptacle. Two copper bolts were then placed in the lid holes, and at the moment the sarcaphagus was fully closed the holes met and the bolts dropped in position from the upper holes partly into the lower, thus making it impossible to move the lid.

It must have struck the Egyptian engineers that grave robbers might get at the body by turning the sarcophagus upside down, in which case the bolts would glide back into their original position and permit the lid being drawn out. To prevent this they filled the lower holes with wax and made the bolts hot. Upon the lids being placed in position the bolts melted their way into the wax and upon cooling became so firmly fixed that nothing short of complete destruction could open the royal tomb.

It must have been a herculean labor to hew the whole edge away, but that is what grave desecrators did, and the wax can still be seen in the bore holes.

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Ann Appleby's Parlor

Her Sacrifice Brought Its Reward

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The minister passed a long white hand over his bald head and looked unhappily around the darkened interior of Miss Appleby's parlor.

The minister shifted his feet uneasily and looked across the room at Miss Appleby's face, which seemed merely a confused blur in the gloom. He was a youngish man, rather diffident in manner, but brave to recklessness in dealing with the problems offered by the stiff necked, rockbound members of his little flock. Then he said:

"Nevertheless I must adhere to my opinion that it is your duty to offer a home to your cousin. Suppose you had lost your house and its contents by fire and the exposure to weather had brought on an attack of rheumatism which rendered you helpless. Would you want to be cared for by kind neighbors when a relative—by the grace of God, Miss Appleby—had a roof over her head?"

"Mr. James, you know my house is filled up with summer boarders," said Ann Appleby in a strained voice.

"Every room?"

"Yes," said Ann firmly. "I'm sleeping in the clothespress myself."

"Can't you let one of your boarders go?"

"I can't spare the money."

"Then let your cousin have this room—you do not use it," ventured Mr. James boldly.

For a moment there was a silence fraught with horror; then Ann spoke:

"This room! Why, this is my parlor!"

The minister arose, and his tall form loomed near the ceiling of the room.

"It's not your parlor, Miss Appleby; it's God's parlor, and it is his command that you prepare it for the occupancy of his handmaiden, Sarah Drew. I am going to your cousin now. Shall I tell her you have prepared a room for her and that she will be welcome?"

"Yes," said Ann Appleby grimly.

The rest of the afternoon Miss Appleby moved slowly about the parlor with reluctant feet, pushing the furniture into stiff rows against the walls, unfolding one slippery sofa into a springy couch, fresh with linen from some secret closet where homespun treasures were hidden in lavender.

Perhaps no one could quite estimate the mental anguish that was occasioned by these preparations. It was a violation of Ann's most sacred traditions that the Appleby house should be without a best room. About this gloomy apartment were centered recollections of joy and grief. Weddings and funerals and the minister's presence at a ceremonial tea were the only events that marked the opening of the parlor. The boarders had the use of the large sitting room across the hall, and even as a brief respite from the stress of a long day's work Ann would not have dreamed of withdrawing into the parlor's prim seclusion.

And now it must be opened for the coming of Sarah Drew! It was to be used as a sleeping room by an invalid. Sarah's medicine bottles would cumber the mantelpiece, and lint from the bedclothes would fleck the cherished carpet. But Ann found a certain savage pleasure in leaving untouched the pictures and ornaments about the room. Sarah Drew might occupy this room, but she would always uncomfortably feel that she was violating the almost sacred precincts of her cousin's home. It must always be a parlor, and the occupant would be proportionately uncomfortable, for Little River folk were not given to desecrating family altars.

When Sarah Drew hobbled into the room the next day her mild eyes opened wide with amazement.

"You're never going to put me in here, Ann!" she gasped.

"Why not?" queried Ann grimly, twitching the washstand well into view and rattling the china bowl and pitcher. "I guess you'll find everything pretty comfortable, Sarah. If you don't just ring this here bell and Emeline will wait on you."

"But I can't sleep here, Ann," quavered her cousin tremulously. "Why, it's your best room. I never slept in anybody's best room."

"No more did I," returned Ann rather tartly. "But 'tisn't my room. Mr. James says it belongs to the Lord, so you see it's no credit to me that you're occupying it."

"Oh,, did Mr. James say that before you would invite me? I'm dreadful sorry, Ann. I wish I didn't have to come; but, you see, the house burned all down, and I didn't have a stick left, and so I came to Little River to stay with Mrs. Bell, and now all the children are down with the measles, and there wasn't any place to go but here. I ain't got nothing till I collect my insurance money. I'll pay you"—

Ann pushed her into a chair and removed the straight brimmed hat that settled unbecomingly over Sarah's nose.

"Pay nothing!" she snorted contemptuously. "If I seem ungracious, Sarah Drew, you can lay it all to the fact that I never could find the canceled mortgage note on the place after Uncle Abel died. Your place was left free and clear, and I've had to pay Josiah Leeds $150 dollars a year interest, and I'm wore to skin and bone taking a pack of city people to board. Now, don't say a word. I'll send Emeline with your supper, and afterwards, when all these critters is fed, I'll come and set with you."

In the parlor, where the late afternoon sunshine poured through the unshuttered windows, Sarah Drew sat in wretched silence, while Emeline padded heavily to and fro, arranging a supper on the marble topped table. She moved the glass bell and the shell basket to one end of the table and spread a damask cloth. On it she placed a dish of creamed toast, fresh berries from the garden, ginger cookies and tea.

When Emeline had departed Sarah came to the table and tried to eat, but the coldness of the marble seemed to strike through the damask cloth and chill her rheumatic limbs to the bone. As she sipped the tea from one of Ann Appleby's fine china cups her mild eyes evaded the glances of the stern visaged family portraits. To her nervously wrought fancy these ancestors glowered in angry disapproval of one who was thus shattering all the Appleby traditions at one stroke.

"We wouldn't eat in the parlor," they seemed to mutter at her.

"I don't want to eat here, and I know I can't sleep here!" cried Sarah Drew desperately, pushing her teacup violently away from her. And then she gasped in terror, for the cup struck forcibly against the glass bell and shoved it over the edge of the table, where it fell crashing to the floor, bearing the delicate shell basket to utter ruin.

The noise brought Ann Appleby to the door. Her face grew white with anger as she understood what had happened, and the anger was not appeased at the sudden realization that this long cherished parlor had ceased to be. The sofa bed and the washstand with its toilet articles, the dresser shoved awkwardly in a crowded corner—all of these things intruding on her fine carpet seemed to degrade the other furnishings to a lower level. It was not a parlor; it was not a bedroom. To Ann Appleby's orderly mind it was chaos.

"What is the matter?" asked Ann in a strange voice.

Sarah Drew turned a frightened face toward her cousin and then shrank into a dejected heap over the disordered table. Some of the cream from the toast slopped over and dripped to the carpet, making a little white pool in the heart of a great blue rose.

"I can't eat in a parlor!" wailed Sarah mournfully. "I never did such a thing, and I know I shall never have a mite of sleep here! I feel like I was putting you out, Ann. If I didn't have to see all your best things—and I've broken your shell basket, Ann!"

"I see it," said Ann dully.

"When I get my insurance money I can pay you back again, only I don't believe you can get another shell basket like that. I know you was choice of it," mourned Sarah, stabbing herself with these pointed facts.

"Father brought it from the West Indies," rejoined Ann. "It had associations."

Sarah Drew struggled to her feet and went to the sofa bed, where her hat and cape were primly laid. "I guess I better not stay any longer, Ann."

"Where are you going, Sarah Drew?" demanded Ann fiercely.

"Maybe to the hotel," faltered Sarah.

"Have you got any money?"

"It was all in the house, and it went, too, but there is a hotel where I can stay," retorted Sarah, with sudden spirit. "The town provides for them that"—

Like a whirlwind Ann Appleby swept into the room and denuded Sarah's head of the unbecoming hat, stripped off the cape, threw a blanket over the slippery surface of the biggest horsehair chair and backed her cousin unceremoniously into its depths.

"I left this room be like a parlor because I wanted you to feel uncomfortable, Sarah Drew! I'm a mean woman, but the kindness seems to be all worked out of me—I'm that tired. Now, you sleep here tonight, and tomorrow we'll clear everything out and turn this into a bedroom. It's the sunniest room in the house, and you can have a fire on the hearth when it's chilly. I guess you'll soon get over your rheumatiz. I won't hear another word, Sarah Drew. I guess one thing's the matter with me is I'm lonesome for some real kin to boss and scold at. You'll do first rate. You can stay here for good if you want to."

Ann leaned over and kissed Sarah Drew on the top of her thin brown hair, and she was quite as surprised at the act as Sarah herself. Then she dashed from the room and returned with brush and dustpan. "I'll just sweep up this glass," she said apologetically. "I was getting awfully tired of that shell basket, Sarah. Oh!"

"What is it?" asked Sarah eagerly.

Ann arose and came around the table with a crumpled strip of paper in her hand. Her voice trembled. "See what you did for me, Sarah Drew, when you broke the basket. It's the receipt Uncle Abel got from Leeds when he paid off the note. It was stuck inside the little basket. Now I can get back the $2,000 interest I paid that old skinflint!"

"Why do you suppose Uncle Abel put it there?" quavered Sarah Drew excitedly. "It's like a miracle somehow."

"It's one of those things that's always happening to teach lessons. I've learned mine," smiled Ann.

"I'm sorry about the carpet," Sarah was beginning when her cousin hushed her with a gesture.

"I'm glad. If I turned this parlor to some good use before, don't you see, this might have happened. Let's go out and have some clam fritters. Are you able to come to the dining room?"

"I guess I be!" exclaimed Sarah Drew almost hilariously.

Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work.—Holland.

Necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention.—Sir Walter Scott.

For Coughs and Colds

Troubled with a cough? A hard cold, bronchitis, or some chronic lung trouble? There is a medicine made for just these cases—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Your doctor knows all about it. Ask him what he thinks of it. No medicine can ever take the place of your doctor. Keep in close touch with him, consult him frequently, trust him fully. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. All vegetable. Act directly on the liver. Gently laxative. Dose, only one pill. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor about them.

GROTESQUE NAMES.

Burdens That Innocent English Children Had to Bear.

In England, as in other countries, thousands of people go through life cherishing a grudge against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. It was most natural that a demure and pretty girl in a north suburb should feel resentful when she had to answer to the name of Busybody, given in honor of the winner of a race fifteen years before. Among the names registered at Somerset House are Airs and Graces and Nun Nicer, which were innocently borne by two little girls who found them most embarrassing in after years.

The appalling name of Wellington Wolseley Roberts was borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, was anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Eagar.

However, even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna (sic) Domini Davies and Boadicea Basher.

To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of British parents has imposed on innocent children.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD TIME GIRDLES.

They Were Indispensable Articles of Wear In the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punniard," a pen and inkhorn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, of which a merry companion said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that pinchers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chatelaines of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

The Price of a Life.

According to Anglo-Saxon law, every man's life, including that of the king, was valued at a fixed price, and any one who took it could commute the offense by a money payment upon a fixed scale. The life of a peasant was reckoned to be worth 200 shillings, that of a man of noble birth 1,200 shillings, and the killing of a king involved the regicide in a payment of 7,200 shillings. It has been pointed out that the heir to the throne could thus get rid of the existing occupant by murdering him and thereafter handing over the fine, according to the scale, to the exchequer, when his offense would be purged and his money would come back to himself, for in those days the sovereign received all fines as personal perquisites. There is very little doubt that these rough means were practically applied in the case of some rulers of England in the preconquest period.—London Telegraph.

Stevenson Obliged.

Robert Louis Stevenson once sent the following quaint letter to an autograph hunter:

You have sent me a slip to write on. You have sent me an addressed envelope. You have sent it me stamped. Many have done as much before. You have spelled my name aright, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone; you have sent me the stamps for my postoffice, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Calculating.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Flimgit stop quarreling with her husband and get a divorce?"

"She realizes how much more of his income he would have left after paying alimony than she now allows him for car fare and lunches."—Washington Star.

Careless.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning, and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Exchange.

A Previous Question.

She—Papa asked what your intentions were last evening, George. He—Didn't say anything about his own, did he?—Boston Transcript.

GRIDIRON HEROES.

Ones Who Never Win Places In the Football Hall of Fame.

AND THEY WEAR NO "LETTER"

These Practically Unknown Men Are the "Scrubs," Who Help to Keep the Varsity Team on Edge—They Play the Game For the Game's Sake.

There is no royal road to a thorough knowledge of American college football. The preparation of the varsity eleven is long and hard. The mills of the coaches grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine. There is nothing in store for much of the good material that in the end must be relegated to the side line. These men, wrapped in gray blankets, who line the low fence surrounding the field on the day of the big game, are the scrubs, or second team men.

There is a paradox in their situation—their only chance for personal glory lies in the defeat of the varsity eleven. There comes a time in many a big game when a coach, realizing that the day is lost, that his varsity men have done their utmost to no purpose and are being swept steadily down the field, will throw into the game scrub after scrub, hoping against hope that these men will play better than they really have a right to and so turn the tide. And even ten seconds in the big game give the scrub his letter.

So it is in after years that one may point out many a wearer of the letter who was not nearly so good a football player as many scrubs. It has happened, too, that a man has fought for years in the hope of making the eleven, has improved slowly, if surely, has been sent into the big game as a forlorn hope and has played a game the like of which has not been seen on the field that season.

Even scrubs take their triumphs and their disappointments differently. There are not a few who are proud to have been on the second team in the year that the first eleven swept all before it. They have no varsity letter, but the discriminating know that they were better players than some of the varsity men of other years. There are other scrubs who bemoan the fact that they were not in college when the general average of the players was low and they would have been almost certain to make the first team. Be it said, however, for the honor of the second team that instances of the latter type are rare. A scrub player learns the lesson of self sacrifice. It is his but to be walked over daily by the varsity, while most of the instruction and encouragement are lavished on said varsity.

As a rule, however, there comes at least one week in the season when the scrubs are pampered and petted and made much of. The varsity is in the throes of a "slump," is lagging, dispirited and sullen. It is then that the scrub team suddenly finds that it is being taught to play the game just as if it were to take the field as the first choice against the foe. There is a coach for almost every man, there are words of encouragement, much valuable instruction and a new esprit de corps. Under the new inspiration the second team sweeps the flagging varsity off its feet, humiliates the first string players to the uttermost, while the coaches cheer the scrub and jeer the varsity. At least once a season it is very good to be a scrub, for at least once a season the scrub defeats and humiliates the team that has proved perhaps a terror to all its outside rivals. Nothing has such a salutary effect on the varsity as the eating of humble pie once in awhile.

In late years the scrub is getting more consideration than in the old days. Yet the men play principally for the love of the game and in order to make the going as hard as possible for the varsity. Sheer loyalty and the thrill of battle keep them at it year after year. They learn football from the ground up. They see the big games from the side lines and, knowing the signals, have a peculiar advantage over any other spectator. With a knowledge of the signals one may criticise the handling of the big team in the big game—may more readily understand the strategy of coach and quarterback.

It is this opportunity to analyze the big games, coupled with the chance to get practically as good coaching as the varsity, that makes excellent coaches out of many scrub players. Some of these scrubs have gone back to college and turned out freshman teams that have been able to fight the varsity to a standstill and so have astonished the very coaches who taught them. There have been instances of this at nearly every big institution in the east. Sometimes the services of these ex-scrubs have been eagerly sought by the veteran varsity coaches, and many a man without a field reputation has proved to be no mean strategist.

It is really these ex-scrub men who keep up the high average of interest in the game. They are turned out yearly at the rate of five or more to every varsity player. The varsity man may lose interest in the game in after years, but the scrub practically never. It is they who are the backbone of the pilgrimages to West Point, and it is they who talk football far into the night in the club and chop house.

The scrubs, in a word, all unhonored and unsung as they are, are the backbone of the game in the colleges and out of them. They play the game and they watch it for the game's sake.—New York Post.

Spoons.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the calabash or the use of the cocoanut shell and later on to the spoon.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1910.

TO LAY THE CORNER STONE.

We wonder what a copy of the JOURNAL of this week's issue, Nov. 11, 1910, will witness when brought from its depository in the Cornerstone in the faroff years to come?

At 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19, A. D., 1910 (D. V.), one week from tomorrow, Most Worshipful Grand Master Dana J. Flanders of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Massachusetts, assisted by his official suite and Mt. Horeb Lodge of Free Masons, will lay the Cornerstone of the Federal Building in this city with the customary rites and ceremonies in which he will use a Trowel fashioned from the brass door handle on the old Mishawum House, Woburn's first Postoffice building where Ichabod Parker held the office as Postmaster from Oct. 3, 1797, to Oct. 1, 1810.

A hermetically sealed copper box will contain a hermetically sealed lead box 8½ inches long, 6 inches wide, 15 inches deep, in which will be placed two American Flags, one with 13 Stars (Betsy Ross's) and the other 48 stars (present); Masonic and City Records; photographs of all the Postmasters during the 114 years of office leasing; photographs of the city and important events; newspapers; relics; coins—gold, silver, nickel, copper, and War script; these to be enclosed in a wooden box made of a part of the frontdoor cornice of the office building of 1797, and placed in a niche in the heavy Rockport granite block that the Grand Master will lay in the Northeast corner of the beautiful building now in process of erection, there to remain until the time, in some future age, when the rock may be torn from its foundations and our crude efforts are revealed to the light of day.

It will be an important event in the history of Woburn, it being the first building erected by the General Government for Postoffice and other Federal purposes in this part of Middlesex county.

The cornerstone ceremonies on Nov. 19 will doubtless be witnessed by a large gathering of interested people, among whom we shall look for Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher, to whose untiring efforts, generously aided by Congressman McCall, this city will be indebted for Uncle Sam's splendid gift.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day always comes on the last Thursday in November but, being a Movable Feast, similar to some of the holidays of the Jews, the day of the month on which it falls due is not always the same.

Taking time by the forelock, Governor Eben S. Draper of Massachusetts last week named Thursday, Nov. 24, 1910 for Thanksgiving, and he and Secretary of State William H. Olin, forthwith issued a Proclamation to that effect.

The document closes, as all State papers should, and the most of them do, with the pious and eminently appropriate petition:

"God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

CITY ELECTION.

Now that the State election is over with and off the hands of the voters of this city it would be in order for them to begin thinking about and making some plans for the Woburn City contest which is booked for an appearance in about 4 or 5 weeks hence.

A hot fight between Hugh Murray and James Kelley for Mayor will open the way for the Republicans and Antilicense people to win an important victory at the polls, which opportunity, it is expected, they will take prompt and vigorous advantage of.

Preparations for the election can't begin any too soon.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Lawyer, of Woburn is doubtless aware of the fact that there are numerous good people who would be glad to see him Mayor of this city in 1911 and would cheerfully work for his election next month.

They will not, however, have their wishes gratified, for he will not consent to be a candidate for the office.

Lawyer Mendum finds that business and politics don't mix very well, and proposes to stick to business.

☞ The Civic Advance Campaign of Boston-1915 will extend to Woburn, and on the evening of November 15th at 8 o'clock, in Music Hall, a local party rally will be held. Samuel Highley will preside. No admission will be charged at this rally, which will be one of the largest to be held in connection with Boston 1915's Civic Advance Campaign.

COST OF LIVING.

During the last year a great deal has been read in the papers and heard on the stump about the increased cost of living at the present time and its causes. The most of the complaints have been uttered by people ignorant of the subject, and in nowise qualified to furnish a remedy, were it true that the people are suffering and groaning under the intolerable weight of the high cost of living, which is not true, The fact is, politicians and demagogues are the ones who are doing the most of the howling.

To throw some real light on the subject and show that the country is not being ground to atoms beneath the iron heel of high prices we give the following facts furnished the Boston *Transcript* for publication by a Boston Lawyer, and printed in that paper last Saturday evening:

"I have in my possession a little account book kept in the year 1870 by an uncle who resided within twenty miles of Boston.

"The following original entries, which I know to be genuine, appear under his payments:

One gallon molasses	$0.70
One pound saleratus	.15
Four pounds sugar	.56
Three and one-quarter pounds cheese	.72
One barrel flour	8 00
One pound starch	.14
Two quarts kerosene oil	.25
One water pail	.30
One pound tea	1.12
Two pounds beefsteak	.44
Two pounds rice	.22

"In the years 1874 to 1883 I was personally employed in a retail grocery and provision store in Boston, and distinctly recollect that during that period we retailed the best flour as high as $15 per barrel, granulated sugar at 15c per pound, kerosene oil at 30c per gallon, coffee 45c per pound, tea at 80c per pound, sirloin steak 33c per pound."

Will the reader of the JOURNAL kindly compare the above figures with the prices prevailing now and find, if he can, good reasons for his complaints, it he has any.

THE REPRESENTATIVE CONTEST.

The voters of this Representative District did a mighty poor piece of work last Tuesday by defeating Hon. George F. Bean and electing a Democrat instead.

Mr. Buck got by with a margin over Bean about the same as the vote by which he (Buck) led him in Wilmington. Buck's election was chiefly due to the fact that Wilmington Republicans voted only for him, while the two ran side by side in Woburn.

Woburn Republicans always support the whole ticket.

Bean's defeat was a pity. He would have done much for Woburn next winter in the House, if reelected; but he was a victim of a wild and unreasoning Republican determination to smash things this year, before which nobody was safe. Majorities by thousands were wiped out all over the State and Nation. Fitness and service counted for nothing. No doubt that popular opposition to Senator Lodge also weakened Mr. Bean's chances, as it did that of many other Legislative candidates. This Representative District outside of Woburn is in Cangressman Ames's District, and he would go to any length to defeat Lodge.

But the simple fact remains that last Tuesday's performance in this Representative business was a deplorable and senseless exhibition; and that too without saying anything against Mr. Parker, the successful candidate, only that he is a Democrat.

However, Mr. Bean can stand it if the District can.

THE ELECTION.

The Republicans of this State won a substantial victory last Tuesday, as usual. They elected their entire State ticket below Governor, including Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, etc.; a strong working majority of the Legislature which insures the reelection of Lodge to the U. S. Senate; their regular 10 Representatives to Congress, and all the candidates by ample majorities. No; Massachusetts hasn't become a Democratic State by a longshot.

The contest for Governor was purely a personal matter between Draper and Foss, and the result was of no political significance. It only proved that Foss was the more popular of the two, for he won by about 25,000 plurality. Draper was not popular as Governor or individual, and his defeat was not a surprise or disappointment to the JOURNAL.

The Democrats carried New York, Ohio, Iowa, Connecticut, probably Rhode Island, and New Jersey, but "Uncle Joe" Cannon won his election hands down, and Roosevelt's own District gave a round Democratic majority, beating the ex-President "to a frazzle."

Congressman McCall of this District was reelected of course.

☞ Hon. John P. Feeey and prominent resident and Lawyer of Boston, several times Mayor of Woburn some years ago, was one of the principal speakers at the Democratic rally here last week.

☞ Last Tuesday week the *Polly*, the oldest vessel in the United States, sailed to New York City in response to an invitation from the "National Society of the Daughters of 1812" to appear there and receive from them a handsome bronze tablet, duly inscribed, commemorating the services of the little schooner in the 1812 War against Great Britain, and participate in the unveiling of the same on her deck that day. It was a great honor that *Polly* received from the Daughters, and she richly deserved it. The *Polly* was built at Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1805, and entered the American merchant service. Her timbers are as sound and strong now as they were when cut and taken from the forest. On the declaration of "The War of '12" the *Polly* was fitted out at Salem for a Privateer and until the close of the conflict in 1815 she captured a greater number of British merchant vessels than any other Privateer on the New England coast. For years the little craft was a "Holy Terror" to English sailors and merchantmen. She was captured only once during her successful privateering career. A couple or 3 years ago interest in *Polly* was aroused by the publication in the Woburn JOURNAL of the principal points in her history as related by Mr. George Buchanan of Bennet street in this city who was raised near her birthplace in Amesbury, and enjoyed the honor of her acquaintance during his boyhood days. He last saw *Polly* a few years ago in Boston harbor where she had just arrived from Maine with a load of hay. Mr. Buchanan's story in the JOURNAL was taken up and used as a text for a great deal of newspaper and magazine talk. An attempt was made by a correspondent to "Notes and Queries" in the Boston *Transcript* to prove that the present *Polly* is not the privateer *Polly*, but he failed signally, and was, very properly, hooted. *Polly* returned to her work in Maine at the close of the interesting memorial ceremonies in New York on Nov. 1, 1910, in which she and members of the National Society, D. 1812 were the chief actors. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Buchanan has been feeling nicely since a week ago last Tuesday.

☞ The difference between License and Nolicense, and the worth of the latter over the former, was well illustrated in Chelsea last month. During the month of October 1909 when the Nolicense rule prevailed there the number of arrests in Chelsea for drunkeness was 87; during the month of October, 1910, under the License system there were 285 arrests for drunkenness. What better evidence could be adduced to show the advantage of Nolicense over License in a city than this?

☞ Editor Kelley of our highly esteemed upstreet cotemporary said last Monday:

"After tomorrow candidates for local offices will loom up on all sides and hardly any nomination will be received without a contest."

James knows, and fears.

☞ Seeing what Governor Draper had done about it President Taft issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation a few days ago and set apart Nov. 24 for a day of National feasting, thanksgiving and praise. Good for Taft!

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Land Court—Notice.
H. S. Riley—Citation.
Dauchy Co.—Dr. Kennedy.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
City of Woburn—Registrars Notice.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonol.

— There is a fine moon these fair November nights.

— An excellent quality of weather was vouchsafed the voters last Tuesday.

— Miss Annie Skinner entertained Theonleigh Club with a whist party last Monday evening.

— The next entertainment of the Dr. March Baraca Class will be Monday evening, Nov. 14.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow gives a bridge party at her home on Arlington Road tomorrow afternoon.

— Maude Littlefield is to entertain the Gabalotte Club at her home on Prospect street this evening.

— Mrs. C. M. Strout has a splendid showing of gay chrysanthemums in her Montvale avenue garden.

— It is currently reported that Mr. Samuel Highley is now going for the Mayoralty for all there is out.

— Eugene Place, grandson of Mr. Griffin Place, the real estate dealer, is a student at Phillips Andover Academy.

— At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Woman's Missionary Society of First church are to hold a meeting with Mrs. Duncan at 39 Warren avenue.

— Fred Dow of Birmingham, Alabama, and Daniel Beggs of Woburn, Mass., brought home a couple of fine deer each from the Maine forests the other day.

— Madeline Winn, daughter of Mr. Joseph F. Winn, the well known coal and wood merchant, has returned to Howard Seminary, where she is a student.

— The Massachusetts Civil Service Commission have advertised to hold a public examination for a Woburn Almoner at their rooms in Boston on Nov. 25.

— The Baraca Class Gymnasium was opened for the season last Monday evening, and will remain open on Monday and Thursday evening of each week of its run.

— A careful perusal of Mr. F. G. Davis's business card in this issue of the JOURNAL is recommended. It will pay, and Mr. Davis will be found a fair man to deal with.

— The Woburn Choral Society are making progress swimmingly. Their rehearsals are rich musical treats. Two public concerts are to be given by the Society this season.

— Do you mind that Grocer Stanley of the Boston Branch has cut the price of the best flour made of wheat down to $7? He has, and its a bargain. His Thanksgiving raisins can't be beat either.

— Mrs. Otis Bacon, an estimable lady, celebrated the 80th anniversary of her birthday on Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1910, at her home on Pleasant street. Friends sent her many cards and beautiful flowers.

— The memorial boulder and tablet to the Spanish War Veterans to be placed on the Common is to be dedicated on Sunday, Nov. 20. The ceremony will be likely to attract a large gathering of people.

— The latest news from Arthur K. Smith, of Smith & Varney, jewelers and silversmiths, placed him in camp at Foster's Pond. Arthur is a specialist at jeweling watches, and a right-down good fellow, besides.

— The windup Democratic rallies in this city last Saturday night didn't pan out to any alarming extent, as the late lamented Artemas Ward would say. They didn't "smash the Middlesex County Ring" worth a cent.

— The Woburn Camp S. of V. are to give a dramatic entertainment in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov 16. The play is to be "Nevada" a thrilling representation of mining life in the Far West in old times.

—The MysticValley League of billiard bowling, whist and pool clubs, opened the season of active operations last Monday night. Towanda is a member of the League, and played their first game on Tuesday evening.

— We have a pamphlet copy of the sermon preached at the dedication of the First Congregational meetinghouse by the Pastor, Rev. Joseph Chickering, on June 28, 1809, or 101 years ago last June. It ought to be preserved in the archives of the old church.

— If the Public Library is not in possession of a copy of the address on "Village Improvement" delivered by Daniel March, D. D., May 24, 1883, under the auspices of the Woburn Village Improvement Society, one can be obtained by application at the JOURNAL office.

— It is whispered around town that the Republican caucuses for the nomination of candidates for Mayor of Woburn and other offices are to be held on Saturday evening, Nov. 26. For some reason or other the news is carefully held back by the W. & C. Committee. Is there "a Nigger in the woodpile?"

— While the first snow of the season was gently falling on the banks of the fair Androcoggin in Maine; and reports of still heavier falls of it were being received from Chicago, Pittsburg, and even the National Capital, the Sacred Codfish, which so the story goes, represents the "Codfish Aristocracy" of the Hub, occupied contentedly his niche in the State House, and enjoyed the beautiful balmy weather then prevailing hereabouts.

— Lawyer John P. Feeny is Counsel for Rev. Norman A. Plass who was arrested in Boston a few days ago by a United States Marshal and arraigned in the U. S. Court on a charge of allegal illegal use of the mails. The Minester recently resigned the Presidency of the Redeemable Investment Co. which is having trouble with the Postoffice Department. Mr. Feeney is also Counsel for Brooks who was arrested as a member of the Company recently.

— There could never come a better time in the whole year than the present to have clocks and watches put in order for the winter; and if we were asked where a person should go to have the job done our prompt answer would be: to Smith & Varney's, by all means. Their work is equal to any done in Boston or New York, and it don't cost much more than half as much as it does in those cities. Smith & Varney carry complete stocks of fine jewelry, including diamonds, pearls, etc.

— Private schools tuition was not as high in 1823 as it is now. Abby Mead was born at Amesbury in 1806, and came to Woburn with her parents at an early age. When 17 years old, or in 1823, she opened a school at Central Square, the tuition to which was 8 cents a week, with a stipulation to "have the half days of absence deducted." It could not have been possible for Miss Mead to have had at that time more than 25 scholars, which would give her a weekly income of $2 00.

— After many years of faithful and efficient service Mr. Charles P Buckley, driver of Hook and Ladder Truck on Montvale avenue, has resigned to take effect on Dec. 1, 1910. He will retire on a firemrn's pension lately provided for by law, and if there is an employee of the Woburn Fire Department who deserves a liberal pension it is Charlie Buckley, and we hope he will live to enjoy it many years. Driver Buckley will be missed by the Department and at fires, but he is entitled to rest and leisure, and his hosts of good friends will be glad that his opportunity to enjoy them has come.

— We take it for granted the apple that was sold for £.4 14s at Covent Garden was an oldfashioned Yankee Baldwin from New England.—*Exchange*. A granite monument, faced with a bronze tablet duly inscribed, occupies the spot in the north part of Woburn where Civil Engineer Thompson discovered the "Pecker" apple which was subsequently perfected by Col. Loammi Baldwin of Woburn, patriot and officer in the War of the Revolution and christened the Baldwin Apple in his honor. The monument was erected by the Rumford Historical Society of this city a few years ago and as it tells the story of the grand and world admired apple, is an object of interest to those, particularly Western people, who visit the historical Count Rumford House and grounds, equally venerated and Baldwin mansion at North Woburn.

The Home Election.

The following words and figures show what Woburn did on election day, November 8, 1910:

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
FOR GOVERNOR								
Eben S. Draper, Republican	127	170	152	194	65	200	58	956
Eugene N. Foss, Democratic	323	320	253	252	182	135	95	1560
John A. Nichols, Prohibition	0	3	1	4	0	0	1	9
Moritz E. Ruther, Socialist Labor	0	6	2	3	2	0	0	13
Daniel A. White, Socialist	0	1	3	5	0	0	0	9
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR								
Thos. F. Cassidy, Dem. Ind. nom. paper	292	274	344	210	147	200	83	1450
Louis A. Frothingham, Republican	125	179	158	213	57	122	62	916
Henry C. Hess Socialist Labor	0	9	7	8	5	0	1	30
Patrick Mahoney, Socialist	0	5	4	7	1	0	1	18
William G. Merrill, Prohibition	0	4	3	9	2	0	2	20
SECRETARY								
Harriet D'Orsay, Socialist	5	4	9	8	2	4	3	35
Charles J. Martell, Democratic	298	279	248	205	156	104	81	1371
Andrew Mortenson, Socialist Labor	18	7	5	5	5	3	0	45
William M. Olin, Republican	119	189	156	215	57	214	65	1015
William E. Thomas, Prohibition	0	3	2	5	0	0	0	10
FOR TREASURER AND RECEIVER-GENERAL								
Carl Fredikson Socialist Labor	5	10	6	7	4	6	1	40
Thomas A. Frissell, Prohibition	1	3	2	7	2	2	1	18
Sylvester J. McBride, Socialist	5	1	6	4	2	6	5	29
Benjamin F. Peach, Democratic	299	231	240	211	155	97	81	1363
Elmer A. Stevens, Republican	180	191	163	208	55	214	64	1025
FOR AUDITOR								
John Holt, Prohibition	1	6	6	7	1	2	0	23
Jeremiah P. McNally, Socialist Labor	8	9	5	7	4	3	2	38
Ambrose Mills, Socialist	8	3	6	5	3	5	1	31
Charles C. Paine, Democratic	295	278	242	210	142	95	82	1344
Henry E. Turner, Republican	127	182	146	207	58	214	65	999
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL								
Dennis McGoff, Socialist Labor	5	9	5	13	3	3	3	41
Harold Metcalf, Socialist	3	3	5	6	3	7	4	31
John B. Ratigan Democratic	301	279	248	207	157	99	74	1365
James M. Swift, Republican	133	186	155	213	57	206	61	1011
CONGRESSMAN								
Frederick S. Dietrick, Democratic	286	269	238	222	159	101	81	1356
Samuel W. McCall, Republican	157	216	190	221	69	225	66	1144
COUNCILLOR								
Herbert E Fletcher, Republican	135	195	161	216	62	216	65	1050
J. Kelso Mairs, Democratic	294	284	254	214	156	98	85	1385
SENATOR								
Charles H. Brown, Republican	140	195	164	221	60	214	60	1054
Joseph J. Donahue, Democratic	305	285	255	225	158	109	89	1426
REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT								
George F. Bean, Republican	112	153	126	168	41	181	43	824
Herbert N. Buck, Republican	113	162	130	146	45	186	48	830
George L. Flint, Democratic	268	261	215	199	150	92	82	1267
Joseph H. Parker, Democratic	328	316	294	297	174	140	104	1653
COUNTY COMMISSIONER Regular term								
Charles H. Richardson, Republican	136	190	169	205	58	214	62	1034
Dexter C. Whittemore, Democratic	289	280	239	225	155	101	89	1378
COUNTY COMMISSIONER Unexpired term								
Winthrop H. Fairbanks, Democratic	299	284	245	231	162	111	89	1421
Chester B. William, Republican	128	191	161	197	55	203	60	995
ASSOCIATE COMMISSIONERS								
Leander V. Colahan, Democratic	283	273	233	204	143	9	84	1229
Joseph L. Marin, Democratic	264	250	212	194	138	81	81	1220
Frank A. Patch, Republican	124	176	139	181	47	181	53	901
Edward Everett Thompson, Republican	136	193	170	211	63	212	61	1046
DISTRICT ATTORNEY								
John J. Higgins, Republican	131	197	180	207	65	208	67	1065
James J. Irwin, Democratic	309	285	238	231	157	106	88	1404
SHERIFF								
John R. Fairbairn, Republican	191	191	166	205	59	215	67	1094
Whitfield L. Tuck, Democratic	290	290	248	229	156	99	87	1399

The vote for Representative in Wilmington, Burlington, North Reading, Reading and Woburn was as follows

	Bean	Buck	Flint	Parker
Wilmington	129	230	36	67
Burlington	46	58	19	44
Reading	581	620	389	270
North Reading	103	108	43	28
Woburn	824	830	1267	1653
Total	1683	1836	1754	2062

— The Indian Summer is now due and its arrival ought not to be long delayed. The weather during the whole of 1910 has been cranky and unreliable so there is no knowing what tricks it has in store for the Indian Summer, nor for Thanksgiving Day. On this latter occasion the marketmen hope it will not be warm enough to spoil turkeys, for that estimable barnyard fowl is relied on almost wholly to make the New England festival pass off as it should, that is to say, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to everybody and the approval of the Pilgrims, who instituted Thanksgiving Day, if they could be here on Nov. 24 instant.

— The First Congregational church and parish of Woburn held their annual fall festival in the vestry of the meetinghouse last evening, and it proved to be, as usual, a fine affair. The committee in charge of the arraugements advertised it under the name of "The Great Annual Feast of Fellowship"—a pretty highsounding one, but appropriate—and a great crowd of people gathered in the sanctuary to partake of the good things literary, musical, social and eatable, generously and abundantly provided by the Committees having the business in hand. The good women of old First church have long been famous for their extraordinary skill in the high art of cookery, and they are just as handy with culinary materials and implements today as they were in Parson Bennett's, Parson Chickering's, or even Minister Carter's, day and generation. They showed it plain enough at the feast last night. The entertainment was all that any reasonable heart could desire, and long banquet boards never groaned under the weight of a greater variety of toothsome edibles than they did at this First church annual. We would not hazard a guess as to the number of people present, but will go so far as to say that the vestry was "as full as a Concord Coach." The Committee likewise assured the public that at the gathering "good fellowship will abound," and so, indeed, it did, in full measure. Rev. George L. Cady, D. D., Pastor of the Pilgrim church of Dorchester, Mass. (Boston,) was the principal orator on this occasion, and right handsomely did he discharge the duties of that honorable office. He is an entertaining after dinner speaker, is of pleasing address, says things worth saying and hearing, and he had an appreciative and sympathetic audience last evening. Other gentlemen contributed pleasing and appropriate remarks, and everything went through and ended in the most satisfactory manner. It was a grand Festival.

— The Charitable Reading Society of the First Congregational church of Woburn was organized in 1815, and is still a bright, active, wideawake handmaiden of the ancient church. Their monthly intellectual, social and gastronomic feasts continue to be a source of infinite delight, although unattended by any of the Charter members, and the good they accomplish can be fully known only when the Great Book is opened on the Other Side. The pamphlet containing a full report, with Miss Mead's Poem, of the semicentennial celebration of the birth of the Society, held 45 years ago, makes "mighty interesting reading," even for the present generation.

Emma Fosdick.

She was contemplating an early visit to friends and former neighbors in Woburn when sad news reached here of the death of Miss M. Emma Fosdick, eldest daughter of Deacon George F. Fosdick, formerly of this city, which occurred at Templeton on Friday, Nov. 4, 1910.

The Fosdick family were for many years prominent in Woburn church and social circles, members of the First Baptist church, and Miss Emma was well known as a popular teacher of the guitar and mandolin in this city and Winchester. She was an amiable young lady, and enjoyed the respect and good will of a wide circle of friends.

The funeral of Miss Fosdick was held in the parlor of the First Baptist church of Woburn at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Nov. 7. Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor, conducted the religious services, and the interment was in Woodbrook.

Principal Stone.

William A. Stone was born in Cornish, N. H., on Nov. 21, 1817, and died at Cliftondale, Mass., on Nov. 7, 1910, lacking only a few days of being 93 years old. He came to Woburn in 1852 and was appointed first Principal of the High School, then just established. He held that office 10 years, when he resigned.

In 1865 Mr. Stone become Preceptor of Warren Academy in Woburn, which position he occupied until 1872. In the years following he was an occasional visitor to this town, and was here at the dedication of the new High School as the guest of Master Herbert Owen.

Mr. Stone was a man of sterling character, thoroughly educated and universally esteemed.

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Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The most important announcement of the year to date in connection with B. F. Keith's theatre is the appearance of Gus Edwards, the song writer and composer of "School Days," "Sunbonnet Sue," "Good Bye Little Girl Goodbye," "See Saw," and hundreds of others that have been whistled and sung all over the country, who will appear in a big production called Gus Edwards' "Song Revue." In this number Mr. Edwards will be supported by a company of thirty-three singers and dancers, and he has one of the most elaborate productions ever made in vaudeville.

THE BOSTON.

"The Speckled Band," An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle enters into its fourth successful week at the Boston Theatre Monday night. Additional interest has been shown in this play through Mr. Gillette's revival of Sherlock Holmes at the Hollis St. Theatre and many who witnessed the latter's performance have also witnessed the performance of "The Speckled Band." Theatregoer's love of melodrama shows no signs of diminution. It is sometime since we have seen so thrilling a piece of this class or one better played. There are many intense highly dramatic scenes. The interest is aroused at the beginning and sustained to the dramatic climax at the end and there is not a dull moment in the three acts of this sensational drama.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Going Some," which John Craig will produce at the Castle Square next wedk, is a farce that will produce no little laughter at its comic scenes and characters. Its authors are Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong, both of whom are favorably known as writers of plays and novels, and it tells a merry tale of life in the Far West. The plot centres about the adventures of one S. Wallingford Speed of Yale and his trainer. They find themselves at the Flying Heart Ranch in New Mexico, where Speed is forced to run a footrace against one Skinner of the neighboring ranch in order to win back a phonograph which plays "The Holy City." Considerably money is wagered upon the result, and for three acts the play pursues its way through the liveliest of comic exploits.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October third.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.
MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RESUME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis R. Jackson and Anna P. Jackson, his wife, in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lewis W. Thompson, dated October 13, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3127, Page 93, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 21st, 1910,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Bow street in said Woburn, containing about ten thousand (10,000) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake in the easterly side line of said Bow street, and at land of Jacob M. Ellis, from thence the line runs Southerly by and with said Bow street, forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to other land of said Ellis, formerly of Maggie Dewn; thence turning nearly a right angle, the line runs Easterly on and by land last named, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to a stake at a corner; thence turning, the line runs Northerly still by land of said Ellis forty-eight and 9-10 (48.9) feet to a stake at other land of said Ellis; thence turning, the line runs Westerly still by land of said Ellis, two hundred four and 5-10 (204.5) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage to the principal sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) Dollars when given, held by the Woburn Co operative Bank; also subject to any unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other municipal liens.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., October 26th, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Welch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary E. Madden of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.



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Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—¶6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** ¶6.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

FLOUR
— IS —
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PILLSBURY FLOUR
$7.00 bbl. 90c. bag

GOLD MEDAL
$7 00 bbl. 90c. bag

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Your boy has his eye on it now.

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379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
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EAMES & CARTER,
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Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
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To All Points South
First Cabin Fare, Boston to Jacksonville, Florida
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Large Ships—Broad Promenade Decks
Leave Boston 20 Atlantic Ave., 3 P.M. every Tues. and Sat.
Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE
Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 19.
MONDAY, NOV. 21,
At 7 o'clock, P. M., and
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23,
FROM 12 M. TO 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Municipal Election, and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the Municipal Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 23.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn

JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, November 3, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Nellie S. Shaw, Isaac D. Farmer, Hubert C. Flagg, Joseph E. Pollard and Emma L. Davis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; J. A. Stockwell of Stoneham, Pearl V. Bishop of Wakefield, in said County of Middlesex; Mabel F. Holway of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; Percy Parker, administrator c. t. a., of the will of Elizabeth Simpson, late of Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; Esther P. Simpson of said Lowell, individually and as Executrix of the will of Odanthus Simpson, late of said Lowell, deceased, and as Trustee under will of said Elizabeth Simpson; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Adelia L. Hill of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner of Green and Spring Streets at a spike, the line runs northwesterly on said Spring Street and a proposed right of way 232.98 feet to land of Hubert C. Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg 85.9 feet to land of Joseph E. Pollard; thence southerly, slightly easterly by land of said Pollard and land of Joseph E. Sawtelle 198.20 feet to a spike at the said Green Street; thence westerly along said Green Street 96.42 feet to the point of beginning.

Petitioner also claims the fee and soil to the centre of Spring Street and a proposed extension thereof, as shown on plan of James A. Bancroft, dated February 8th, 1908, subject to any easment or right of way of the public thereon.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emily F. Pollard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary S. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

11-18-25 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOT
"ROGERS"
ONLY—BUT
"1847
Rogers Bros."
is the Trade mark
that appears on the old original brand of
Knives, Forks and Spoons.
There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 5 of beautiful new designs.
THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Meriden, Conn.
"Silver Plate that Wears."

Burlington.

On Tuesday afternoon, the Burlington Woman's Club opened the season with a very enjoyable meeting at the house of the President, Mrs. Mabel C. Buckminster. The Treasurer made an acceptable report and the Club voted to give a chair to the Nurses' Home of the Choate Memorial Hospital. They will also contribute to the fair or the Animal Rescue League.

Mrs. Buckminster gave an interesting resume of the current events during the last six months, last, but not least of which, she remarked that a store had been opened in Burlington.

She paid tribute to the memory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs Kate Tannatt Woods, the founder of the Club. Mrs. Woods took particular interest in the Burlington Woman's Club. For more than a score of years she has been founding Woman's Clubs, beginning with the Thought and Work Club of Salem. The Burlington Club was the last she founded. Mrs Curtis gave some personal reminiscences of Mrs. Howe. Plans for the season's work were discussed.

Miss Marjory Maloon of Brookline rendered several songs in a most charming manner. "Two Little Irish Songs" and "Down the Vale" won special applause. A vote of thanks was given her by the Club.

Afternoon tea was served and the members parted with many expressions of pleasure and thanks for the gracious hospitality of their hostess.

Not Idle Curiosity.

Mrs. Wanterknowe—I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions. Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?

"Great Scott, no! Yours is the most perniciously active, wide awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. If has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00; all druggists. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marion L. Poole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Parker T. Poole of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

21-24-4 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.
CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Malden Sq at 5.45 AM., then half hourly until 9.45 then hourly until 2.45 PM., then half hourly until 11.15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9.15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. **Return, leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham Sq** at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15. ¶9.45, 10.15, then hourly until 8.15 PM., then half hourly until 11.45. **Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11.45 PM.**

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 PM., ¶10.30, ¶11.00, ¶11.30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8.30 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 P. M., ¶10.30, ¶11.00, ¶11.30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15 PM. **Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6.00 AM.**, then half hourly until 10.30 P.M., *11.00 **Sunday at 8.15 AM.**, then half hourly until 9.15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9.00 **AM., then half hourly until 10.30 PM., *11.00 PM.**

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists



The above picture represents the Federal Building to be erected in this city, the cornerstone of which is to be laid with Masonic ceremonies at 3 o'clock Saturday, Nov. 19, 1910. The building and site are to cost about $65,000.

WINCHESTER.

The election created no unusual excitement either before, at, or since last Tuesday.

Hon. Samuel J. Elder did some good campaign work on the stump for the Republican cause. He don't feel above doing good.

The report of the Board of Registrars of Voters showed that this town has 1611 voters, which is about the right proportion to the population Winchester is growing.

The idea of compelling the factories of this town and Woburn to quit blowing their whistles morning, noon and night, is a sensible one. The noise the whistles make is a nuisance.

It was no fault of Mr. Tuck that he was not elected Sheriff of Middlesex County last Tuesday, for he certainly worked hard enough for it. He would make a good Sheriff, but is on the wrong side in politics.

James Moran, 18 years old, of Lowell, who was on his way to Boston to enlist in the Navy, was struck and instantly killed by B & M. Boston bound train at a point north of the railroad signal tower, at 11 30 A. M. last Tuesday.

A week before the election a worthy citizen of this town had a dry, labored letter in our local paper concerning "Direct Plurality," which is a political fad of recent birth and uncertain parentage. It is all bosh, anyway; old style conventions are good enough for men of sound minds; but demagogues and office seekers like the primary folly better.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How To Do Difficult Cleaning.

Things that are hard to clean with soap and water are usually greasy in their nature. Water and grease wont mix and that is why soap and water cleaning is not effective. In such cases a little carbonol should be mixed with the water to make it dissolve the grease. Old stains that you thought could not be removed at all will vanish quickly where a little carbonol is used.

A HARNESS is hard to clean because it acquires a greasy deposit from the horses coat. Wash the harness with carbonol and water and the grease will dissolve and the original fresh appearance of the leather will be restored.

A KITCHEN SINK is hard to clean on account of the grease. Put in a spoonful of carbonol and scrub it around and the grease will vanish immediately.

THE GARBAGE CAN is impossible to keep clean without a grease solvent. Rinse it out with carbonol and water, however, and you will get good results at once.

CARBONOL is a coal tar product which you can buy at the drugstore. It is very cheap and has in addition to its grease dissolving power, the property of killing all germ life and, as decomposition is the result of germ action, carbonol is a deodorant also.

CARBONOL has various other uses as a disinfectant and germicide. You can obtain carbonol at your drugstore in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. It is so powerful that even a small bottle will last a long time.

You can obtain a sample of carbonol free of charge by addressing the Barrett Manufacturing Company, 297 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 2, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, William B. Stokes and Sarah W. Edmunds, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 2, by Rev. William H. Osmond John Augustine Osmond of East Weymouth, Mass. and Katherine Helen Andrews of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 4, Guennela Cardeleen, aged 53 years.

In this city, Nov. 4, Mary E. Foster, aged 86 years, 5 months, 8 days.

In this city, Nov. 5, Lavina Warland, aged 69 years, 4 months, 20 days.

In Dayton, Me., Nov. 7, Joseph F. Weiss, aged 17 years, 11 months, 24 days.

Old Time Railway Travel.

Third class passenger coaches in England used to be coupled on next to the engine. The travelers came in for terrible treatment when any accident occurred. At times the engine was driven tender first, in which case frozen hands could be warmed at the smokestack. The passengers were packed, seventy of them, into a truck eighteen feet in length by seven and a half in width. There was no roof and not, as a rule, proper protection at the sides.

Vigorous.

Victim—If your hair restorer is good, why is it that you are bald yourself? Barber—Well, sir, once I had a very big order for ladies' plaits, and to execute it I used some extra doses of my restorer over my hair and got half a dozen long plaits, sir. But it drew all the hair out of my constitution, sir."—London Mail.

THE SPITBALL.

It Takes Great Strength and Speed to Pitch It Properly.

Describing the spitball in baseball and the way it is pitched, Hugh S. Fullerton in the American Magazine says:

"There came into baseball in 1903 a ball which came near revolutionizing the game and brought a new era of pitching, made great pitchers out of 'has-beens' and poor hitters out of once mighty sluggers.

"The ball is pitched with two, sometimes with three, fingers held on one side of the ball and with the thumb or tip of the thumb and nail being gripped hard against the seam at the opposite side of the sphere. The top of the ball is made slippery at the point of contact with the fingers, so that the sphere slides off the fingers with the minimum of friction, while the thumb, pressed hard against the seam, gives the maximum of friction, the result being that the ball, leaving the hand, takes heavy 'English' from the thumb and starts revolving rapidly in the direction opposite to that in which it naturally would rotate. Therefore it whirls rapidly for a short distance until the natural but suspended motion of the ball overcomes the false 'English' applied by the thumb and a contest between the natural and unnatural forces ensues. The ball ceases revolving unnaturally and floats and wabbles until the natural twist overcomes the false one, and then the ball darts just as it would have done if it had been curved naturally, shooting in the direction in which the heaviest friction was applied. A spitball if pitched directly overhand darts almost straight downward, and if pitched side arm with the thumb toward the body it shoots outward and down as a fast outcurve does, the quickness and speed of the break depending entirely upon the amount of force with which it is thrown and in ratio to the amount of friction applied by the thumb or lack of friction by the fingers. Great strength and speed are essential to the best pitching of this kind of ball."

BABY TURTLES.

They Know Just What to Do and Do It Without Guidance.

Just so soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks the shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—Harper's Weekly.

The Roar of China's Ducks.

Tourists in China are always surprised by the number of ducks they see. There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the seacoast and the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They flit squawking out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unseldom drown the roar of urban commerce. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck house. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters. All over the land there are great duck hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year. Duck among the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef.—New York World.

Willing to Be Reasonable.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learned to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see! Would you think it was too long if we didn't get married until a week from next Thursday?"—Chicago Record-Herald

In Portions.

Host (at village inn, entering bedroom at 3 a. m., to occupant of the bed)—Beg pardon, sir, but two more tourists have arrived. Have you slept enough?

Vague Information.

"What did the fellow do who stole the drum from the band when he saw the leader coming with a policeman?"

"He beat it."—Baltimore American.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom.—Bovee.

ATE A WHOLE SHEEP.

One of the Feats of Nicholas Wood, a Famous Glutton.

The following account of a man named Nicholas Wood, famed for his gluttony, was written by John Taylor, the "water poet" of the seventeenth century:

Nicholas Wood was a Kentish yeoman. "Be it known to all men to whom these presents shall come," writes John Taylor, "that I, John Taylor, waterman of St. Savior's in Southwark, will, with plain truth, bare and threadbare, treat of the remarkable actions of Nicholas Wood.

"He hath eaten a whole sheep at one meal: pardon me! I think he left the skin, the wool and bones; and presently after he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal are but three sprats to him. Once at Sir William St. Ledger's house, so valiant and staunch of teeth he showed himself, that he ate as much as would suffice thirty men, and afterwards he slept eight hours.

"One morning I sent for him to the inn to eat breakfast. He had already eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, and bread, butter, and cheese. He gave me thanks and said that if he had known any gentleman would have invited him to breakfast he would have spared his meal at home. Nevertheless he would do me the courtesy to show me some small cast of his office. Whereupon I summoned the hostess and commanded that all the victuals in the house be laid before my guest.

"The inn was slenderly provided, but six-penny loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampart, three six-penny veal pies, one pound of sweet butter, and a number of other dishes were set out, all of which were quickly brought to nothing."

RUBBER OYSTERS.

They Brought Trade and Saved Their Inventor From Failure.

"Rubber oysters laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So in desperation I cut an old rubber doormat into oyster shaped pieces on April 1 and fried them in egg and breadcrumbs to a tasty brown.

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork, jabbed it into a big fellow and took a hungry bite.

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face, I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said:

"'Them's fine oysters. I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them.'

"Sure enough, he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than, setting down their beer, they each sunk their teeth in one.

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I fried up no less than three old doormats and two overshoes that April fool day. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular.

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters."—Washington Post.

A Light on Mothers.

The late William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would often illuminate a misty subject with an appropriate anecdote. Discussing motherhood in a lecture on psychology, Professor James once said:

"A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions:

"'Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?'

"'A sixth, ma'am,' the boy answered.

"'But there are seven of you,' said the teacher. 'Don't you know anything about fractions?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said the boy. 'I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother too. Mother 'd say she didn't want no pie.'"

The Misguided Friend.

De Chappie—If there's any one nuisance I hate more than another it's a fellow who is always going around introducing people. There's Goodheart, for instance.

Bouttown—What's he been doing?

De Chappie—The idiot! The other day he introduced me to a man I owed money to, and I'd been owing it so long he'd forgotten all about me. Now I'll have to pay up or be sued.—London Telegraph.

Catching On.

Young Mr. Struckett-Ritch was eating his first meal at a real restaurant.

"What are those?" he asked, pointing at the finger bowls the waiter had just brought to the table.

"Those are to wash your fingers in, sir," said the waiter.

"Oh, I know that," rejoined young Struckett-Ritch, with remarkable possession. "I mean are they cut glass?"—Chicago Tribune.

Betty and the Kitten.

Betty is only four and often in her excitement she makes very odd remarks. The other day she cried out, "Oh, mother, there's a dear maltine kitten all curdled up in the corner!"

A Feat For Willie.

Teacher—Willie, if you had five eggs in the basket and laid three on the table, how many would you then have? Willie—Eight.—Life.

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The Real Townsend

A Complication That Was Born of a Blunder.

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL.

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"For the Effinghams," I said to the elevator boy as I handed him my card.

I was in a New York apartment house for a call on some old friends of mine. The elevator boy handed my card to the telephone boy, who announced to the Effinghams that Mr. Townsend had called.

"All right," said the latter after receiving a reply. "You're to go up."

I stepped on the elevator and was soon ushered by a maid in a black dress and a white ruffled apron into the drawing room of an apartment on the sixth floor. There was no one in the room, which surprised me, for I was very intimate with the Effinghams and supposed that at the announcement of my name the whole family would be waiting to greet me.

It was fully ten minutes that I sat waiting when I noticed that the light shining through a keyhole in a door opening into an adjoining room suddenly gave place to darkness.

"One of the girls," I said to myself, "is spying on me. That's a game two can play at."

I got up from my seat, strolled about the room, looking at the pictures on the wall as if to kill time while waiting, and when I reached the door in question quickly turned the knob and threw the door open.

There, kneeling so as to bring an eye opposite the keyhole, was a young lady I had never seen. Her face was crimson, and after looking at me for a moment she covered her face with her hands.

I saw at a glance that not only one mistake had been made, but several. There might be fifty families in the building, and there were probably more than one named Effingham. I had doubtless got into the wrong flat. But why was the girl peering at me through the keyhole? Perhaps there had been a double coincidence of names, she knowing some one by the name of Townsend, or she did not know any one by that name and was anxious to reconnoiter the visitor before appearing. My curiosity being aroused, I resolved not to spoil my chance of enlightenment by giving anything away. I proposed to listen, not to talk.

The girl arose and, still blushing to the roots of her hair, came forward.

"I am mortified beyond measure," she said, "at being caught in such a position, but you must admit that before receiving a call from the man I am to marry I would naturally desire to see him unobserved myself."

"The most natural thing in the world," I replied, repressing a start on learning that I was to be the girl's husband.

"I received your note," she continued, "saying you would call yesterday, and later your telegram that you had suddenly been called away. Then when you were announced just now I was taken quite by surprise, having expected that our meeting would not take place for some time yet."

"I decided not to go."

"My act is certainly not calculated to give you a favorable impression of me, I admit. Just think of a man calling for the first time on a girl he is to marry, whom he has never seen, and finding her peeping through a keyhole. It's simply dreadful!"

"But becoming. To my taste, a girl never looks so well as when blushing."

"But there is no necessity for us to stand. Be seated." She sank on a sofa, I on an easy chair. "I have fought against such a marriage, but my guardian, who has certain views for my property, has finally worn me out. Besides, he tells me that you are as much interested from that point of view as I. Nevertheless I have told him that after seeing you if you were repulsive to me the matter should not go any further. And that is the reason why I was endeavoring to get a peep at you before meeting you. I intended if you were disagreeable to me even in appearance that I would after all decline to receive you."

"Knowing this, I'm sorry I didn't leave you free to make a decision."

"I should have decided to meet you," she replied to this, casting down her eyes.

"Thank heaven!"

"You mean that you are pleased that these schemes for the development of our properties are to be carried out," she said archly.

"I assure you," I replied, with an injured look, "that these property schemes have nothing to do with my satisfaction at finding you in every way so much more attractive than I had hoped for."

There was a blush at this, not of mortification, but of pleasure.

"Now, I beg of you," I continued, "not to speak further of this matter of property interest that has brought us together. Let us consider our projected union one of inclination alone. Yet before doing so I would like to get one matter out of the way so that it may not influence us. Please write on a bit of paper what you consider the amount of your possessions, and I will do the same. We will exchange these papers and will both know what we are to expect primarily from each other."

Now, I flatter myself this was very foxy on my part. I was not sure but that I would like to win this girl, and I did not care to do so, rendering myself liable to a charge of deception other than in permitting her to continue in a mistake. We exchanged the slips, and it turned out that my possessions were double hers.

"Why," she exclaimed on looking at the amount on my slip, "Mr. Markney did not tell me that there was such an inequality as that. I don't understand why you who had never seen me should have desired me simply on account of a property consideration, mine being but one-half yours."

"I said to you just now before this interchange of information that after it had been made the sordid part of this transaction should be dropped. Now let us talk of other matters."

By skillful management I learned that the man I had been mistaken for had gone away to be absent several weeks and that no communication was likely to take place between him and Miss Effingham until his return. At first I permitted myself to drift on into the false position carelessly, but now and again twinges of conscience would come to me and, more than all, a distaste for the denouement that was sure to follow. At the end of this our first meeting it was evident that we were mutually pleased with each other, and if we continued to be so the wishes of the lady's guardian would be carried out. What these wishes were or how far they would tend to her enrichment I didn't care. When I arose to go she said:

"But you are not going before seeing my stepmother and my half sisters. They are my only relatives."

"Pardon me," I replied. "I am rather shy of meeting strangers, especially under the present circumstances. How would it do for them to get a sight of me the way you did—through the keyhole?"

"If you ever mention that again you may consider the matter broken off between us forever. After all, I think it as well that you should meet them during a later visit."

"I'm sure of it. How often do you think you can endure a call from me?"

"As often as you like."

I wondered whether Miss Effingham considered that we were engaged and would grant me an engaged man's privilege or, rather, expect me to take it. I didn't wish to presume so far on a mistaken identity and was going away without a kiss. The lady must have considered herself engaged, for she made it plain that no such cold departure would please her. I took the kiss, and, though it was intensely enjoyable, I felt that I had received that to which I was not entitled.

When I stepped out of that apartment house into the open air I was fairly overpowered by the change which had come over me since I had entered it. There were pleasurable sensations confused with horrible anticipations. What would I do during the next few weeks while this other Townsend was away? Was I to try to win the girl? I conned over the question as to whether or no it would be honorable for me to do so. There were several points in my favor. In the first place, I was twice as well fixed in worldly possessions as the other fellow. In the second, I had found favor in Miss Effingham's sight, and she had yet to see him. She might on meeting him take a great dislike to him. I secretly hoped she would. I took pleasure in depicting him in my mind's eye as a red headed, freckled, snub nosed chap with the forehead of an orang outang.

I went straight home, sat down in an easy chair and tried to think of some plan whereby I might come out of the matter with eclat instead of contempt, but failed to find one.

What would have been the outcome had I not been pierced with an arrow shot from the little god I don't know. It would probably have been far different from what it was. I vowed to keep away from Miss Effingham and the consequences of my first visit to her. I kept my resolution by calling the next day, and the next and the next, for two weeks, every day intending a confession and never making one. Meanwhile the matter between us was a case of desperate love.

I went to see my sweetheart one day and learned that the sword suspended over me had fallen. I found her in the room where I had first met her, talking in an excited state to a man who, as I entered, looked at me scrutinizingly. Miss Effingham, as if to shut us both from her mind, sank on a sofa and concealed her face with her handkerchief.

"Who are you, sir?" I asked. "The lady does not seem inclined to introduce us."

"I am Edward Townsend."

"And I am John Townsend."

"I am *the* Townsend, sir."

"Edith," I said, "it's all out. You mistook me for this gentleman, and I permitted you to continue in your mistake. All that remains to be done is for you to decide between us."

"Leave me, both of you," she wailed.

The other Townsend and myself naturally obeyed and at the same time. It was an embarrassing walk through the corridor and a miserable ride down the elevator. I was much put out to discover that the real original Townsend was a far better looking man than myself. When we parted at the outer door we both raised our hats politely, scowling at each other, and went in different directions.

Within a week a little note came to me addressed in a woman's hand. I tore it open. It read:

Dearest, come to me.

Then I knew I was the real Townsend.

A Mean Trick.

Being anxious as to his prospects in one of his early attempts to enter parliament, Herbert Samuel consulted his agent, who said the chances were not rosy, because he was a "carpetbagger."

Mr. Samuel thereupon promised to live in the division if he were successful, and bills were immediately posted that "If Herbert Samuel is returned next Tuesday he will come to live here."

Some of the other side, however, posted one of these bills on a pigsty.

Mr. Samuel did not win the election.—London Telegraph.

Taking His Medicine.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head and took his barber to task about it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make this hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

Great Prospects.

"I'm at the end of my rope! Every resource I have is gone, and I'm broke at last."

"Have you borrowed all you can?"

"Borrowed? No; I haven't tried that."

"And you say you are at the end of your rope. Why, man, you haven't even started!"—Toledo Blade.

Wanted Particulars.

Motorton Senior—You kept the car out rather late last evening, son. What delayed you? Motorton Junior—Had a blowout, dead. Motorton Senior—H'm! Tire or roadhouse?—Puck.

It is better to live rich than to die rich.—Johnson.

The Old Story.

"Did Hardlucke bear his misfortune like a man?"

"Exactly like one. He blamed it all on his wife."—Judge.

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By his fellow Hindu the Mang, one of the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be 'Mang hearted;' to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathe idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: 'Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed. For are not Rahu and Ketu, the enemies who have laid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs?' Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demoniac influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dasera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations.

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Joshi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demoniac power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation.

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed.

STAGE REALISM.

Why Jefferson Didn't Have a Dog Schneider in the Flesh.

It was the privilege of the writer years ago to attend a reception at which Joseph Jefferson spoke on the drama. His treatment of the subject was interesting, the utterance of a man who knew the art of which he spoke. But the most interesting part of the hour came after the completion of the formal address, when an opportunity was given to the audience to ask any questions they wished of Mr. Jefferson. Soon the familiar topic was introduced, the effect of the modern elaboration and realism in stage setting. Mr. Jefferson at once rose to the question. He spoke somewhat rapidly, with a quaint humor and sympathetic charm that were irresistible. He characterized the modern fashion of stage setting as "a tribute to the weakness of the human imagination." "I am often asked," he went on, "why I do not have a real dog Schneider. But if I did none of you would be satisfied. You would go home saying, 'Well, Schneider never looked like that dog!' You love Schneider because you have made him out of a piece of your own heart. And then," meditatively, "if I had a real Schneider some one in the gallery would probably whistle to him at the critical moment, and he would bark and spoil the play, while if he knew his part perfectly and did just what Schneider ought to do"—pausing and with his delightful smile—"Schneider would be the hero and not Rip!" Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he summed up the whole matter with the quiet remark, "Realism with a tail to wag in the wrong place is a dangerous thing."—New York Post.

Debbiling de Crabs.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievements is the preparation of sea food.

In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a point where crabs are seldom seen, was watching in breathless interest the old lady's deviling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunty," asked he after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debbil crabs come from de debbil?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally, "but dey is de debbil to make."—St. Louis Republic.

The President's Oath.

The oath of office taken by the incoming president of the United States is the shortest and the simplest required of any ruler on earth. It is prescribed by the constitution and is as follows:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and, to the best of my ability, protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States."

Her Cooking.

The Doctor—How is your appetite? The Patient—Wretched. The best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me. The Doctor—Um—er—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—Chillicothe Herald.

The Difference.

A fool is unable to see his own faults. A wise man, seeing his own faults, is able to keep other people from noticing them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Loving kindness is greater than laws, and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—Talmud.

Truth Will Out.

Hubby (with irritation)—Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?

Wifey (calmly)—We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Didn't Know "the Uncle."

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Spender must be a very neat person. Edith—And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George all his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

KILLING THE UMPIRE.

It Is an Essential Part of the Great Game of Baseball.

According to bleacher law, there are three particularly justifiable motives for doing away with umpires. An umpire may be killed—first, if he sees fit to adhere to the rules and make a decision against the home team at a close point in the game; second, an umpire may be killed if he sends a member of the home team to the bench when the player in question has done absolutely nothing but call the umpire names and attempt to bite his ear off (an umpire has no business to be touchy); third (and this is a perfect defense against the charge of murder), an umpire may be killed if he calls any batter on the home team out on strikes when the player has not even struck at the balls pitched. That the balls go straight over the plate has nothing to do with the case.

There is ample proof at hand to show that killing the umpire is a distinctively American sport. Other countries have tried baseball, but they have not tried killing the umpire. That is probably the reason why they have not waxed enthusiastic over baseball, for baseball without umpire killing is like football without girls in the grand stand. It simply can't be done. That foreign countries know nothing about our king of outdoor sports was indicated forcibly when in the fall of 1909 the Detroit team made a trip to Cuba under the management of Outfielder McIntyre. In the entire series of twelve games with the Havana and Almendares nines not one single objection was made by either the Cuban players or the silent Cuban spectators to a decision of the umpires. The Americans did not know what to think of it—until they counted up the gate receipts at the end of the series. Then they realized that in their own country it is the delight in killing the umpire rather than the pleasure in watching the game that draws the tremendous crowds through the turnstiles.—George Jean Nathan in Harper's Weekly.

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Light Waves and the Wonderfully Accurate Interferometer.

At the bureau of weights and measures at Sevres, France, the standard meter of metal, which is the standard length of the world, is kept carefully in an underground vault and is inspected only at long intervals. In Great Britain similar care is exercised in guarding the standard yard measurement. As it was possible for these metal standards to be destroyed or damaged in the course of time, it was decided a number of years ago to determine the exact length of the standards in wave lengths of light, which would be a basis of value unalterable and indestructible. For this purpose the instrument known as the interferometer was invented. This instrument represented the highest order of workmanship and the greatest skill of the best opticians of the world. A series of refracting plates were made, the surfaces of which were flat with in one-twentieth of a wave length of light, with sides parallel within one second, representing the utmost refinement of optical surfaces ever attempted.

With the interferometer perfected, the attempt was made to make the wave length of some definite light an actual and practical standard of length. For over a year scientists worked to secure this result, and experiments finally showed that there were 1,553,164½ wave lengths of red cadmium light in the French standard meter at 15 degrees centigrade. So great is the accuracy of these experiments that they can be repeated within one part in two millions. So inconceivably small is such a possibility of error that should the material standard of length be damaged or destroyed the standard wave length of light would remain unaltered as a basis from which an exact duplicate of the original standard could be made.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1680. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together with the cloth between.

Dissatisfied.

The haughty looking woman upon whose features the dermatologist had been working for more than two hours sneered when she glanced in the mirror. "I certainly thought you knew your business," she snapped, "but you have not even given me fair treatment."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "If you had wanted fair treatment you should have been more explicit," he retorted. "I thought from what you told me that you wanted brunette."—Chicago News.

Brave as a Boy.

Weigler—I see that Gausler has been given a medal for bravery. Matcheyette—Well, he probably deserved it. He always was brave. I remember when he was a boy that he was the only one in the neighborhood who would go to his mother when she beckoned with one hand and held the other behind her back.—Chicago News.

The Japanese Policeman.

Japan has a police force modeled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokyo there are small kabancho, which resemble sentry boxes, but are larger. Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning at regular intervals to the box. Stations are changed every eight hours. After twenty-four hours' work the three officers are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box. During their "off" days the men are employed in taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances and the presence of suspicious persons.—Harper's Weekly.

Virtue that parleys is near surrender.—French Proverb.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Danish Proverb.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 13, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxiv, 32-51. Memory Verse, 44—Golden Text, Matt. xxvi, 41 — Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The greater part of this great discourse is recorded by both Mark and Luke as well as by Matthew. As they left the temple one day His disciples called His attention to the great buildings with the goodly stones and gifts, and they were evidently greatly surprised by His remark that all would be thrown down and not one stone left upon another. Four of them came to Him privately as He sat upon the Mount of Olives and asked Him a question which was really threefold, though they probably thought it one. The destruction of the temple, His coming again and the end of the age were two, if not three, distinct events. In His discourse he covered the reply to all. The whole age until He shall come again will be characterized by wars, famines, pestilences and earthquakes, with increasing wickedness until it shall be as it was in the days of Noah.

In Luke xxi, 24, He very plainly referred to the approaching destruction of Jerusalem and covered this present age by the words, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the gentiles until the times of the gentiles be fulfilled." With this verse we should associate Rom. xi, 25, 26. Many of the circumstances connected with the destruction of Jerusalem were foreshadowings of those at the end of the age, and the warnings are therefore similar.

Verses 27-31 of our lesson chapter speak plainly of His coming in power and glory immediately after the great tribulation at the end of this age. The destruction of Jerusalem was in no sense His coming, for it is written in Psalm cii, 16, that when He shall appear in His glory He will build up Zion, not destroy it. He is coming again to restore all things of which the prophets have spoken (Acts iii, 21).

The events in the east today are most startling if considered in the light of verses 32-35 of our lesson and compel us to believe that the kingdom of God is again at hand after the long interval of its postponement during this age. The zeal and aim of Zionism, the new regime in Turkey, her favor to the Jews, a large part of the land given to Abraham (Mesopotamia) being now offered to them, and the unrest among the nations generally, all point to the approaching end of the age and the coming of the kingdom. How marvelously has the generation or race or nation of Israel been preserved for the fulfillment of all things (verse 34), and soon now shall they be recognized as a nation, perhaps under the suzerainty of Turkey, with Jerusalem as their capital. That will, however, mean for them the beginning of their great trouble (Jer. xxx, 7) ere Jerusalem shall become the throne of the Lord at His coming in glory to set up His kingdom. That Israel is God's fig tree as well as His vine, see Joel i, 7, and note the events of Joel iii in their order. The utter ungodliness of the days of Noah cannot be fully manifest until after the church is taken, but the manifestations already on every hand in church and state are most unmistakable. The war craze of nations, the unrighteousness of government in cities and states, the infidelity in the seminaries and in the pulpits, the disregard of God and His word everywhere, should compel us to cry, "Come, Lord Jesus." At the coming of Christ to the air for His saints the true church shall be taken, all others left, but at the coming to the earth with His saints at the end of the age the tares shall first be gathered in bundles for the burning. "Ready" is the great word for us all, as we saw in a recent lesson. No unsaved person, whether moral or immoral, sober or drunken, drunken according to Isa. xxviii, 7, or xxix, 9, is ready except for the burning, the weeping and gnashing of teeth (verse 51; xxv, 41). The readiness necessary has been provided in Jesus Christ by His great atonement, His pure life, His death in our stead, suffering for our sins, His resurrection from the dead, and any who will not plead guilty and accept Him and His righteousness must perish and be separated from Him.

If we are redeemed and thus ready to meet Him we must never cease to watch and pray, lest the world, the flesh or the devil cause our light to fail or even to flicker, and we thus dishonor Him. "Faithful and wise" is the only motto that will enable us to be approved of Him (45). We must beware of saying or even of thinking, "My Lord delayeth His coming" (48), lest we be found careless and conformed in some measure to this present evil age. The oil of the next chapter must fill our lamps, and the light must so shine that men may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven (Matt. v, 16). The only proper attitude of a child of God is "waiting for His Son from heaven," "looking for that blessed hope" (I Thess. i, 10; Titus ii, 13), and while thus expectantly waiting, aiming in all things to serve the living and true God. Ever ready to do whatever our Lord the King shall appoint (II Sam. xv, 15). "Ready to every good work" (Tit. iii, 1). "Ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

Our First Locomotives.

The first locomotives in the United States were brought over from England by Horatio Allen of New York in the fall of 1829 or the spring of 1830, and one of them was set up on the Delaware and Hudson railroad at Carbondale, Pa., but, being found too heavy for the track, its use was abandoned. The first locomotive constructed in this country was built by the West Point foundry at New York in 1830 for the South Carolina railroad and named the Phoenix. A second engine was built the same year by the same establishment and for the same road and named the West Point. In the spring of 1831 a third engine was built by the same establishment for the Mohawk & Hudson railroad from Albany to Schenectady and called the De Witt Clinton. This was the first locomotive run in the state of New York. The first Stephenson locomotive ever imported into this country was the Robert Fulton. This engine was brought out in the summer of 1831 for the Mohawk & Hudson railroad. It was subsequently rebuilt and named the John Bull.

FOOLED HIM BADLY.

Now He Kicks on Letters Written in the Third Person.

In one of the Paris restaurants a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform"— and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were not only more ceremonious, but that they were more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness in letter writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. I received from my friend D., the chief of division, a billet doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., chief of division at the war office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red ribbon for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D.'s. As soon as I caught sight of him I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'

"'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.'

"'Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.'

"'How is that? Have you received the order?'

"'Certainly; have I not?'

"'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made chevalier.'

"'You?'

"'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do, but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me.'

"'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note,' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, "My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am decore chevalier?"'"

Quakers Never "Nervous."

It is not in my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such causation.—From "Self Help For Nervous Women," by Dr. Kearsley Mitchell.

A Remarkable Man.

John Ziska, the great Hussite leader of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His life story reads like a romance. Nothing in history is more interesting, more thrilling, than the account of his heroic deeds. Though blind and always greatly outnumbered, Ziska invariably beat his enemies and established for himself a fame that will last forever. He was never beaten in a battle. His very name was a terror to his enemies. He died in 1424, while besieging Prazabislaw, at the age of sixty-four.—New York American.

Not Made Up.

Pushing her way through the crowd on the ferryboat to the decrepit rig, the middle aged woman sized up the emaciated animal from every point of view, and then, turning to the owner, who had clambered out of the wagon and propped himself against the engine room, said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for driving a poor horse like that; it should be at home and in the stable." "What is the matter with her, lady?" was the easy response of the owner, who didn't seem a whole lot perturbed. "What is the matter with her?" demanded the S. P. C. A. lady with increasing warmth of tone. "Can't you see how skinny she is? She looks starved." "The hoss is all right, lady," calmly rejoined the expressman, as a sweet smile floated through his scant crop of whiskers. "You see, she got up so late this mornin' that she didn't hev time to put on her rats, pads an' extenders, or she would hev been as purty an' plump as ther next one."—Argonaut.

Rooks and Cholera.

The present day security of this country against all danger of a cholera epidemic is matter for thankfulness not only in human circles, but in the rookeries too. When the cholera slew nearly 60,000 people in the insanitary United Kingdom of 1831-2 the rooks appear to have suffered with them. This was stated, at any rate, to have occurred on the estate of the Marquis of Sligo, which boasted one of the largest rookeries in the west of Ireland. On the first or second day of the epidemic's appearance an observer noted that all the rooks had vanished. During the three weeks through which it raged there was no sign of them about their home, but the revenue police found immense numbers of them dead on the shore, ten miles away. When the epidemic abated the rooks returned, but some were too weak to reach their nests, and five-sixths of them had gone.—London Chronicle.

Costly Dressing.

Mrs. Washington Terrace consented to be interviewed.

"What? Dress on $600 a year?"

She made a wry grimace with her face and hands.

"Why, I couldn't dress my salads on $600 a year," she said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.

Two Views.

Guy—He that courts and runs away may live to court another day.

Gertie—But he who courts and does not wed may find himself in court instead.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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FAMOUS STAR GROUP.

The Constellation Orion In Legend and Literature.

The constellation Orion is mentioned in the literature of all ages. In Egypt it represented Horus, the young or rising sun, in a boat surmounted by stars, closely followed by Sirius, which was shown as a cow. It has also been found sculptured on the walls of Thebes 5,000 years ago. And on the men of that early time it shone down from the same position and with the same brightness as it does on us today, a striking example of the unchangeableness of the heavens.

From the days of the early Hindus to the present the constellation has for some reason borne always a stormy character. Allusions to its direful influence are found everywhere among the classic writers. Thus Milton wrote:

When with fierce winds Orion arrived
Hath vexed the Red sea coast.

The loss of the Roman squadron in the first Punic war was ascribed to the fleets having sailed just after the rising of Orion. The group has also been employed as a calendar sign, its morning rising indicating the beginning of summer, its midnight rising the season of grape gathering and its early evening rising the arrival of winter, with its attendant storms. In recent times the group has always represented a great hunter or warrior. Its present title came into Greek astronomy from the Euphrates and originally signified the light of heaven.

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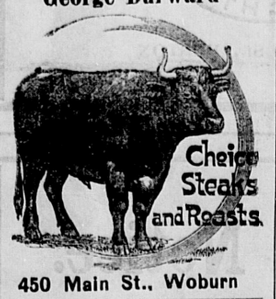
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.40, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 p. m., 2.00, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 3.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.20, 8 p. m. Saturday 3.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
26	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
33	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
34	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Shingle Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
361	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
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912	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Priv.)

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Baboons and Water.

In Captain Drayson's "Sporting Scenes Among the Kaffirs" we find the following: "Well," said Kemp, "when I go into a country where there is not much water I always take my baboon." "You don't drink him, do you?" "No, but I make him show me water." "How do you do that?" "In this way: When water gets scarce I give the Bavian none. If he does not seem thirsty I rub a little salt on his tongue. I then take him out with a long string or chain. At first it was difficult to make him understand what was wanted, for he always wished to go back to the wagons. Now, however, he is well trained. When I get him out some distance I let him go. He runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up wind, looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is there he is sure to go."

The Tyrant In the Field.

There have been few commanders so tyrannous as Lopez, the dictator of Paraguay, when, in the war of 1865-70, it fought single handed the neighboring countries of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. Lopez, says Mr. W. H. Koebel in his "Argentina," was wont to carry the theory of victory or death to an uncomfortable point. "Officers were executed for mere remarks whose tone fell beneath the standard of confidence that Lopez had set up for himself. One, for instance, was shot for having announced in the course of his duty that the enemy was strongly intrenched! Another met his end on account of an unguarded speech to the effect that the Paraguayan army was accustomed to count the enemy's losses and forget its own."

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Married In Haste

And Glad of It In Leisure

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Get up; John's terribly ill. You must go for a doctor."

I heard the words as spoken from a distance or while in a dream, for I had been working night and day with but a few hours' sleep each night and was exhausted. Then I felt a violent shaking which caused me to open my eyes. After much repetition I was made to understand that I was to go at once for a doctor. I managed to get into my clothes, and, being told that the residence of the physician was 28 Hawthorne street, one of a row of stone front dwellings, I sallied forth. On the way I was obliged to pinch myself to keep sufficiently awake to avoid falling against objects I passed. On reaching the block I found the numbers were all in the vestibules where no light shone upon them. I finally found a number that appeared to be 28, but I could not be sure. I failed to find the doctor's sign, but the darkness of the street would account for that. I rang the bell. A colored girl came to the door. I asked if the doctor was at home. She said he was not; he had gone out to see a person who was at the point of death. I asked when he might be expected home, to which she replied that he might come any minute. I concluded to wait awhile and, going inside, sat down on a sofa in a far corner of the room. There was a light in the hall which was turned low, the only light on the main floor.

In a few minutes I was sound asleep.

Again I heard a voice, this time a woman's, trying to awaken me.

"Wake up! We haven't a moment to lose. Father will be here in a few minutes, and it will be too late."

I roused myself and stood up. A soft hand took mine, and, only partly awake, I heard a man's voice mumbling something. There was no light in the hall or in the room I was in, though figures could be discerned from what light came from the street. The mumbling ended with the words "man and wife." Then the soft voice said:

"Come quick."

I was led out of the house, the hand still holding mine, and found a carriage waiting at the door. The figure that led me got into it and shut the door.

"Remember," she said, "tomorrow at 4."

By this time I was sufficiently awake to realize that something of considerable importance was at hand. I thrust my hand into my pocket where I carried a box of matches, drew it forth, struck a light and revealed the astonished face of a girl apparently about twenty years of age.

"Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed.

A clatter of wheels was heard coming rapidly.

"Drive on."

The coachman whipped up his horses and in another moment my unintentional bride was whirled away.

Her carriage had scarcely turned a corner where its rattle was not so distinctly heard when another came tearing down the street and stopped before the doctor's door. I concluded that, having got another man's sweetheart, I was liable to the wrath her father might be disposed to vent upon him. I moved away a few paces where I would not be seen and awaited further developments. A man jumped out of the carriage, ran up the steps of the doctor's residence and pulled the bell furiously. Some one came to the door, and I heard questions and answers, but not with sufficient distinctness to make out their purport. Then the man ran down the steps, got into the carriage and was driven away.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation, there was something ludicrous about it. While John was suffering for the want of a doctor and might have died for all I knew, instead of getting him one I had got married. Could anything be more ridiculous? The curiosity that had led me to flash a match in my wife's face to see what she was like prompted me to investigate further. As soon as I was sure the last carriage was at a safe distance I mounted the steps of the doctor's house and rang the bell.

A man in clerical dress answered the summons. He seemed very much disturbed and in an irritated voice said:

"Well, sir?"

"Does Dr. Brainard live here?"

"No, sir. Dr. Brainard lives next door, No. 28. This is 26."

I went home. My mother was the only one in the house still up. She was waiting for me.

"Where have you been all the time?" she asked impatiently.

"Mother, I'm married!"

"Married!"

"Yes, married."

"Why, I thought you went for the doctor."

"So I did."

"And got married instead! Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help getting married! Have you lost your senses?"

"I went to sleep."

"Oh, my dear boy," anxiously, "what is the matter with you?"

"I got into the house of a dominie by mistake. A runaway couple, chased by the girl's father, came to the house in a hurry, and they were married in the dark."

"What's their marriage got to do with you?"

"Nothing, except they thought I was the groom who, I suppose, was to have met the bride there, and before I got fairly awake they married me."

"Oh, dear; oh, dear! What a terrible thing to happen!"

"If you saw my wife you wouldn't think so."

"I thought you said it was dark and you couldn't see her."

"I struck a match just as she was about to leave me."

"Well, my son, it's nearly day. Go to bed and get what sleep you can before you have to get up again. I'm sorry for the poor girl who made the mistake. I hope she won't have much trouble in getting her marriage with you annulled and being remarried to her rightful lover."

"I do. I hope she'll have a lot of trouble doing it."

"Why?"

"I'm satisfied."

"Oh, go to bed!"

The next day I went to see the clergyman who had married me, and he appointed a meeting between me and my wife to take place in the room where we were married the next day. When we came together I found her very angry.

"This is simply ridiculous," she said.

"My dear, I couldn't help it."

"My dear!" she repeated, sniffing the air scornfully.

"What was the matter with—with your other husband?"

"My other husband! Do you take me for a bigamist?"

"Well, the man you were to have married instead of me."

"Don't call him a man; he hadn't the courage for such an affair. He was afraid of father and showed the white feather at the critical moment. But you will help me, of course, to annul this marriage."

"No, I won't."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm satisfied."

"Satisfied? Well, I like that! You don't mean that you have any idea of letting the matter stand as it is?"

"Why not?"

"For the land's sake! Why, this is the first time we have ever met."

"Except on the night of our wedding."

"Wedding! Do you call that a real wedding? Why, it wouldn't stand in law. That is, so my lawyer says, though one of us might make the other a lot of trouble."

"Did he say that?"

"Y-e-s, I believe he said something like it."

"Well, I'm going to make the trouble. I won't give you up."

"Nonsense!"

I saw that she was pleased. Her lover had lost her by a want of pluck; I determined to win her by braggadocio.

"Perhaps you think your intended husband will fight for you. I'm ready to die rather than give you up to him."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't fight on any account. But father! You'll find him terrible. He'll grind you to powder."

"I will have every drop of blood in his body."

"If Billy had only talked, or, rather, acted that way!" she said sadly.

"But he didn't."

"What put it into your head that you wanted this—this so called marriage to stand?"

"On seeing you I swore that you should remain my wife."

"Why, it was only by the light of a match."

"It was enough."

"And you're going," she said after a pause, "to fight my application for an annulment?"

"Yes, and I'll fight every one who presumes to help you."

"But you certainly don't want a wife whom you haven't seen but once"—

"Twice."

"Between whom and you there has been no courtship, no love passages, one whom you don't know anything about. I may be a Jezebel."

"And I may be an ogre."

She laughed.

"One thing I insist upon."

"You insist upon? What right have you"—

"A husband's right."

"Well, I declare!"

"I don't wish you to see again the man you were to have married."

"You don't, eh? Well, you may command me in that, for I don't wish to see him."

"That's lucky. We shall not have to quarrel about it; but, seriously, there is a saying, 'Act in haste and repent at leisure.' Now, suppose we both drop the matter for the present. I think it likely that some legal action should be taken if a separation is to be effected, and it will require time to determine what that action should be. Meanwhile I ask the same privileges as the man you were to have married and no more. I would like to call upon you."

I could see that this view of the case was a relief to her. She granted me the permission I desired, and when we separated by a few grotesque remarks on the situation I got her to laughing.

It turned out that so far as her intended marriage was concerned the episode with me that prevented it was a godsend. The man was worthless, and her father knew it. When he discovered my accidental part and how it had saved his daughter from a misalliance he became very friendly with me. He had a keen sense of humor, which I fed. The result was that he took a fancy to me, took me into his business, and I eventually became his son-in-law both in fact as well as in law.

Shed Your Light.

Talents are not wasted in a narrow sphere. Your lamp could add but little to the great glow that illumines the world, but it may fill with light a home that without it would be in darkness.

Does Not Stimulate

Ayer's Sarsaparilla does not stimulate. It does not make you feel better one day, then as bad as ever the next. It is not a strong drink. No reaction after you stop using it. There is not a drop of alcohol in it. You have the steady, even gain that comes from a strong tonic and alterative. We wish you would ask your doctor about this. He knows. Trust him. Do as he says. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

What are Ayer's Pills? Liver Pills. How long have they been sold? Nearly sixty years. Do doctors recommend them? Ask your own doctor and find out.

DEMON SHIPS.

Vessels That Seemed to Be Moved by the Spirit of Destruction.

There is an old Cornish legend of a phantom ship which is seen in or off Porthcurno harbor and which, unlike most ghosts, has a terrifying habit of pursuing any vessel which it sights. If it catches its victim there is a collision, but no roar of inrushing water. At the moment of contact the ghost ship vanishes into thin air, and the puzzled crew of the other vessel rub their eyes in terrified amazement.

To any one who knows the legend the vessel that saw the phantom ship is, however, doomed. Before the next New Year's day she will be sunk in collision with another vessel or a rock.

One wonders whether the original of this phantom at all resembled that notable and appropriately named yacht Satanita. The Satanita was a fine and very powerful cutter, which originally belonged to Mr. C. D. Clarke and afterward to Sir Maurice Fitzgerald.

The Satanita was a hard weather craft, but let the breeze be the least heavier than she liked and she would be seized with what seemed more like demoniacal possession than anything else, and even with four men hanging on her helm she would sometimes take charge and rush right up into the wind.

She was the cause of several serious accidents, the worst of which happened at the Mudhook club's regatta in 1894. On that occasion she was behaving in the most perfect fashion when suddenly and without the slightest warning she flung all control, and, just as a race horse will sometimes "savage" an opponent, she dashed in a mad fury at Valkyrie II. and sank her like a stone. Well was the Satanita called the "demon" yacht.

But it is not only sailing ships that act at times in a strange and unaccountable fashion. Some years ago the British warships Pique, Mutine, Rosario and Britomart entered Kiukiang harbor and dropped anchor in single file. Presently a steamer which had been discharging her cargo unanchored and began to steam out.

She was just abreast of the warships when she suddenly made straight for the Pique. The warship's officers and men saw the man at the steamer's wheel doing all he knew to keep her off, but she flatly refused to answer her helm and went crashing into the Pique, smashing her boats and davits.

After clearing her she went for the Mutine, but luckily did not strike her full. However, she carried the Mutine's bowsprit clear away. Not yet satisfied, she made a rush at the Rosario, but by superhuman efforts on both ships the mad steamer was prevented from doing more than graze the third warship.

Something of the same kind was seen in the Thames a few years ago when the British steamship Poplar, turning to enter her dock, was struck and cut down to the water line by the French vessel Cordilleras. She at once began to fill, and the captain ordered full speed ahead for the purpose of beaching her.

Instead of making for the beach the Poplar made a sudden rush in a great circle out into the river, smashing into everything she came across. Then, as if filled with a spirit of revenge, she made for the vessel which had so terribly damaged her.

The Cordilleras tried in vain to get out of the way, but the Poplar smashed into her, damaging her so severely that she, too, had to be beached.—Pearson's Weekly.

Styles In Teeth.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. One firm of artificial teeth manufacturers have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth for Siam, Java, Batavia and Burma, where the natives chew the betel nut, which blackens the teeth. For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.—Argonaut.

A Fish Out of Water.

Many people think that fish when taken out of the water die because air has a fatal effect on them. The real reason, however, is that their delicate gill filaments or membranes become dry and stick together, so that no air can pass between them. Thus they lose the power to imbibe necessary oxygen, and the circulation of their blood stops. The painful gasping of a fish out of water is nature's effort to free the passage through the filaments.

Hop Pillows For Insomnia.

George III. derived great benefit from the hop pillow prescribed for him by Dr. Willis after other sedatives and drugs had failed, and a similar remedy was eminently successful in 1871 with his late majesty King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, who was suffering from typhoid fever.—London Telegraph.

Right on the Job.

A pupil had been naughty all day, and the teacher sent him a note ordering him to stay after school. The boy wrote an answer on his slate saying: "Dere Teacher—Except the oner with pleasure. Always keep mi engagements with the ladies. Will be at the tristing place at 4 p. m."—Argonaut.

BOARDING IN A CUBAN HOME

You Must Not Mention Money, but You Pay All the Same.

In Cuba, where money is not talked of, where no one is valued according to his money, the need of it is nevertheless the sword hanging over every home. Money—the lack of it is evident everywhere, but the word is never mentioned, writes Kate Jordan in the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

"Be sure you do not speak of money," the Cuban friend who had introduced us had said. "From her cousin's brother-in-law I know the senora expects $15 a week for each of you. Put this in an envelope with her full name on it, which you know means not only her husband's name, but all of her own family names, which I will give you, and leave it where she will find it. It will disappear, but," said our Cuban friend proudly and sternly, "it will never be mentioned."

To eat one's three meals under the summer sky gave a holiday flavor to what becomes habit. Our table was set under a palm on one of the galleries. Our first taste of the iced oranges of Cuba was a moment to be remembered. They are peeled whole and so close that even the juicy pods are cut into a little. A fork is stuck into each orange, and, resting in a bowl of ice packed all night, they are in the morning little globes of iced liquid sweetness. They are eaten while held up on the fork, on the pulp, the skeleton of the orange being left impaled on it.

The Havana housekeeper believes in having the cook, with the gravity of a prime minister, deposit the food on the table, because to her point of view what is meant to be hot should be as hot as cayenne and what is meant to be cold of a polar iciness.

After the cook's triumphal bearing in of a fish other servants are on hand to give minor service.

AN EXPERT BOOKMAKER.

One In Havana That Puzzled a Chicago Betting Man.

"If you want to see expert bookmakers you should go to Havana," remarked a Chicago man. "They certainly have their business down fine. I went to a cockfight in one of the suburbs of Havana on a Sunday. Nearly everybody in that part of the town had turned out.

"With two friends I got seats close to the pit. I had never seen a cockfight, and I was interested. At the edges of the pit several natives were standing, facing the audience and yelling and waving their hands. I asked one of my friends, who had been in Havana a short time, what they were doing. He said they were taking bets. Sure enough, the spectators were shouting back at them, announcing their favorites and placing their bets. But the bookmakers were not using even a pencil. One of them, I am sure, must have taken fifty bets.

"I wanted to get in on the game, so I decided to bet $2 on a black gamecock that looked good to me. I handed over my money, but I didn't get a ticket. I felt sure I should never again see my money even if I had picked the winner. Well, the main was fought, and my bird won. I watched the bookmaker as he went among the crowd, handing money here and there. When he came to me he handed over $10. I was surprised, but he didn't notice it, as he was too busy cleaning up his slate. Finally I discovered through a spectator near by who could speak English a little that my bird had been a four to one shot.

"How that 'bookie' ever kept all those bets in his mind is more than I can understand."—Washington Post.

A Tale of "Tipping."

To tip or not to tip the person who but does his or her duty is a question recalling an incident set down in Walpole's reminiscences of how a king once unwillingly encouraged the custom. "This is a strange country," commented George I. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James I looked out of the window and saw a park with walls, canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told that I must give 5 guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park!"

A Puzzle.

"That is a puzzle," said a novelist at a dinner in New York. "Yes, that is as much a puzzle as Mrs. Malaprop's definition of naivete.

"Mrs. Malaprop and a gentleman were discussing a beautiful young lady poet. The gentleman said:

"'What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her is her naivete.'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Malaprop; 'I wonder what made her get such a tight one.'"—Washington Star.

A Straight Tip.

"Say," growled the first hobo, "why didn't yer go ter dat big house an' git a handout?"

"Why, I started ter," replied the other, "but a minister lookin' guy gimme a tip not ter. He sez: 'Turn from yer present path. Ye're goin' ter de dogs.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband—Well, I must say that all fools are not dead yet. Wife (affectionately)—I'm glad of it, dear. I never look well in black.—Illustrated Bits.

Iniquities Her Delight.

She was walking around the corridors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts with her pince nez held at elbow length, evidently admiring some of the works. Although the gown that she wore was very expensive, it did not show good taste, and a single glance would convince one that she was of the class known as the "newly rich."

An acquaintance accosted her with the remark, "I didn't know that you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. ——"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied; "I just delight in iniquities." — Philadelphia Times.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1910.

COST OF LIVING.

The JOURNAL has been telling its readers for some time past that the high cost of living which is generally complained of, and out of which politicians have manufactured so much campaign capital, is a public blessing; or rather, we should say, the financial, industrial and economic conditions which cause the high prices are a blessing. Of course, we have made no converts to this doctrine, but the people will, by and by, see and realize the truth of it.

Now, here are a few statements and figures taken from the last report of the Treasury Department of the General Government for 1909 10, which go to show that our position in this matter is neither wholly lunatic nor asinine:

Deposits in the 1759 savings banks during the year increased to more than $4,000,000,000. The average depositors account was $445.22, just $24.77 above the average of the year before. There are 300,000 more savings bank depositors than there were a year ago and the total of the deposits has swelled $357,000,000 during the year.

This Treasury Report stated that the capital of the 7,145 National Banks, and 15,948 State and private Banks, increased during the year more than $30,000,000 that invidual deposits in all Banks increased more than $1,240,000,000 and the aggregate assets increased $1,355,000,000.

This does not look as though the United States is suffering to any alarming extent from a pressure of dear living, does it?

HAROLD P. JOHNSON.

Announcement of the candidacy of Harold P. Johnson, Esq., for Mayor at next month's city election was good news to many people interested in the welfare of Woburn who desire to see a competent man at the head of its municipal affairs.

Leading citizens and business men will work for Mr. Johnson's nomination at the Republican caucuses on Friday evening, Nov. 25, and word comes that they feel sure of success.

In the nearly three years that Harold P. Johnson has been a member of the Woburn City Council he has made a highly creditable record for business ability, integrity, sound views and votes on public measures, a financier, a trustworthy caretaker of the city's revenues and economical of its expenditures.

Mr. Johnson is a young man of sterling character, and character tells in a Mayor, either for good or ill. He is a native of Woburn, son of Judge Edward F. Johnson, descendent of the famous Edward Johnson, one of the founders of Woburn in 1642, a graduate of Harvard University and Law School, and a successful Lawyer of this city.

Mr. Johnson enters the race for Mayor at the earnest solicitation of many men who know him to be worthy of the honorable office, and that, if elected, he would make a model Chief Executive, and give the city a clean, honest, able administration.

REELECTION OF LODGE.

With a good working Republican majority in the Legislature no doubt of Senator Lodge's reelection next January can reasonably exist in either Republican or Democratic quarters. He is as sure of it as he is to live.

A hue and cry was made over the question by nominal Republicans who do not like the Senior Senator personally; but their Republicanism is only skindeep, and will fail to count for anything when the election comes off—in fact they will be the first to shout for Lodge when the vote is announced, and shout the loudest. When these Assistant Democrats are abusing Lodge for all there is out demand of them a bill of particulars and they can't furnish one to save their souls.

Senator Lodge is not a perfect man by any means; but he is one of the ablest and cleanest statesmen in this country; and, the voice of his political enemies to the contrary, bears the honors of leadership with becoming modesty and good sense.

Of course, nobody who has the least appreciation of the political situation doubts for a moment that Senator Lodge's victory is assured.

CAUCUSES.

It is rumored that the Republicans of Woburn are to hold caucuses in their respective Wards on the evening of Nov. 25, to nominate candidates for Mayor, Board of Aldermen, a member of the Board of Public Works, members of the School Committee, and transact such other business as may properly come before them.

The JOURNAL declines to become responsible for the rumor.

ANTILICENSE MAYOR.

The importance of nominating an Antilicense candidate for Mayor at the Republican caucus next week should need no special pointing out by the JOURNAL. Woburn is a Nolicense city. The policy has been tried out and found to be so satisfactory that a return to the License system is out of the question. Woburn's reputation has improved under the Antisaloon policy and will continue to grow better, if the majority for it is judiciously utilized.

A practical step towards this will be for the Republicans to nominate an Antilicense candidate for Mayor next week. This will be absolutely necessary to secure the temperance vote at the polls. If the Republicans would elect their candidate they must have that vote, for without it they cannot win. To get it the Republican candidate for Mayor must be an honest, conscientious, squaretoed Antilicense man, and not a supporter of the saloon thinly covered up under a veneering of professed righteousness.

MAYORALTY.

We learn that it has been definitely settled that Hugh Murray, the present incumbent, is to be a candidate for reelection to the office of Mayor next month, and, if so, it is likewise said he will beat Com. James Kelley, who is vigorously driving his stakes for it, "to a frazzle"—not one of Col. Roosevelt's kind of a frazzle, either, in the caucuses, and all along the line.

Com. Kelley's friends and supporters pretend not to believe this; but Murray and his followers have the inside track and will carry every Ward caucus for their candidate, they say.

Kelley is printing some strong Editorials in our esteemed upstreet cotemporary trying to head off and root out the favorable Murray sentiment; but the extreme length of his lucubrations is calculated to neutralize whatever influence in securing his nomination they might otherwise exert. It looks like Murray again.

McCALL FOR SENATOR.

In some of the returns from the canvas of the Boston *Globe* for Republican sentiment in the next Legislature on the question of a successor to U. S. Senator Lodge Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District is named by some members as a choice; but it is not likely that his friends will be able to induce him to stand as a candidate.

Mr. McCall is fitted in every way for the high position and would wear the toga gracefully, but he can be more serviceable to the country in the House than in the Senate.

And besides, the reelection of Cabot Lodge is a foregone conclusion.

TEMPERANCE.

Because it is generally conceded by our people that Nolicense has taken up its permanent abode in Woburn there should be no relaxation of effort on their part to keep the vote in favor of it up to highwater mark, but work hard to increase its majority and make their endorsement of it more emphatic still at the next city election.

The inhabitants of Woburn have found out that Nolicense is a good thing to have and are determined to hold on to it.

FOR LODGE.

As soon as the unfounded and senseless rumor got fairly started in Boston a couple of days after the election that Senator Cabot Lodge would not be a candidate for reelection, and a lot of Republican politicians had started in to get his shoes, ex-Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., had a letter published in the Boston papers denying that he would be a candidate, and strongly advocating the election of Senator Lodge once more.

☞ The Boston *Globe's* Quilldrivers of 35 years ago, who, in the language of the late lamented Horace Greeley, an inscrutable Overruling Power has permitted to cumber the ground to the present A. D., had a swell time in Boston the other night. The crowd was headed by General Charles H. Taylor, present proprietor and Editor-in-Chief of the *Globe*; Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of the "Largest Circulation," meaning the *Globe*; Congressman Sam McCall of this District; and others "too numerous to mention," to use mercantile slang. General Taylor was President and Toastmaster of the gathering, and Arthur Fowle was Master of Ceremonies. The entertainment consisted of lively speeches, fine singing, and a plenty to eat and drink.

☞ It grieves us mightily to observe that our esteemed cotemporary, the Medford *Mercury*, has read itself out of the Republican party, slick and smooth. According to its ideas the party has gone "to the demnition bowwows," anyway, so, what's the use of fifin' any longer? The *Mercury* is now a political estray, and will so continue if it knows itself, indefinitely.

☞ In the Metropolitan tax assessment for 1910 Woburn is assessed $6,117 for parks and boulevards: and for sewers $11,505; making a total of $17,632 which the city will be called on to pay into the Metropolitan treasury this year. Of course, there is no levy for water, as the city owns its own works, and furnishes the purest and best drink in the State. The tax on Winchester (no water) is for parks and boulevards, $10,140; for sewer, $11,008; making a total of $21,149. For its yearly tax of $6,000 or $7,000, the city of Woburn hasn't yet had a park, or boulevard, or smell of one.

☞ Editor James D. Haggerty of our esteemed cotemporary in the *Times* Building shrewdly managed to get his name, portrait and opinion into the Boston *Globe's* Suburban Editorial Symposium on Greater Boston last Monday morning, and appeared to be proud of it. The *Globe* would have shown better taste and judgment by obtaining the views on that highly important question of allowing Boston to absorb the whole Metropolitan District, and printing the likeness of a certain Woburn Editor whose name modesty forbids our mentioning.

☞ A canvass of the standing of the members-elect of the next Legislature on the U. S. Senator matter shows that Butler Ames is not in it for election by several sled lengths.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Unitarian Parish—Fair.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Edward Johnson—Citation.
National Bank—Statement.
Edison Elec. Ill. Co.—Light.
E. F. Johnson—Probate Notice.
N. E. Telephone—Special Notice.
A. W. Erickson Adv. Agency—Carbonol.
Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R.—Cafe Chantant.

— Bought your Thanksgiving turkey yet?

— A few less of N. W. zephyrs these days would be agreeable.

— On Sunday, Nov. 27, a mission is to open at St. Charles church.

— The Memorial Tablet of the Spanish War Veterans on the Common is to be dedicated next Sunday.

— Did you watch out for the total eclipse of the moon last Wednesday evening? No great shakes of a sight, eh?

— Going to see the cornerstone of the Federal Building laid by the Masons tomorrow afternoon, aren't you?

— Thanksgiving Day comes next Thursday, Nov. 24, when turkeys, cranberries and punkinpies will reign supreme.

— The Baraca Class entertainment last Monday evening was a splendid success. The attendance was highly satisfactory.

— The weather this week has been about as cold and disagreeable as they make it. Not much Indian Summer in sight yet.

— The Bennett street gray squirrels have been busy for a week or two past gathering and housing their winter's supply of food.

— On account of the stage entertainment the ladies are requested not to wear hats at the Cafe Chantant given by Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R.

— At the Civic Rally of the Woburn Business Men's Association last Tuesday evening Leon L. Dorr, Secretary, Joseph J. Leonard, and Mrs. Mary C. Wiggin were the speakers.

— The Hanson school had to be dismissed last Monday morning on account of the absence of heat. It has been just so for years.

— It is reported that Commissioner Kelley's city playgrounds have gone out of commission and are laid up in ordinary for the winter. They were not a monumental success this season.

— The price of meats suffered a decline of from 2 to 5 cents a pound in Boston last Monday. The dealers said it was caused by the elections on Nov. 8, a point that the naked eye fails to discover.

— The pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal church will be occupied Sunday morning next by Rev. F. S. Collier, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Stoneham, who exchanges with Rev. A. H. Herrick.

— The prize winners at Mrs. Carrie E. Dow's delightful whist party of 8 tables last Saturday at her Arlington Road home were: Miss Helen Ramsdell, Mrs. Fred T. Dow, Miss Mabel Ferguson, and Mrs. William Hicks.

— The price of Aroostook County, Maine, potatoes are now 95 cents a barrel in stores there, 40,000 barrels of which have been shipped to Cuba lately. Middlemen somewhere must be coining wealth on the sale of Aroostook potatoes.

— At the First Parish Supper last week Rev. Henry C. Parker demonstrated beyond peradventure that he is a prime postprandial speaker, which didn't need demonstrating, for he had proved it on many a former festive occasion.

— November 13 was about as cheerless, cold and gloomy a Sabbath as is often experienced in and around Boston at this season of the year. To preserve a serene and contented mood one needed a generous share of the Christian graces.

— In little more than a month from now Christmas and the beginning of the lengthening of days will come; but the joy which the thought of them inspires is counterbalanced by the solemn reflection that they will be closely followed by the opening of the Massachusetts Legislature.

— The Woburn Democrats are to hold their caucuses to nominate candidates for Mayor and other public officials on Saturday evening, Nov. 26. Unless Mayor Murray and Com. Kelley effect a compromise by the terms of which one or the other of them will withdraw from the contest, the caucuses are bound to be hot ones.

— The Picked up Dinner at the Cafe Chantant of the Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D.A.R., will be a very interesting feature.

— Colonel Loammi Baldwin Chapter of this city, D. A. R., will hold its next meeting on Nov. 22, with Mrs. Frances K. Harlow, 505 Main street. Miss Fannie Sanborn will read a paper on "Old Clocks."

— Get your orders for the wherewithall for a bangup Thanksgiving dinner into Stanley's Boston Branch early and thus avoid the rush. There is bound to be a big demand for the good things Stanley has laid in a big store of against the coming of the great New England festival and all persons who would make sure of getting prompt waiting on should go to the Boston Branch early and often, the same way the Democrats are said to vote on election day.

— The football season of 1910 has nearly or quite come to an end. For some teams it has gone out in a blaze of glory; for other Elevens it was shrouded in gloom. The exact figures of the Woburn H S aggregation for the season have not been received at this office. Now all that is left for our population to enjoy during the long winter evenings are bowls, billiards, pool, whist, suppers, dramatics, dancing, and the Choral Society—at least, those are all the sources of amusement that just now strikes our mind.

— The JOURNAL took pains a little while ago to notify the people of Woburn, Burlington, Wilmington, Reading, Stoneham, Winchester and other seaport towns, that Angelo Crovo's stock of fruits for Thanksgiving Day dinners would beat the band, and how near did the Journal come to hitting the mark? It was a bullseye on its part, as anyone can see by visiting Crovo's chockful and mighty busy fruitstore which stands just below the JOURNAL Block. Take a look at it please.

— By and by it will be pretty near half a century since Col. Thomas Mulkeen received his first commission as School Census Taker of Woburn, since which date no other man has filled the office, and couldn't if he had tried to. Col. Tom can be implicitly relied on to increase the number of Woburn public school pupils without a hitch or smile. For example: in 1909 this city had 3663 school children under 15 years; in 1910 there are 3715 of them, a gain of 52 in 12 months. Who says Col. Tom can't count noses?

— Mr. Abner Dunton of Hope, Maine, now in his 104th year, voted for Andrew Jackson for President in 1828 and has done the same for every Democratic Presidential candidate from that time to this. Hope is where our good friend Ald. Benjamin H. Nichols of Warren avenue, this city, owns a farm and he and Mrs. Nichols make their summer home. This case of Mr Dunton's may encourage Mr. Nichols to hold on until he is a century or so old. Dunton's age was renewed several years by the Democratic victory in Maine last September.

— The JOURNAL's information respecting Thanksgiving Turkeys—a theme it dearly loves to dwell upon—is authentic, consequently its counsel and advice to patrons concerning the best places to buy them can be implicitly relied on. To discuss turkeys at this season of the year has long been a habit and a delight to the JOURNAL, but never more so than at the present time. The Turkey, or as some irreverently call him, "Old Turk," is the great American Bird of Prey at the annual Thanksgiving time, and we say it without fear of successful contradiction that Joseph Linnell and George Durward have decorated their fine markets with as choice invoices of this favorite bird as were ever shipped from the most famous Turkey zones in the U. S. Also, the juciest Cape Cod cranberries to go with them. Likewise, chickens, geese, ducks, pigeons; with great golden squashes, and punkins, onions, turnips, beets; and the fattest and sweetest beef and lamb roasts, spareribs, sausages, et cetera, et cetera, that mortal ever stuck a tooth into.

— Miss Edith Andruss was 7 years old yesterday, Nov. 17, 1910, and to honor the anniversary of her birthday she gave a party to a couple of dozen of her young friends and playmates from 4 to 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon Nov. 17, 1910, at the residence of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andruss, 15 Court street, with whom she lives. Games were played, refreshments served, and a jolly two hours were spent by the hostess and guests. Miss Edith was assisted in entertaining her party by Mrs. Kate Andruss, Miss Mary A. Agnew, and Mrs. Carrie M Reynolds of Boston, aunt of the hostess. Following is a list of the guests: Mary McGovern, Mary Ellen Connolly, Margaret Lynch, James Crosby, Frank Crosby, Christine, Rachel, Donald, Rodney and Malcom McDonald, Emily and Beatrice Stearns, Walter and Bernard Scott, Alma and Beatrice Roupe, Ellen Anderson, Eileen Coyne, Joseph McDonough, Hartley and Catherine Greenleaf, Robert Johnson, Mary McGrath, Winchester, Levering Reynolds, South Boston.

Married Fifty Years Ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Timson of Montvale, Woburn, celebrated yesterday the golden anniversary of their wedding, which took place in Boston with Rev. Daniel Eddy, D. D., as the officiating clergyman. He was at that time pastor of Harvard Street Baptist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Timson's anniversary was coincident with the forty-eighth birthday of their daughter, Mrs. Herbert A. Warren, so there was double interest in the celebration of the day. Many friends were received in the afternoon and evening, and these found Mrs. Timson dressed in the same wedding gown of plaid silk which she wore fifty years ago. The venerable couple received many gifts, including flowers in abundance. Assisting them in welcoming their guests was Mrs. Augusta A. Harlow of Milton, sister of Mr. Timson, who was bridesmaid at the wedding half a century ago. Mr. Timson was born in Boston, July 30, 1830, and his wife, who was S. Elizabeth Lerned, was born in Danvers on July 22, 1843.—*Boston Transcript*, Nov. 16.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

It was expected that such a mammoth production as that of Gus Edwards would hold over for a second week at B. F. Keith's theatre, where it has proved to be one of the strongest attractions seen at that house in many years. The supporting bill will be even stronger than that of last week, and will include a number of novel features seen here for the first time.

THE TREMONT.

"The Fortune Hunter" continues to be the one big success of the Boston theatrical season and it is now well on towards its one hundredth performance at the Tremont Theatre. While the length of its run is still an indefinite question the fact that this comedy will not play in any other city in New England has attracted to it a generous proportion of its audiences from near by cities. According to the plans announced the entire year is to be divided between Boston and Philadelphia.

THE PARK.

It took "Seven Days" just about seven-sevenths of a second to catch on at the Park Theatre in Boston, and from that time it has been packing the play house with audiences that laugh and scream and roar over what most persons agree is the funniest and best comedy ever seen in that city. It has sent all Boston into merry hysteria and fully justified the reputation it won in New York where it ran into a second year. One eminent writer on theatrical matters for a popular magazine said, "Once in a long time, say every twenty years, a play comes along that is so far ahead of all others of its kind that it marks an epoch. Such a one is 'Seven Days'."

THE BOSTON.

For the first time in years the playgoers of Boston and the patrons of the Boston Theatre will have an opportunity to see Kyrle Bellew in the most attractive of his stage parts, "Raffles," the greatest play about a thief that has ever been written and one of the most ingenious, surprise-full and dramatic plays of any kind produced within the last ten years. Mr. Bellew comes to the Boston Theatre as Raffles for one week only beginning Nov. 21. In the William Gillette play, "Sherlock Holmes," all Boston has been flocking to see the most delightful of detective plays; and it is a safe guess that, with the arrival of Mr. Bellew, the playgoers of this city will as enthusiastically rush to see the most absorbingly interesting of thief plays.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Lion and the Mouse," which is to be given for the first time at the Castle Square on Monday, is an admirable and intensely interesting drama of American life today. Its plot concerns the financial and political schemes of a wealthy man. He is John Burket Ryder, and he dominates the play from beginning to end. He has contrived to ruin honest Judge Rossmore, and the excitement of the plot centres around his schemings, his endeavors to gain his own ends at all costs, and the love of a daughter. He also has a son who plays a large part throughout the action of the play, and the love interest provides plenty of romance to offset the more serious and emotional scenes.

NEW TELEPHONE RATES STILL IN EFFECT

The following statement has been issued by the commercial department of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company:

"To correct a somewhat prevalent mistaken impression, it seems desirable to state that the new telephone rates are still in effect. The mistaken belief that they have been suspended or postponed probably arose from the request of certain petitioners representing four party and six party suburban subscribers asking that such subscribers be given the privilege of retaining their service under the old rates until November 1, 1911, in order to give them ample opportunity for understanding the new schedule.

"The company acceded to this request. The new schedule is in effect, however, for all classes of subscribers who desire service thereunder.

"Of the 22,000 subscribers whose applications under the new schedule have been received thus far, more than 4500 had either the old four party or six party service. The great majority have elected some form of two party service and from them have come many expressions of satisfaction. Their reports of 'busy' lines or of party line interference have been reduced to a minimum, while the divided ringing (which signals only the subscriber actually wanted) has given relief to those disturbed by a multiplicity of bell calls.

As these four party and six party subscribers voluntarily applied for service, and at the time of making applications had the rates fully explained to them, there is no reason to believe any misapprehension exists as to their scope and effect. If any subscriber to either of these classes of service applied because of his belief that the change would shortly be made compulsory, the company will transfer him if he makes application on or before November 21, 1910.

"The new service will be continued to all who are satisfied with it, however, and will be offered not only to new subscribers but to present subscribers who desire to change to the new schedule."

The Lady or the "Tiger?"

"Will you be my wife?"
"This is so sudden!"
"I know it, but will you?"
"I must have time to consider."
"How much time?"
"An hour. Would the suspense drive you frantic?"
"Nope. 'Tisn't the suspense, but if you are going to turn me down I want to know it and get away in time for a poker party I have halfway promised to join."—New York World.

CARBONOL

Healing and Antiseptic

CARBONOL is the great antiseptic. More powerful than Corbolic Acid—as harmless as water.

Can be used safely by every member of the household for sores, cuts, bruises, aching feet, colds, sore throat.

Can be used throughout the house for cleaning purposes—dissolves grease better than soap, destroys bad odors, purifies and disinfects everything it touches. 10c and 25c a bottle. Sample free on request to

Barrett Manufacturing Co.
297 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Parish Fair

First Unitarian Parish

WOBURN

December 1, 2, 1910

Thursday, Dec. 1,

4 P. M. Opening of Sale of Fancy Articles. Free Admission.
6 30 P. M. Supper. Tickets 35 cts.
8 00 P. M. } Entertainment. Tickets
8.30 P. M. } 10 cents

Friday, Dec. 2,

8.00 P. M. Dramatic Night. Presenting Mr. Harlow C. Seeley and company in
"A CUP OF TEA"
"A PICKEDUP DINNER"
"TO OBLIGE BENSON"

Admission 25 Cents

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, November 10, 1910.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$326,837.85
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	7,475.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	239,522.50
Due from approved reserve agents	79,931.71
Checks and other cash items	15.00
Notes of other National Banks	2,560.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	547.96
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: Specie 31,214 20	
Legal tender notes 12,740.00	43,954.20
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	$830,894.22

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	37,947.13
National Bank notes outstanding	99,100.00
Reserve for the depreciation in market value of bonds	9,000.00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	18,014.99
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	18,017.06
Dividends unpaid	15.00
Individual deposits subject to check	533,060.26
Demand certificates of deposit	1,057.50
Certified Checks	68.75
Liabilities other than those stated above	18.43
Total	$830,894.22

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1910.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
ROBERT CHALMERS,
Directors.

The Col. Loammi Baldwin Chapter

Of the Daughters of the American Revolution will give a

Cafe Chantant

LYCEUM HALL

Wednesday Even'g, Dec. 7, 1910

From 8 until 12

Stage entertainment from 8 till 10 (continuous.) During which refreshments will be served.
Dancing from 10 to 12.

TICKETS 50 Cents.

For sale at the drugstores of McLaughlin & Dennison and Daniel Kelley.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed executors of the will of Catherine Rumford Griffith, late of Quebec in the Province of Quebec, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, and Roswell Park one of said executors, has appointed Loammi F. Baldwin of Woburn his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

LOAMMI F. BALDWIN, Woburn, Mass.
BALDWIN COOLIDGE, 410A Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
ROSWELL PARK, 510 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
October 31, 1910.

Programme

of Exercises for the laying of the corner stone of the New Post Office of Woburn, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1910, at 3 P M

1 Anthem.
2 Request of W. M. Richard T. Mack.
3 Response by the Grand Master.
4 Responsive Reading of Selections from the Scriptures. By Rev. Edward A Horton, Grand Chaplain, and the Brethren.
5 Prayer by the Grand Chaplain.
6 Anthem "Hail, Sacred Fane" By the Quartet.
7 Reading of List of Contents of the Box. By the Grand Treasurer, R. W. Charles H. Ramsay.
8 Application of the Jewels to the Cornerstone.
9 Libation of Corn, By the Deputy Grand Master R. W. and Rev. William H. Rider, D. D.
10 Libation of Wine. By the Senior Grand Warden, R. W. William F. Davis.
11 Libation of Oil, By the Junior Grand Warden, R. W. Walter F. Medding.
12 Invocation By the Grand Chaplain.
13 Presentation of Working Tools to the Architect Bro. Clarence Parker Woodbury.
14 Address by R. W. and Rev. William H. Rider, D. D.
15 Proclamation By the Grand Marshal, W. Harry P. Ballard.
16 Hymn. "Americe," Sung by the Quartet and Audience.
17 Benediction By the Grand Chaplain.

ELECTRICITY is the Cheapest—Best Light you can have anywhere.

ELECTRICITY is the Cheapest—Best Power you can use anywhere.

Don't Forget:-

The Cheapest Best Light And Power

Phone Us About It Now—Oxford 3300

EDISON LIGHT

39 Boyiston St, BOSTON

Special Notice.

We are now equipped to handle, with reasonable expedition, applications for changes to the new schedule or for service to new subscribers.

Four-party and six-party Suburban subscribers desiring to retain their present service until next November may do so.

Such advantages of the new schedule, however, as divided ringing, fewer parties on a line, or the special economies of measured service or coin box service to small users are still open to those who desire them.

For detailed information call at 119 Milk Street or 165 Tremont Street, Boston, or make a **Free Telephone Call to Fort Hill 7600** and ask for the Rate Department.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

The most popular of all GIFTS

Columbia Salad Fork

Columbia Salad Spoon

Articles not alone beautiful, but useful and durable, make the most sensible gift. These good features, together with a moderate price, make the genuine

"1847 Rogers Bros."

SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC.

an ideal Holiday gift. They are made in a great variety of shapes, sizes and designs, handsomely packed in lined cases, and vary in price from 25c. to $3.50. Your dealer can supply you. Ask for "1847" goods. Write us for our handsome catalogue No. 234 to aid you in making selections.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

"1847 Rogers Bros." "Silver Plate That Wears."

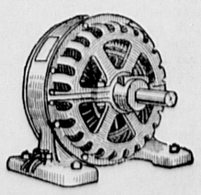
HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



WESTINGHOUSE MOTORS
FOR SALE BY
F. G. DAVIS, Electrician,
WOBURN. Tel. 403M
Repair Work a specialty.

The Exception.

"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Blinks?"

"No indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."—Baltimore American.

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—De Musset.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for

Sullivan Square Terminal—5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 27 a. m., then 1 57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10 27, and 10 57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6 27, 6.57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17 32, 18 02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10 02, 10 17, 10 32, 11 02, 11 32 p. m. and 12 02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6 22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9 52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7 52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington**, 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return**—Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 5.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1 30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

BUY YOUR

Thanksgiving Goods

AT THE

Boston Branch

New Victoria Seeded Raisins 10c. package.
New Victoria Seedless Raisins, 13c. package.
New Citron 20c. lb.
New Orange and Lemon Peel 18c. lb.
New Table Raisins 30c. package.
Also a full assortment of New Dates, Figs, Nuts, Seasonings, Poultry Dressing, Spices, Extracts &c. Everything needed for Thanksgiving cooking.

Boston Branch

Post Card Size

Brownie Camera

— FOR —

Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's

379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Money Saved
Health Gained

Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
Florida Georgia Alabama

In Comfort and Luxury

By Sea Send for Green Folder

SAILING FOR SAVANNAH DIRECT
via the Savannah Line
Greatly Reduced Fares
To All Points South
First Cabin Fare, Boston to Jacksonville, Florida
$26.15. Round Trip, $43.30
(Including meals and Berth aboard ship)
Large Ships—Broad Promenade Decks
Leave Boston 20 Atlantic Ave., 3 P.M. every Tues. and Sat.
Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.



JOHN BARRYMORE and EDNA BRUNA in "The Fortune Hunter" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Malden Sq at 5 45 AM., then half hourly until 9 45 then hourly until 2 45 PM, then half hourly until 11 15 SUNDAYS at ¶8 15, ¶9.45, 9 15 AM, then half hourly until 11 15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq for Stoneham Sq at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15, ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 3.15 PM, then half hourly until 11 45. Sunday at 9 45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM, ¶10 30 ¶11 00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8 30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P M., ¶10 30, ¶11 00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marion L. Poole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Parker T. Poole of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

21-24-4 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emily F. Pollard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary S. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

11-18-25 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.

CITY OF WOBURN

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 19.
MONDAY, NOV. 21,
At 7 o'clock, P. M., and
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23,
FROM 12 M. TO 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Municipal Election, and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the Municipal Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 23.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn

JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
FRED F. LOWELL,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, November 3, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Nellie S. Shaw, Isaac D. Farmer, Hubert C. Fiagg, Joseph E. Pollard and Emma L. Davis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; J. A. Stockwell of Stoneham, Pearl Y. Bishop of Wakefield, in said County of Middlesex; Mabel F. Holway of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; Percy Parker, administrator C. t. a., of the will of Elizabeth Simpson, late of Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; Esther P. Simpson of said Lowell, individually and as Executrix of the will of Odanthus Simpson, late of said Lowell, deceased, and as Trustee under will of said Elizabeth Simpson; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Adella L. Hill of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner of Green and Spring Streets at a spike, the line runs north westerly on said Spring Street and a proposed right of way 232.98 feet to land of Hubert C. Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg 85.9 feet to land of Joseph E. Pollard; thence southerly, slightly easterly by land of said Pollard and land of Joseph E. Sawtelle 198.20 feet to a spike at the said Green Street; thence westerly along said Green Street 96 42 feet to the point of beginning.

Petitioner also claims the fee and soil to the centre of Spring Street and a proposed extension thereof, as shown on plan of James A. Bancroft, dated February 8th, 1908, subject to any easement or right of way of the public thereon.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

WINCHESTER.

The entertainment of the Fire Department is to be given on Nov. 30 in the Town Hall. The Laddies are looking for a big attendance, as usual.

Calumet Club opened a bottle pool tourney last week for prizes. It will close on Jan. 15, 1911, if nothing happens between now and that date.

The vote of this town on election day was 1249, while in 1908 it was 1299, and last year 1177. There is always a big vote here when McCall runs.

The *Star* has not heard of anyone in this town who is suffering because the Greater Boston scheme fails to flourish outside of the Hub of the Universe.

Our people regret exceedingly that the football season is so near the end for this season. But we have bowling and some other sports left for the winter.

Winchester did the handsome thing by its favorite son, S. W. McCall, M. C., on election day. His majority was cut down somewhat in the District, but he pulled through all right.

It is expected that the concrete observatory on Bear Hill in the beautiful Middlesex Fells will be finished in a few weeks. It will prove a fine thing for visitors, for it will command a scenic prospect unequalled by any other in Massachusetts.

Audubon and His Hair

Audubon, the great naturalist, early in his career wore his hair very long. He wrote in his diary one day: "I wear my hair as long as usual. I believe it does as much for me as my paintings." However, in 1827 his friends succeeded in persuading him to get his hair cut according to the prevailing fashion. On March 19 of that year he wrote in his diary: "This day my hair sacrificed and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly it reminded me of the horrible times of the French revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low." Further to express his grief, the margin of the page on which this entry was made he painted black about three-quarters of an inch deep all around.

Still Wondering.

The deaf man got out of the tramcar on to the other line of rails.

"Look out! There's a car coming!" cried the conductor.

"What?" said the deaf man.

"There's a car coming."

"What?"

Just then the car caught and knocked down the deaf man, and as he picked himself up he said:

"I wonder what that fool kept me there talking about?"—London Mail.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "How to Increase Faith."
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street: Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 8, Peter P. Meehan, aged 47 years, 4 months, 11 days.
In this city, Nov. 10, Angelo Rescinito, aged 78 years, 8 months, 2 days.
In this city, Nov. 11, George Kenney, aged 41 years, 9 months.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanella Cardeleen otherwise known as Guinella N. Cardeleen and Guinella Napilatano, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Anthony Cardeleen of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson the administrator of the estate not already administered of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

18-22-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

STAR GEM OF CEYLON.

The Asteria Brought Health and Fortune to Its Wearer.

Familiar to some of the ancient writers and credited with supernatural powers, the asteria, or star gem, was highly valued for the benefits supposed to be conferred on the wearer. Its bright six rayed star, ever changing and shifting with every play of light and especially shooting out its flames in the direct sunlight, would seem to be something more than an ordinary crystal, and to the superstitious mind it could readily be believed to embody some tutelar spirit.

The particular virtue attributed to this gem was the conferring upon the wearer of "health and good fortune" when worn as an amulet, and to those fortunate to be born in the month of April, with which the stone was associated or represented, the wearer was insured from all evil.

The star stone is found principally in Ceylon, invariably in soil peculiar to rubies and sapphires. Indeed, it is composed of the same constituent "corundum," its chatoyant, or star rays, being caused by the pressure of what the natives call "silk." It is found in many different colors, from pale blue, pink and white to deep dark blue, ruby and purple. The blue are termed sapphire stars, the red ruby stars. It is always cut en cabochon, the star dividing into six rays at the apex. It is next in hardness to the diamond.

MARITIME EXPRESSIONS.

Used In a Metaphorical Sense They Are Quite Common.

Maritime expressions used metaphorically are, in fact, very common. We say a couple are "spliced," a young man is the "mainstay" of his family, an intruder "puts his oar in," a man is "hard up," sometimes "taken aback" or has "the wind taken out of his sails," a toper is "slewed," a loafer "spins a yarn," sometimes "tries the other tack," and a ruler "steers the ship of state" through troublesome times.

This last metaphor is extremely ancient, by the way. Horace refers to Rome as a ship at sea, and Plutarch says the Delphic oracle referred to Athens in the same way. A Tamil saying embodies a like metaphor, "The soul is the ship, reason is the helm, the oars are the soul's thoughts, and truth is the port." An old collection of English proverbs contains this one: "The tongue is the rudder of our ship." A Malay maxim says, "The boat which is swamped at sea may be bailed out, but the shipwreck of the affections is final."

Aristophanes, Plautus and others use an expression which comes down to us as an English saw, "To row one way and look another." An old English proverb (614) was, "It is not good to have an oar in every one's boat."

He Sat.

It is related of the Rev. Matthew Clark that in the audience was once a young British military officer whose scarlet uniform far outshone any rival habiliments and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present that the wearer, enjoying the impression he was making, not only stood through the prayer with the rest, but remained standing after all others had sat down until the pastor had proceeded for some time with his sermon, and at length, noticing a divided attention and its cause, the minister stopped, laid aside his sermon and, addressing his new hearer, said:

"Ye're a braw (brave) lad. Ye ha'e a braw suit of claithes, and we ha'e a' seen them. Ye may sit doun."

The lieutenant dropped as if shot.—From the "Autoblography of Horace Greeley."

Snubbed the Composer.

Gustav Mahler had a queer experience in Munich one day for which his name was partly responsible. His new symphony was being rehearsed, and he took advantage of an hour's intermission to get some fresh air. "On returning to the building," says a Munich paper, "he lost his way and tried to reach the hall through a corridor in which plasterers were at work. 'You cannot pass through here,' he was told. 'But I am Mahler.' (Mahler is the German for painter.) 'You look it,' was the unsympathetic reply of the man who blocked his way. 'We are not ready for the painters yet, so run on.' And the composer, realizing that argument would be useless, plunged into the labyrinth and finally reached his destination."

Camels In Arabia.

There are two varieties of camels in use in Arabia, the dromedary and the freight camel. The dhelul dromedaries are celebrated for their easy riding gait and speed. A dhelul carries about 300 pounds and travels about six miles a day. It can be purchased for 100 to 150 Maria Theresa dollars ($42.50 to $63.75). A freight camel carries about 500 pounds and travels about two and a half miles an hour. It costs 300 Maria Theresa dollars ($127) or more.

THEY SEPARATED.

But the Parting Was More Strenuous Than Jim Expected.

A man named Roynor when gold hunting in Alaska had as partner a venerable prospector, who went about habitually with his boot legs stuffed full of dynamite sticks. The old man had a pleasantly casual way of filling the stove oven with these sticks in order that they might thaw out there. Sometimes, too, he forgot them, which was imprudent, to say the least. Roynor was not at all of a timorous disposition, but the ancient prospector's reckless carelessness troubled his nerves. He remonstrated with him repeatedly and strenuously, but his protest did not seem to have the slightest effect.

"Jim," he said finally when driven to desperation, "if you can't be more careful with that dynamite we'll have to separate."

That night as he approached the shack a terrific concussion rent the air and knocked him insensible. When he recovered consciousness he perceived one of the aged prospector's legs lying near. He stared at it a moment meditatively.

"Well, Jim," he remarked at last sadly, "I guess we've managed to separate all right, particularly you, Jim!"—Minneapolis Journal.

Just the Opposite.

An Irishman at a fair got poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender.

Said the magistrate, "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out."

"Faith, you're right this time," said Pat, "for I believe he tried to put it farther in."—London Tit-Bits.

AN EQUINE JOKER.

Sculptor Ward's Model, Lex, Seemed to Have a Sense of Humor.

The late J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, found great diversion in watching the tricks and peculiarities of the horses which served as models for some of his equine statues. He made friends with them all, and he was a good friend to them.

"The only horse humorist that I have had experience with," Mr. Ward is quoted as saying, "was of thoroughbred blood, and he was a real joker. That was Lex, a horse of the blood of the immortal Lexington.

"Lex was of a splendid type. He stood for me for much of my early work. Somehow he discovered that a table on which I worked was easily shaken. It was a board on trestles so arranged that the position of the board might be altered to almost any angle. When Lex saw I was busiest he would slide slowly and silently to the side of the table and turn his head to have a good look at me as he jostled the table with his shoulder or hip. It was amusing at first, but it sometimes hampered me, and I thought I would try a joke in return.

"Lex had a place at the table that he invariably approached, and when he struck it always leaned on the same corner. Lex was not conscious when I placed my compass, with the pointed ends out, barely half an inch extending over the edge of the table, and braced the other end against a weight.

"I had not long to wait before Lex gently came up, and I thought I could see mischief in his eye. He took his usual place, and then when I pretended to be very busy he pushed the table in his usual manner, pricked his shoulder on the points and jumped back with a snort. He looked long and hard at me, but took his place of duty. The joke was against him that time."

WHEN THE PLAGUE RAGED.

Cat and Dog Laws In England In the Sixteenth Century.

Disease and the dog were believed to walk together in the sixteenth century. The terrier then was as much a suspect as the rat today. In plague times he had only to venture into the street to court death. Here is an order issued by the authorities at Winchester in 1583, which is typical of the rest: "That if any house within this cytie shall happen to be infected with the Plague, that thene every persone to keepe within his or her house every his or her dogg and not to suffer them to goo at large. And if any dogge be then founde at large it shall be lawful for the Beadle or any other person to kill the same dogg and that any owner of such dogg going at large shall lose 6 shillings."

Among the records of King's Lynn, under May, 1585, appeared this: "For as muche as it hath pleased Almightie God to begynn to send us his visitacion with sickness amongst us and that dogges and cattes are thought verie unfitt to be suffered in this tyme. Therefore, Mr. Maior, aldermen and common councell have ordered and decreed that every inhabitant within the same Town shall forthwith take all their dogges and yappes and hange them or kill them and carrye them to some out place and burye them for breadinge of a great annoyance.

"And likewise for cattes, if there be any nigh unto any house or houses visited with sickness. It is ordered that the cattes shall furthwith be killed in all such places." An exception was made in favor of any "dogge of accompte." Such a one was allowed to be kept if "kenelled or tied up or led in a lease."—Chicago News.

WILLING TO LEND.

Only Her Husband, the Mean Thing, Had Pinched Her Wad!

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touchers" for coin. Women respond to such requests once in about every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusals. A Cleveland woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a much done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back tomorrow, certain"—of $5.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn, "you poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went downstairs to the parlor with her flattened pocketbook in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that Frank, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has left me only enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it"—and so on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelist their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the Dukes of York and Gloucester; cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

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Vindicated

A Story of the Football Gridiron

By FRED L. YOUNG

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One morning Elmer Ward, a freshman in Vernon college, was called up before the president, who thus addressed him:

"Mr. Ward, last night you were caught in one of those depredations which of late have been throwing discredit on the university. Peter Barber's grocery store was entered and liquors and cigars taken. Barber, who lives over his store, hearing a noise below, put his head out of the window and saw several young men running away. He recognized you as one of them. If you will give me the names of the others your punishment will be far lighter."

"Last night," replied the accused man, "I was in my room from 8 o'clock till 7 in the morning, never once leaving it."

"That you would undoubtedly be able to prove by your fellow students, but not to the satisfaction of the faculty. You may consider your connection with the college severed."

Elmer, after an interview with Barber, during which the latter maintained stoutly that he had seen the student running away from his store, saw no way to prove his innocence and, making a virtue of necessity, left the university. There was no legal prosecution for burglary since the matter was considered one of those indiscretions common among college students.

The hardest part of the young man's college leaving was saying goodby to Delia Trevor, the daughter of Professor Trevor. The two had been playmates, and Elmer had chosen Vernon college because she was there. They were neither of them quite of an age, certainly not in a position to pretend to any thing more than friendship, but there was an undercurrent of feeling that was liable to burst forth at any moment. This trouble which had overtaken the young man brought it all out. Together they talked over the situation as a matter of supreme interest to both, and the plan that Delia proposed was carried out to the letter. It was in substance that Elmer should not be deprived of a college education. When he left this was not only understood between them, but that the current of their lives should be one.

Though Elmer had been in college but a few months, his expulsion was received by the students with marked disapprobation. The spirit of rebellion ran so high that the president was burned in effigy on the campus. The freshman was not only the most popular man in his class, but was looked up to as the athletic Moses who bid fair to lead his fellow students out of the wilderness of defeat in which they had been wandering for several years. He stood six feet two in his stockings and was a Hercules for strength. And now that he had been expelled the expectation of great things he would do for the college was crushed in the bud. Interest in the annual football match for the next year died out, and it was supposed that Kendall university, which had downed Vernon so often, would do it again. And so it turned out, not only that year, but the next and the next.

When the autumn of the third year came around the Vernon undergraduates felt that something must be done to break this chain of defeats. A good man, Tom Muir, was selected for captain, and he worked hard to get together an efficient team. He succeeded far better than was to have been hoped; but, after all, the team as a whole was too light.

Muir during the early part of October succeeded in replacing four players with better men and one of the freshmen in the scientific school was discovered to be not only very strong and very heavy, but remarkably quick. In this way Muir brought the team up to a state of efficiency that began to awaken an interest in the annual game. A week before it was to come off so great had been the change that the betting, which had been five to one on Kendall, became five to four on Vernon.

But alas for human hopes! One of Muir's best men was injured in practice so far as to be eliminated for that year at least from the team. Another crack player was taken ill. A third was called home on account of a family affliction. It was too late to replace these men with equally efficient ones even if it could have been done at all. The Vernon money was all up on the game and could not be withdrawn. All hope of breaking in upon the victories of Kendall was abandoned.

The day before the match Muir asserted that two of his substitutes had turned out to be stunners and he felt encouraged. Vernon plucked up courage. A more hopeful feeling was waxing when the very afternoon before the match, while practicing, the man from the scientific school, who had been relied upon for the principal tackler and runner as well, emerged from a scrimmage with a broken leg that finished the rising anticipations of Vernon, and the game was given up for lost.

Nevertheless the next afternoon there was a big crowd on the oval to witness Vernon's defeat. Captain Muir was walking across the gridiron with his head hanging in despondency when a man stepped up to him accosted for football and said:

"I'd like to be in this game."

"Do you know football?"

"Yes."

"You're big and strong enough apparently to do good work. It's pretty late, but I think I can take you on—that is, if you're really in college. I never saw you before, and I can't accept you without proof that you're in college and not a professional."

"Go ask the registrar. He's over there in the west stand."

Muir did as was suggested, came back satisfied and accepted the newcomer, placing him in the position of right tackle.

This happened not ten minutes before the teams lined up. When the game began there were not a dozen persons on the ground that knew the Vernon team had got an accession. A man appeared in their line half a head above most of his fellows whom no one recognized. He attracted attention, however, for every one knows that bigness is not the only faculty necessary to a great football player. Those most intimate with the personnel of the team noticed him as he took his position in the line and wondered where he had come from. Not one of them knew him. A member of the senior class said that his face was familiar to him, but he couldn't place him. Some felt a suspicion that he was a semiprofessional who had been shoved through the exams for some special course for this special occasion. But even if there had been time for this supposition to take root the unimpeachable character of Captain Muir would have prevented.

The game commenced with the butting of two wedges. The newcomer was seen in the center of the Vernon wedge apparently dragging half a dozen men with him as he advanced at a snail's pace. Then when the game became more open every one was surprised at the elasticity of his great body and his remarkable quickness.

The end of the first half is an interval of importance in football. Up to that point the game is developing. The comparative ability of the teams and of the individual players is being noted. No great interchange of views among those present is taking place. Every one is intent on the game, looking especially for scores. But the moment the half is ended there is a hubbub as to what has taken place. One team or the other is marked for the better one. Some one player has shown especial ability as a tackler, a passer of the ball or a runner. One of whom great things was expected has failed lamentably. In this Vernon-Kendall match when the teams had lined up for the kick off a few bets were being made of 5 to 1 on Kendall. When they broke their formations, though Kendall had scored once and Vernon not at all, Vernon backers offered even money on their team. There being no takers, odds were given.

This change of feeling had been brought about mainly by the big man who had come into the game at the last moment. Twice by his own effort he had got the ball within six yards of goal, but for want of support had lost the ground he had gained. Once he had by a quick move got on the enemy's right and could have carried it to goal but for the same reason—the failure of his team to assist him. And now no one knew what he might succeed in doing unaided in the second half. Bettors are timid, and many began to hedge.

As soon as the second half opened this change in sentiment became a revolution. The new man entered the fight as if the fate of Vernon depended on him. He had been seen during the interval to speak to one of the most popular young ladies belonging to the college coterie. She had smiled upon him, and when he had left her he had walked back on to the gridiron with a determination in his face and in his very gait that brooded no good to the Kendall team. And now that the game had recommenced—more open than before—his great frame was seen flitting about like a featherweight. Within ten minutes he had run through a succession of tacklers, dodging and ducking, finally carrying the ball to a touchdown. Later while on the extreme right the ball was passed to him, and he made one of those famous runs with it to goal that never fail to electrify spectators. His last feat was to carry half a dozen men who were clinging to him and the ball as well for five yards and plant it over the line.

The half ended with this feat, while Vernon rooters went wild with shouting. Their college had won and had won through the personal effort of one man.

The moment the game was ended he left the field.

The next morning in chapel the president made the following announcement:

"Three years ago a great injustice was done a student of this university. Elmer Ward, a member of the present senior class, after being in college but a few months, was expelled for entering a store and taking away supplies. Recently a man who much resembled Ward has been convicted of another offense and confessed that Ward had been mistaken for him. The party that entered the store were not students, as was supposed. Mr. Ward, who has continued his studies with tutors, has been again received among us and will henceforth be considered a member of his class."

Then it was known that Ward and the football hero were the same person. It was also soon known that he was the betrothed of Miss Trevor and that she had inspired him to gain a victory for his alma mater.

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque, almost poetic, way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia" J. J. McDonald tells about a colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'.

"If one of dem li'l' sparrows what yo' see round yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific ocean an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up twell de 'Lantic ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see for yo'self how long eternity is."

A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life, increase his faith in Providence and, if need be, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Easy Marks.

"Talk erbout yore easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geehaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teown chaps."

"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck.

"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed ef th' chumps did not buy it fer th' real thing, by grass!"—Chicago News.

CAUGHT THE COINER.

An Accident Spoiled an Ingenious Counterfeit Passing Scheme.

A case which shows the ingenuity used in passing counterfeit coin is the following: A tailor, who also was a very successful coiner, had a little daughter who was some ten years old. She was being taught to play the violin, and twice a week she went to have a music lesson at a house about a mile distant. Once a week the innocent little thing carried besides her violin case and violin a package cunningly secreted in the false bottom of the violin case, which contained some twenty or more pieces of counterfeit coin.

The music master, a rogue who was in the know, found no difficulty in abstracting the package unnoticed by the child and in his turn passed it on to a woman "fence," who again gave it to a male friend, who delivered it safely to the "utterer," a woman again, at a street corner, the package being this time concealed in the false bottom of a canary cage. Thus it passed through six hands, and besides the man himself only the music master knew who manufactured the coin.

The tailor was caught by an accident. His little girl let the violin case fall in the street, the bottom of the case was smashed, and all the coins, done up in tissue paper, fell into the street. The child, much mystified, opened one of the little packages, and the glitter caught a policeman's eye. This mishap led to the instant arrest of the tailor, who confessed, hoping for a light sentence, a hope which was not realized. Among the coiner's stock in trade were discovered two works on chemistry, fourteen molds, two batteries, plaster of paris, two ladies, a melting pot, crucibles and a quantity of chemicals.—London Telegraph.

HENTY AS AN INVENTOR.

The Author's Reversible Boat That Was a Halfway Success.

George Henty, the author of boys' stories, is described in "Sixty Years In the Wilderness," by Henry W. Lucy, as the warmest hearted, shortest tempered man in the world.

"Before he found his true vocation in writing boys' books Henty tried various methods of supplementing his salary on the Standard. One was the recovery of tin from broken or disused utensils. For some months his study was filled with a bad smell and scraps of broken tin. The smell was engendered by efforts to melt off the tin from the baser metal with the assistance of a chemical compound invented by the operator.

"The next thing that attracted Henty's attention and filled him with hope of fortune was the building of a reversible boat, bound to right itself automatically. He took rooms up the river and, with some assistance from a village mechanic, built his boat. To a certain extent it proved an unqualified success. At the slightest well directed touch, sometimes without it, it would turn over, keel uppermost, with Henty in the river. Righting itself was, as the French say, 'another pair of sleeves.'

"Through some anxious weeks he was frequently ignominiously rescued by a passing boat and walked home, oozing water from pockets and boots. In the end his landlady gave him notice that she could not 'be always mopping up after him.' I fancy he gladly seized this opportunity of retiring from the boat building business."

Stories of the Gravediggers.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the Scottish gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work.

"But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That micht be, sir, but hoo am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."

Harder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent."

Malay Houses.

Malay houses are invariably built on posts so as to raise the floor from four to six feet above the ground. The floor is composed of bamboo, with interstices between slats, the earth beneath becoming the receptacle of the drainage of the establishment. The universal plan of the well to do natives is to build the house in two divisions, the front one for receiving visitors and lounging generally, while the rear portion is reserved for the women and children.

City Streets.

Dr. Johnson would have said a wise thing had he said what somebody said later for him—"Come, let us take a walk down Fleet street." It sounds commonplace, but often a commonplace is concentrated wisdom, and that is how in our careless day a master of the commonplace gets to be regarded as an oracle. If you want to understand a people just do take a walk—many walks—in their great highways of traffic.—James Millie in Fortnightly.

Not at All Private.

In the trial of a case recently in one of the English courts a witness was asked to repeat a conversation that she had with her husband. Objection was made that the question should not be answered because the conversation was private in its nature. The judge then asked the witness whether anybody except herself and husband was present. She replied that her mother and the husband's mother were, whereupon the judge remarked: "It appears that both mothers-in-law were present. I shall therefore rule that the conversation was public."

Struck by Lightning.

A lady riding in a train found herself seated by the side of an old matron who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?"

"What did you say, miss?"

"I asked if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a bit of good."

No Exposure For Him.

The member of the legislature of whom some graft stories had been circulated was about to build a house.

"You will want a southern exposure, I suppose?" asked the architect.

"No, sir!" said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure I'll get another architect."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastwardly at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see or the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all!" So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "'Pon my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spoiled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Thorough Optimist.

"You are an optimist?"

"I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I not only hope for the best, but I make practical arrangements to get it."—Washington Star.

Her Words.

His Sister—And did she say she loved you in so many words? Her Brother—That's what! Her words filled twenty-seven pages.—Chicago News.

Music.

Of all the fine arts, music is that which has most influence on the passions and which the legislator ought the most to encourage.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 20, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 36-56. Memory Verses, 38, 39—Golden Text, Matt. xxvi, 45—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It may have been, as some think, not far from midnight when Jesus went forth with His disciples over the brook Kedron on His way to Gethsemane. We think of another night which in some small measure foreshadowed this one, when the king of Israel fled for his life across this same brook, accompanied by a few faithful followers, because of the rebellion of his son Absalom. In our lesson we see the true King of Israel about to be put to death by His firstborn (Ex. iv, 22) and about to enter into an agony the like of which was never before seen by men or angels on this earth. Possibly He had spoken the words of John xv and xvi on His way to the garden and had prayed the prayer of chapter xvii after reaching the garden. Of this we can not be certain. But now He leaves the eight disciples somewhere in the garden, and, taking Peter and James and John, He was withdrawn from the others about a stone's cast and began to be sorrowful and very heavy, saying unto them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with Me." Then, leaving the three, He went a little farther and kneeled down and fell on His face on the ground and prayed the prayer of verse 39. Luke says that an angel from heaven appeared to Him and strengthened Him, and, being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. He came to the disciples and found them asleep and said to Peter, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Watch and pray (verses 40, 41). He went away the second time and prayed the same prayer. Then He came again to them and found them asleep again and went away the third time and prayed the same words. Then He came the third time to His disciples and said unto them, "Sleep on now and take your rest; behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Luke xxii, 45, 46, looks as if when He returned to the eight He found them asleep also and said to them: "Why sleep ye? Rise and pray lest ye enter into temptation." We can read it and write it and meditate upon it, but who can understand it?

What was the cup from which He asked if possible to be delivered and yet in the drinking of which He submitted wholly to the Father's will? Was it the same cup as that of John xviii, 11, concerning which He said, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" It looks as if the devil did not know what he was doing when he killed the Lord Jesus, for it is written in Heb. ii, 12, that Jesus took a body of flesh and blood that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil. We know that he tried to kill him at His birth, and possibly he tried to drown Him in that storm on the sea. Perhaps he thought that if he could kill Him before he reached the cross he would frustrate the whole plan of redemption. If that be so and we can consider Gethsemane as the devil's attempt to kill Him in the garden, then the Saviour's prayer may have been a prayer that He might not die in the garden and leave His great work unfinished, but that He might have victory in the garden and go on to Golgotha and finish His work of atonement for sin. That would explain the reason why an angel strengthened Him. If we are right in this supposition, then His willingness to die in the garden, if His Father should so will it, and leave His work unfinished in very sight of the goal is the greatest instance of submission on record. To be willing not to succeed with success in sight—who ever heard of such a thing?

But the cup of dying in the garden passed from Him, and he was strengthened supernaturally and went on gladly to drink the cup which His Father had prepared for Him. In that light listen to Heb. v, 7, "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save Him from death and was heard in that He feared." In 1 John v, 15, it is written, "If we know that He hear us whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." He prayed to Him who was able to save Him from death, and He was heard; therefore He was saved from death in the garden in order that He might finish His work of atonement by dying on the cross for our sins. If these thoughts are wrong may the Lord forgive us for daring to tolerate them, but if they are of Him may He bless them and grant us victory to do His will in perfect submission to it. Now see the agent of the devil daring to kiss our Lord, and behold our Lord submitting to it knowing him to be who and what he was. Simon Peter would have done better without a sword, but how many blunders of his and ours has our blessed Lord remedied! Are we helping people to hear, or are we by inconsistencies hindering them from hearing?

Lots of Nerve.

Farmer's Son—My father sent me over to borrow your horse and cart.

She—Goodness! Why, he already has all our tools, our axes, our hay-rakes and"—

He—I know. He just wants the horse and cart to bring them back.—London Telegraph.

A Baser Motive.

"Yes, he played the last two acts with a broken wrist."

"Heroism, eh?"

"Not at all. He was afraid to give his understudy a chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hillard.

Outclassed.

When in her bathing suit she trod
The ocean's sandy bed
Young Cupid, without smile or nod,
Quick turned his back and fled.
—Browning's Magazine.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—Shakespeare.

A CASK OF GLYCERIN.

The Admiral Had to Prove That It Was Harmless.

Life in Ireland is never devoid of the humorous, and when Admiral, then Captain, John Moresby was stationed at Queenstown, in 1869, he had his full share. He narrates in "Two Admirals" that it became his duty to survey a damaged ship laden with casks of glycerin. For purpose of repair he directed a portion of the cargo to be landed and stored and thought no more about it.

What was my astonishment next day, he says, to find the whole town in a panic and to be informed that every life was in danger from the deadly compound stored under one of the principal offices of the place.

The town council assembled and sent their health officer to stop all discharge of cargo and to remove the vessel to the outer anchorage, and the people gathered at the street corners in agitated crowds to meet their doom in comfortable companionship.

I vainly contended that it could be nothing but pure glycerin.

"Pure glycerin, is it?" said the chairman. "Well, there's mighty little difference between pure glycerin and impure glycerin, and the ship must be off before we have the place blown about our ears."

All I could say was: "Well, gentlemen, if it is nitroglycerin a blow will explode it. I propose that a cask should be put in a field, and I will fire a shot at it. Will this satisfy you?"

After much deliberation this handsome offer was accepted. I shall never forget that procession nor the agonized countenances of the bearers who lifted the cask to a cart as softly padded for its reception as if it had been an invalid in the last stages of disease.

"Patsy and Jim Dempsey had great courage entirely," was the comment of the crowd as they followed at what they believed to be a safe distance.

We wended our way into the country attended by the prayers and blessings of all the old women of both sexes whom we met en route, and the gilded pinnacle was put on the terror when in lifting the cask into the field, far from all human habitation, one of the bearers stumbled and almost fell. He turned a face of wan appeal to heaven as he recovered himself.

But we got it there. I can still recall the town council crouching among the brambles of a distant hedge and watching with expectant eyes and manifest intention of instant flight.

The shot hit the cask fair and square, and amid an awful silence a few slow tears of glycerin oozed out and trickled down its side. That was all.

A MAN AGAINST A NATION.

The Most Curious European War That Was Ever Waged.

The most curious European war ever waged was that which in the sixteenth century, the period of the reformation and the renaissance, was carried on single handed for between five and six years between a bankrupt grocer of Berlin and the elector of Saxony, who was the most powerful German prince of the period. The grocer's name was Hans Kohlhase, and the immediate cause of the quarrel was the arresting of two of his horses in the elector's territory, he being a subject of the elector of Brandenburg. Failing to get redress, he adopted what was then a perfectly legal expedient and declared formal war on the realm of Saxony. The declaration was accepted in due form, and the war began.

The extraordinary part of the story is that the grocer kept the war up for nearly six years practically single handed and even went to the extremity of declaring war on his own sovereign in the meantime before he was caught. He burned farms and even villages, employed mercenaries after the fashion of the times and made himself the terror of the district. He was finally influenced to stop hostilities by Luther, and after he had taken the sacrament from his hands he was betrayed into a further act of hostility by treachery and, being captured, suffered death on the wheel after refusing an act of grace which granted him the painless and honorable death of the sword. The story is perhaps the strangest of all the romances of that romantic age.—Westminster Gazette.

For Body and Soul.

Here is a curious advertisement, republished in the Cornhill Magazine from an eighteenth century paper: "Wanted—For a family who have bad health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of a doctor, surgeon and apothecary. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertisement is that the family cannot any longer afford the expense of the physical tribe and wish to be at a certain expense for their bodies and souls. A good salary will be given."

Friends are lost by calling often and calling seldom.—Swift.

The "House Fly."

The reminiscent man suddenly found a gap in the conversation.

"I was in Kansas once," he began, "when one of those old time cyclones struck the town. I happened to be in my brother's house at the moment and heard the roar of the coming wind. I knew enough to run out in the street and lie down in the gutter with my arms clasped around a hitching post. The next moment the cyclone hit the town. Say, you ought to have seen the house fly."

"Did you swat it?" inquired the mean man on the soap box.

And the story promptly ended.—Denver Post.

The Eaglet's First Flight.

H. B. Macpherson gives a dramatic account of the first flight of an eaglet whose life from babyhood he had watched. One day he ventured to the edge of the cliff containing his cradle and looked about. Suddenly his mother swung past on silent wings and "tried to tempt him from his fastness." But he was unwilling or afraid. Again the mother hovered round, and a wild, weird cry rang through the glen. "For the first time I had heard the yelp of the adult eagle, the voice of the queen of birds calling to her young. The eaglet cheeped continuously until he flapped to the very edge of the abyss, listening to her call. And now he, too, changed his cry; his voice seemed to break, and the adult yell burst from his throat. The eagles called to each other, yelp answering yelp. The young eagle gazed round him, spread out his giant wings and vanished forever from my sight among the ledges below. The eaglet had left the nest and had flown."

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908 cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 22 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

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BURN YOUR BRIDGES.

When All Retreat Is Cut Off, Then You Must Go Ahead.

Young men often make the mistake when they start on an important undertaking of leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. No one can call out his greatest reserves, do the greatest thing possible to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an army fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridges behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing, encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone river. "I will try, general." "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me if you will hold this position." "I will!" said General Pierce, and he did.

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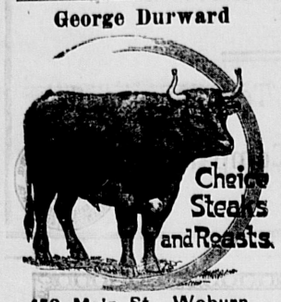
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 8.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 8.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 2.00, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 3.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m., 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
12	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
22	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
912	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
911	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
912	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
913	Main St. opp. Jones's stable. (Private.)
913	Boggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Fri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.

Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

GEO. A. CAMMALL,
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn

Personal attention given to sales anywhere in the State.

Kongo Tattooing.

In the Kongo colonies of Belgium both men and women are tattooed according to their status in society. A woman of high caste will have a design not unlike a zouave jacket worked upon her back, and it would seem that the native is as content with this mode of covering as if it were a substitute for clothing. By injecting the juice of certain herbs the scars left by the tattooing process retain a swollen appearance, giving the effect of bas-relief work. The thorns of the acacia are generally used as a needle, while a certain black clay is used as a coloring medium.

Classified.

Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied:

"Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is he'd make a first class stranger."—Exchange.

Frigid.

Nell—That Miss Copleigh is an awfully cold sort of girl. Belle—Mercy, yes. Why, she's so frigid that wherever she goes on rainy days it snows.—Boston Transcript.

Irish Wit.

"I never give alms to a stranger," said old Shyster to a poor Irishwoman.

"Shure, then, your honor will never relieve an angel," was the reply.—Judge.

Condemned Unheard.

From a notice in a Cornish church: "The preacher for next Sunday will be found hanging in the church porch on Saturday."—London Punch.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
Live Editorials
All the Local News, and
Choice Literary Selections
Fill Its Columns.
A Family Newspaper
Read by Thousands
Of Intelligent People
Every Week.
Unequalled as an
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every
Friday Morning
At 434 Main Street.
Delivered Promptly.

A Belated Thanksgiving

The Story of a Faithful Dog

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

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"Don! Here, Don!"

The call rang out clear and loud on the crisp November air, followed almost immediately by an imperative whistle, but no Don appeared, and Tom Wentworth was undeniably angry.

Impatiently kicking from his path a frost blackened dahlia stalk, the annoyed man stamped into the kitchen where his pretty young wife was busy preparing breakfast.

"Have you seen Don this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, "he was there at the door only a few minutes ago."

"Then he's run off just to get out of churning," declared Tom, with a fierce frown.

Helen Wentworth laughed merrily. "I don't blame him. I don't like to churn; neither do you."

Tom Wentworth had a special aptness for machinery. His friends often wondered why he remained a farmer instead of turning his entire attention to mechanics. About six months previous and soon after his marriage to the schoolma'am, Helen Latrobe, he had devised an ingenious attachment to the churn by which Don, the intelligent St. Bernard, could do the work. However, the enormous St. Bernard heartily disapproved of the whole thing, and, though he did the work obediently, it was with an unmistakable air of having compromised his dignity to a marked degree. Whenever his master placed the machine in readiness Don's brown eyes invariably took on an expression that said as plain as words:

"Aren't you ashamed to subject a fellow of my caliber to such a menial task—I, who come of a long line of aristocratic ancestors?"

Breakfast over, the inventor, still nursing his wrath, was obliged to perform the necessary drudgery himself, and even the tempting aroma of Helen's fresh baked mince pies failed to lessen the deep revenge he meditated against the rebel when he should return. But the day slipped by, and Don failed to appear.

Before retiring Helen went out on the veranda to enjoy the mellow moonlight. She was tired with an excessive weariness such as only the housewife who has baked and cleaned all day can know. But the calmness of the night and its quiet starlight rested her. Suddenly she felt a moist nose thrust under her arm, and a pair of brown eyes looked into hers, pleading for pardon and incidentally for supper. Of course he received a generous allowance of both and showed his appreciation by a vigorous wagging of his tail.

On discovering the deserter Tom promptly dragged him to the washhouse and locked him in.

"Don't be rough with him," begged Helen.

"I'll teach him to run away from his work," declared the man.

"You'll let him out in the morning, of course? Don must enjoy his Thanksgiving with the rest of us."

"You spoil that dog, Helen," he answered irritably. "He doesn't deserve any Thanksgiving. No; he'll stay right there in the washhouse till next churning day!"

Helen had owned Don ever since her uncle had brought him, an awkward, sprawling puppy, to her girlhood home, and his comradeship seemed almost human. When she had come a happy bride to Tom Wentworth's home she had brought Don with her.

At first when her husband proposed his working the churning machine she protested. But his insistence, coupled with repeated assurances that the labor would not hurt her favorite, had finally won a reluctant consent.

Like a rose set in frostwork the morning dawned, with just enough crispness and snap in the air to make it a typical Thanksgiving day. Helen rose early and descended to the kitchen just as Tom had started a fire in the range. Don's unused rugs behind the stove appealed keenly to her, and she again pleaded for his release. But Tom stubbornly refused and hurried off to the stable to feed the horses and milk the Jerseys.

Hearing the family astir, the imprisoned dog renewed his whining and scratching, and Helen could not repress the tears as she mechanically prepared breakfast. The few scraps which Tom tossed through the window of the washhouse seemed an insult to the prisoner and herself. It was the first time since their marriage that he had done anything to seriously hurt her feelings, but she was too proud to say so or point out how unjust and unfeeling his action was in her eyes.

The ample Thanksgiving dinner was made ready and eaten without much satisfaction on the part of either husband or wife. When it was cleared away Tom hitched his sleek grays to the new buggy and asked Helen to drive with him to Meadeville to visit his father. She refused in a manner so different from her usual amiability that he looked at her in wonder, then, without comment, drove away.

No sooner had he disappeared down the road than Helen took a plate of choice bits and chicken bones to the washhouse and with some difficulty pushed open the small sliding window Don was lying on the floor, his head resting dejectedly across his paws. When she emptied the plate before him two sorrowful eyes were lifted beseechingly to her face. Then as he ate he wagged his tail in gratitude.

Fearing the effect of commiseration, she disguised her feelings and spoke cheeringly to him, then quickly withdrew. But if Tom had not carried [illegible] key away in his pocket she would have defied him and liberated the prisoner. She thought of the ax; it would be an easy matter to break the lock, but she could well guess the result of such an act on Tom's quick temper, and she did not wish to provoke a quarrel.

Returning to the house, she first busied herself with some mending; then she took up an unfinished novel and in following the fortunes of the heroine the short afternoon slipped rapidly by.

Glancing at the clock, she saw it was nearly time for her husband to return, so she laid the book down and went to start the kitchen fire. This was scarcely completed when the outside door was thrown open almost in her face. Looking up, she saw a burly, uncouth man standing before her. There was a threatening gleam in his beady eyes as he approached, saying:

"Get me all the money you have in the house, and get it quick!"

Helen shrank back terrified and tried to elude him by running into the dining room, but the tramp headed her off. Dodging past him, she caught up the rolling pin and brought it down upon his shoulder with all her might. Then, frightened at what she had done, she said:

"Do not touch me, and I'll get you my purse."

Maddened by the blow, he made a lunge toward her and caught her arm just in time to prevent the weapon's descending upon his head.

She struggled to free herself, but he held her fast in a viselike grip. Grabbing the coil of clothesline from its hook, he bound her fast to a chair.

"You'll stay right here," he hissed, savagely gritting his teeth. "I'll help myself. Can't trust you."

In her terror she uttered shriek after shriek, still continuing her frantic struggles. Had the fellow been less intent on what he was doing he might have been conscious of a furious uproar in the washhouse, for the faithful Don, hearing the screams of his adored mistress, was barking and plunging about distractedly.

"Quit yer screechin'," ordered the man, striking Helen a brutal blow, which, together with the fright, rendered her unconscious. Leaving her thus, he began his search.

In a drawer of the dresser he found a small roll of bills—her chicken money. This he thrust into the bosom of his dirty flannel shirt, while her purse, found in the bedroom, together with the best silver, he tied up in a soiled red handkerchief.

As he hurried from the house he chuckled triumphantly as he noticed that the woman was still unconscious. His hand was already on the gate when vengeance overtook him in the guise of a huge hairy creature. With a bound Don was upon him and bore him to the ground, where he lay swearing fluently, but entirely at the dog's mercy. At the least movement on the part of the thief the vigilant keeper, with a warning growl, displayed his teeth, giving an occasional sharp nip as a reminder of what would follow if escape was attempted.

As Tom Wentworth drove leisurely home he realized that it had been a very unsatisfactory Thanksgiving. First, he had refused an invitation to dine with his parents, preferring to be alone with his wife, whom he had made unhappy by his severity to her pet.

He had decided to release the dog and beg Helen's pardon when he came upon this surprising tableau: A brawny tramp prostrate on the ground, guarded by Don himself, but a much disheveled Don, scratched and bleeding, albeit stanchly vigilant.

One glance at the broken glass and wrecked window frame sufficed to explain his release. With an imperative "Guard him, Don!" Wentworth rushed into the house.

The remorseful man found Helen just recovering consciousness, a discolored spot made by the villain's fist showing the cause of her swoon. With trembling fingers he untied the rope, placed her on a couch and tenderly bathed her face and hands.

When she was fully recovered he returned to the yard and, taking a horsewhip, ordered the tramp to stand up. While Don crouched on the alert to prevent escape Tom proceeded to administer a sound thrashing, the dog watching operations with obvious approval. The thief was then taken to the washhouse and bound securely with the same cord he had used and later turned over to the proper authorities to be dealt with according to law.

With duo contrition Tom petted Don, washing off the blood and dressing the wounds with his own hands. The St. Bernard received these overtures graciously, following him into the presence of his mistress with a benign air.

"He's a hero, Helen," declared Wentworth as she clasped Don around the neck, bedewing his tawny head with tears of gratitude. "If you can forgive me for spoiling his Thanksgiving and yours he shall never churn another day, even if I have to sell the cream to those Cloverdale folks."

"Tom," returned Helen, smiling up at her husband through her tears, "our Thanksgiving is just a belated one, isn't it, Don?"

That sagacious animal looked understandingly from master to mistress, thumping his tail in emphatic approval.

Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

AN ALL AROUND ORDEAL.

When Papa Was Getting Ready to Attend a Banquet.

Papa was going to a banquet. It was unusual for him to attend banquets—so unusual, in fact, that the children had boasted of it for a week to all who would hear.

Now it was the night of the banquet, and papa was getting ready, and the once quiet and orderly house was much upset.

"Run on out," said mamma, "and don't bother your father while he's dressing." Papa was shaving and at the same time committing a speech to memory in case he should be called upon for something impromptu.

The tiny trickles of blood down his chin showed where the speech was getting the better part of his attention. On the bed lay a clean white shirt, and across a chair hung papa's dress clothes. He hadn't worn the dress clothes for two years and was considerably stouter now.

After awhile the children, crouching interestedly at the door, heard entertaining things.

"Confound the shirt!" howled papa. "I know I washed my hands, but the neckband's all dirty." Mamma's voice scotched him.

Through the keyhole the children saw papa struggle into his coat. The stiff shirt rose almost to his ears, and a high collar nearly sawed them off.

"Doggone it!" wailed papa. "The sleeves of this coat are a mile too short."

Then his shoes hurt him; he couldn't get his tie fixed right; his handkerchief was hopelessly massing, and finally he stood miserably in the middle of the floor.

His face was red, the perspiration poured down his nose, his thin hair stood up, and he was about the most uncomfortable looking person the children had ever seen.

"Now, then," said mamma, with a sigh, "you're fixed. You have no idea, dear, how nice you look."

"Oh, yes," papa snarled, "I look nice, I don't think." Then he found his hat and a light coat and stalked stiffly and uncomfortably out. The children, hiding behind the stair railing, saw him depart.

"Gee," said the little boy, "when I get big I won't go to any dinners. They can bring mine."

"You'll have to," said his sister wisely. "Men always have to go to dinners. But they dress up funny, don't they?"—Galveston News.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

They Resemble Haystacks and Are Natural Incubators.

"An alligators' nest is an interesting thing," said Alligator Joe. "Wild alligators build their nests on the bank of a river or in marshy places. They are made of mud, saw grass and leaves and mold. They are sort of natural incubators, for the eggs, which are laid from thirty-five to eighty in a nest at one time, are hatched out by the steam which comes up through the mud as much as by the sun. Around the nest a pile of grass is laid, sometimes as high as six feet, and from a distance resembles a stack of hay. The mother gator has her den near by. She makes it by burrowing into a bank of soft mud, and sometimes it is seventy feet or more inland. The only way to get her out of a den like that is to take a long steel rod and thrust it down the tunnel, which is always slanting. When the gator feels the prodding she will come out to see what the trouble is.

"It takes alligator eggs two months and six days to hatch. When the little ones come out the mother calls them together by a noise which is something between a cluck and a grunt, and they all scramble down from the nest to her den. If it is on the edge of a river the den is filled with minnows. As the mother enters the den she swishes her tail around with terrific force, killing the smallest fish, and when they float the little alligators nab them up.

"A mother alligator will sometimes have four or five dens, and she takes her brood from one to another, repeating the swishing process in each one until the young ones have had a full meal."—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's.

HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

When He Had to Work He Started a Dainty Rolling Mill.

I was just entering upon my thirty-fourth year when, owing to the failure of my wife's father, I found myself obliged to make a living.

I had often wondered where all the steel rails came from, and now I determined to go into the business of supplying them to railroad companies. Having learned through careful inquiry that nearly all of them were made in rolling mills, I persuaded the owner of a bankrupt iron foundry to convert it into a rolling mill. Then I went to a good reliable machinery man on the next block and told him to send me some of the very best rolling mill machinery that he had in his store.

Meanwhile my noble wife had not been idle, and by the time I was ready to begin operations she had induced several of the most brilliant women in society to agree to buy all their steel rails of us. Touched by her unselfish devotion, I clasped her in my arms, while the tears coursed down my cheeks.

Then I called on a railroad president, told him that I desired to become self supporting and asked him to buy some of my rails. He told me to deliver a basketful to his place of business every Saturday night.

Greatly elated over my prospects, I called together a number of workingmen whom I found idle on the streets and directed them to make some nice steel rails without delay and take them around to the kind railroad president.

Rejoicing at the prospect of steady employment, the workingmen hastened to obey, and the rails that they made under my direction proved so durable that in a very short time I had all the orders that I could fill.

I attribute much of my success to the fact that each rail is delivered to the customer tastefully wrapped in tissue paper fastened with pink ribbon.—Delineator.

CLEVER RASCALS.

Robbers of Naples as Daring as They Are Resourceful.

SCHEME OF ONE LONE THIEF.

Masterly Manner In Which This Audacious Rogue Pilfered a Church Furnishing Shop and Corded Up Its Too Confiding Proprietor.

His name was Signor Domenico Doctor Dolchinetti, and he was host in Rome. For a scholar with a degree he enjoyed his meals rather unrestrainedly, but after the spaghetti and capretto had disappeared he used to slow his pace over the finocchio con vino and to straighten his back, wipe his mustache and begin his stories.

"Napoli? Si, si! Naples? Bella citta, beautiful, beautiful! And what thieves are they in Naples! It is the one city where you cannot lead a donkey through the streets."

There did not seem to be much connection between these, and our puzzled looks said so.

"Perche? You dare not lead. You must take him by the tail, for when the unsuspecting peasant leads an ass laden with panniers or onions or wood into Naples before long he happens to glance back, and, behold, all is gone—produce, panniers, pack saddle, all filched. Thereafter he takes the ass by the tail and steers him through the streets that he may watch constantly.

"Poi—it is all organized. Some years ago the leader of the robbers was the captain. Everybody knew him. When anything was stolen from one, one went not to the police, but to the captain.

"There was a little music master came home one day and found his piano gone, a whole piano, and no one in the house could say how, when or where it went. The little man was distracted.

"Then he took heart and went to the captain and stood before him with his hat in his hands. He was just a poor music teacher. His piano was all he had in the world. He— 'Go,' said the captain. 'At 6 this evening you have your piano.' And about the time of the service that afternoon a wagon came to the little man's door, and four men heaved out a piano, which they set in its accustomed corner; then they drove off without a word.

"Poi, the music man, went again to the captain's house and began to thank him and to fumble about in his pockets, saying that he did not have much, about 20 lire, all his savings—22 lire perhaps. "What—twenty-two lire!" yelled the other. 'I, who am rich, whom men call the captain—22 lire to me! You poor'— And he kicked him down the stairs.

"But the most remarkable robbery was done not by the band, but by a Neapolitan single handed.

"One day there drove up to a church furnishing shop an equipage with two prancing horses and a liveried coachman and halted before the big windows full of precious finery. A beautifully dressed little signor alighted and asked to see the proprietor. He said he had a cousin who would the next day be ordained bishop and he desired to purchase appropriate gifts. First he would see a crozier. The proprietor fetched a superb crozier of silver, the crook of it gold, wonderfully chased and overwrought with carving.

"'How much?' asked the well dressed man.

"'Five thousand lire, signor.'

"'Good! Tie it up and put it in the carriage. And let me see also a miter. And again he chose the costliest, one frosted with silver arabesques and beaded with pearls. He sat down to write a check for 8,000 lire altogether. But, no; he would see also a bishop's ring. 'How much was this one?'

"'Two thousand lire, signor.'

"'Good!' And that, too, went into the carriage with the miter and crozier. Finally this princely customer would buy a complete vesture and decided on a figured alb broidered with cloth of gold from shoulder to foot. 'Only,' he doubted, 'will it fit? But stay,' he said to the shopman; 'you are a big man, almost as large as my cousin. See if the garment will fit you.' So the proprietor put it on and stood clothed in magnificence from cravat to ankle.

"'Good! Beautiful! Only the waist. My cousin happens to be enormous of girth. Suppose you put your arms at your sides, and I shall fix the girdle to include them. That will about equal my cousin's waist.' So he buckled the belt tight about the proprietor's wrists and moved back to survey the effect. 'Boun' Bellissima! Most beautiful!' he cried. 'And now, signor—buon giorno!' He skipped through the door, into his carriage and whirled downtown.

"At that 'Good day' the proprietor let out one awful yell and bounded into the street. "Thief!' he screeched. He crashed into astounded people, tripped in his golden skirts, rolled and could not get up again.

"People would not touch him, kicking and frothing and trying to point —'Thief, thief'—would not even look in the direction of the vanishing carriage. Finally the police grabbed him, discovered that he was insane and a robber and hustled him to prison. Poi—they let him go next morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Worthless.

Ashley—I always thought that Beesling was leading a worthless life. Seymour—Wasn't he? Ashley—No; his life was insured for a thousand.—Exchange.

The Moral Stimulus of Good Clothes.

Men grow in self respect as they wear good clothes. Their clothes earn them the approval of their fellows. In turn they are forced to grow to fill the measure of good opinion, so that, forced forward by the clothes he wears, men attain to their highest capability.—Sartorial Art Journal.

Fortune has often been blamed for blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are.—Samuel Smiles.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1910.

THE CORNERSTONE.

The JOURNAL fails to see the necessity of much more being said by it concerning the cornerstone of the Federal Building now being erected here, except to make a record of the fact that the Order of Exercises for laying it, as published in the JOURNAL on Nov. 18, was carried out to the letter, at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19, 1910, in the presence of a great crowd of deeply interested people. A few days previously Mr. Arthur Whitcher sent in a petition for fair weather on the 19th, which was graciously granted by the Bureau, and sunshine prevailed during the ceremonies, although there was quite a little snowsquall just after dinner.

For a more particular account of the sayings and doings at the placing and dedicating the stone the Gentle Reader is respectfully referred to the programme, in the execution of which not a hitch nor halt occurred to mar the proceedings. The Masonic rites conducted by D. G. Master Rider; the music; the addresses; indeed, the entire performance was a great and gratifying success.

P. S. The Boston Sunday papers gave full accounts of the ceremonies and pictures of some of the Masons Grand Lodge who did the work. On account of the unavoidable absence of Grand Master Flanders, Rev. William H. Rider, A. D. G. M., officiated as head and leader, assisted by other officers, and members of Mt. Horeb Lodge. Cold prevented the delivery of Rev. Mr. Rider's address on the grounds, which was later given in Mt. Horeb Lodge Room.

The portrait of Mr. Amariah V. Haynes, who was an honored guest at the ceremonies, appeared in the papers. It looks as though the reporters would never get him to be over 83 years old, although he was born in 1824, and is in his 87th year. He has been a devoted member of the Order of the Mystic Tie nearly half a century.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

At a meeting of the Home Market Club in Boston the other day Mr. James R. MacColl of Providence, R. I., in a speech on retiring from the Presidency of the Club, expressed the following meaty sentiments:

"There is one most effective way by which the cost of living can be reduced, and that is by bringing about a long period of business depression in which there is no return to capital and labor is largely unemployed. People will then learn to do without many things that they have thought necessities. Capital will not have the means and the courage to push ahead with new enterprises, supply will exceed demand, wages will decline, prices will go lower, the cost of living will be reduced, and soup kitchens will be in order. —From speech of James M. MacColl at Home Market Club today."

MURRAY AGAIN.

Just as the JOURNAL said last week would be the case, Hon. Hugh Murray, present Mayor, is a candidate for reelection.

For some reason best known to themselves, Commissioner James H. Kelley, Journalist, etc., has been induced to withdraw from the Mayoralty contest; Murray has taken out his nomination papers; thus everything is lovely and the goose honks high—unless Kelley kicks over the traces, or gigs back in the breeching, as is sometimes his wont.

☞ Governor-elect Foss says Senator Lodge will be defeated for reelection next January, even if he, Foss, has to stump the State against him. If he undertakes to beat the Senator he'll find it a harder job than he thinks for. It is a matter of personal spite on Foss's part. All it grew out of was, Senator Lodge said Foss ought to join the Democratic party, where he belonged, and our esteemed Governor-elect straitway went and did it. The first thing Foss should attend to is to regain his mental equilibrium, if he's got, or ever had, one. He hasn't got over his election excitement yet.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

The Republican Party of Woburn are to hold their caucuses for the nomination of candidates for city offices tomorrow evening, Nov. 26, 1910, in their respective Wards.

☞ Mayor Murray wisely disclaims credit for being a high class orator, but it is better to have a Mayor who can make an acceptable speech when duty demands one of him. This will be the case next year when Harold P. Johnson, Esq., occupies the chair of Chief Executive.

☞ Here it comes again! "The Old Farmer's Almanack" for 1911, No. 119, founded by Robert B. Thomas in 1793, and for years without number published by William Ware & Co. of Boston, has made its welcome appearance. No mention of this highly valuable publication would be complete without particular complimentary allusion to the beautiful pictures that adorn the tops of the pages on which the months are produced. It is said that an estimable woman "Out West" preserves every issue of the Almanac for these pictures. It is not generally believed that she bought a copy of the first issue in January 1793, but there is no knowing. As usual, the 1911 number is a storehouse of useful information, not to mention its very reliable weather reports, and turning of the tides.

☞ At the last meeting of the City Council it was unanimously voted to retire Driver Charles P. Buckley of Hook and Ladder Truck 1 on a pension of sufficient dimensions to keep him in good flesh and clothes the rest of his days.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

A. H. Holland—Citation.
Edward Johnson—Citation.
John W. Johnson—Citation.

— Since Halley's went back on it the Boston *Globe* has had no use for comets, eclipses, and such exhibitions.

— Rev. Mr. Herrick, pastor of the M. E church, preached a good Thanksgiving Sermon at the union meeting in First church yesterday.

— On account of the stage entertainment the ladies are requested not to wear hats at the Cafe Chantant given by Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R.

— At the meeting of the Maternal Association to be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon in the vestry of First Church, Miss Carolyn P. Webber will give a talk on cookery, etc.

— The Committee in Charge of the Stage entertainment of the Cafe Chantant in Lyceum Hall, Dec 7, expect to have Mr. Martin Dooley to give one number on the program. This alone will be worth the price of admission.

— The next two holidays of any consequence will be Christmas and the Woburn City election, both to occur in the month of December. The "Christmas goose" will be cooked at the former, and the political candidate's at the latter.

— Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds left here last Saturday to spend the winter with her daughter and son in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols at North Weare, N. H., which couple are among the many forehanded farmers of the old Granite State.

— The days will reach their minimum length, 9 hours and 4 minutes, on Dec 20; remain stationary 4 days, and begin to lengthen on Dec. 25 That is less than a month hence, and soon people will be asking: "where has the winter gone to?"

— Now, honestly, Elizabeth, was Ed. "pensive" when he was trying to persuade you to become his wife until "events came to their climax" between you; or was it only the "poetic license" that is often taken advantage of by the versifiers at Golden Weddings?

— It was exceedingly cold and uncomfortable just at the hour of laying the Cornerstone on Abbott street last Saturday afternoon, but no cases of pneumonia resulting from exposure of the crowd have been reported; so we reckon the weather did no serious damage.

— Possibly the Gentle Reader may fail to discover the usual quantity of Local News in this issue of the JOURNAL; but they ought to consider that this is Thanksgiving Day week, and the JOURNAL should be allowed a day off for eating turkey and pie, and uttering expressions of gratitude for them, oughtn't it?

— Hon. Edward F. Johnson, Judge of the District Court, was Woburn's first Mayor. He served two years —1890 1891—and gave the city two firstclass administrations. It would seem to be in order that his son Harold, after 20 years, should take the helm of the Ship of State as Mayor and show the people that he, too, can do things.

— Talk about the decline of prices of meats is all moonshine. There has been none among the retailers, nor any among the Chicago butchers worthy of note. And the talk about the recent election being responsible for the fall in prices is a thinner kind of moonshine still. Your porkchops and spareribs will cost enough, you bet.

— If any gentleman reader of this column is looking for a bangup suit of clothes, made of real cloth, in the latest style, perfect fit, no shoddy, we advise him to go to G. R. Gage's well filled store at once and get measured for one Fred Flint will warrant the fabric genuine; his experienced cutter will warrant a fit; and anybody who has patronized that store will say prices are reasonable.

— It is not too early to begin to look around for Christmas presents. Soon the stores and shops will be overrun with buyers and your chances for getting the things you want and not be crowded half to death are much more favorable now than they will be 2 or 3 weeks hence. "Go early and avoid the rush."

— Please note particularly the advertisement of Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R, in this paper which tells all about a cafe chantant to be held in Lyceum Hall on Dec. 7; also about the price of tickets and where they may be bought at half dollar apiece. It is a new wrinkle in this city, but it will be a fine thing and no doubt draw like a sixcattle team. Eating, a play, and dancing make a perfect bill of entertainment.

— One of the features of the entertainment of the Cafe Chantant will be a Character Song by Billie Clewley, Philip Brackett and Ralph Johnson.

— Attend the Republican caucuses tomorrow night.

— Thanksgiving Day weather was never finer than yesterday.

— The alarm from Box 56 Wednesday afternoon was false.

— Another Thanksgiving Day founded by the Pilgrims, has come and gone.

— Bear in mind the Unitarian Fair which is advertised in this paper, and then patronize it.

—Woburn stores, shops and markets were handsomely decorated for the great annual New England Festival.

— W. E. Blodgett gave 25 big turkeys to the employees of Guastivino Co., of which he is General Manager.

— Our gentlemanly, accommodating and fair dealing marketmen couldn't have had better weather for the turkey trade yesterday if they had tried ever so hard.

— Don't fail to hear the wonderful Whistler at the Cafe Chantant in Lyceum Hall, Dec. 7. Tickets on sale at McLaughlin & Dennison's and Daniel Kelly's.

— Presumably to increase our thanks for blessings received Major H. C. Hall sent us copies of the Skowhegan, Maine *Independent* yesterday, for which he will please accept our grateful acknowledgement.

— Dr. Thomas Caulfield was called to attend Mr. Edmund J. Bryenton of Lexington, 32 years old, a motorman on the Woburn and Lexington line of the L. & B. street railway, who was stricken with heartfailure at a social here last Thursday evening, and lived only a few moments. Mr. Bryenton was a resident of Bennett street, this city, up to a short time ago.

— Initial steps were taken at the meeting of the City Council on Nov 17, to increase the salaries of Clerk of Committees and City Auditor, which will probably eventuate in an increase. We do not notice that the Council are thinking of raising the salary of the Sealer of Weights and Measures, which is much less than it ought to be. Mr George F Hosmer, present incumbent of the office, has told the Council so, but his advice goes unheeded.

— On Friday evening, Dec 2, prox, Mr. Harlow C. Seeley of Boston and his fine company of dramatic artists are to give on the Dramatic Night of the Unitarian Parish Fair to run at the church on Dec. 1, 2, "A Cup of Tea," "A Pickedup Dinner," and "To Oblige Benson," three ribticklers, which no stage managers can present in better style than can Mr Seeley. Read the notice of the Fair in this paper and see what you think about it.

— If a young fellow contemplates buying a pair of skates for his best girl, or a coaster for his sister, or a doublerunner for himself, and wants the best at the most favorable prices, he can't do nearly so well at any other hardware store as he can at the well filled establishment of H B. Blye & Co. of Woburn. And if the head of the family is thinking of putting in a new furnace, or installing a cook or parlor stove, and wants to get them at a bargain, he needn't go any farther than Blye's.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, the piano tuner of this city, has forwarded to the JOURNAL a copy of the Reading *Chronicle* which contains the information that Mr. Herbert L Clarke, Assistant Conductor and Cornet Soloist of Sousa's famous band of New York, and champion cornetist of the world, has been conducting the daily concerts of the Band during the recent temporary illness of Conductor Sousa, and kept them right up to concert pitch. The Band are to sail from New York on Dec. 24, on a professional tour around the world, during which they are to give 102 concerts. Edwin G, brother of Herbert L, is General Manager and Treasurer of the organization. They are sons of the old organist William Clarke.

— Bunker Hill Chapter, D. A. R, held their regular monthly meeting in the historic old Royal House, Medford, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 17, about 75 being present. Mrs: George H. Newcomb of this city was the hostess of the afternoon, assisted by several ladies, among whom were Mrs. Chas. Strout and Mrs. A. E. Gage. After the business meeting a delightful entertainment was given consisting of readings by Mr. Foster of Boston University, piano solos by Miss Foster, singing of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Mrs. Lewis and a paper on the history of the Royal House by Mrs. Newcomb. The grand old house was all thrown open and opportunity was given to all present to inspect its many valuable historic treasures. Refreshments were served in the quaint old dining room Special guests from Woburn were Mrs Emma Dow, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, Mrs W. H. Lewis, Mrs Jacob Ames and Mrs. T. L Loomer.

— We have in our mind's eye a worthy Woburn couple who had no turkey, cranberries, mincepie and cheese for their Thanksgiving dinner yesterday, but, instead, banqueted on corned beef and cabbage with a mealy potato boiled in its jacket, and with this plebeian repast, swimming in a gravy composed of contentment and potliquor, the couple were just as well satisfied as though they had been served with a dinner of rich oxtail soup, a sirloin roast of beef, a saddle of Southdown mutton, the fattest and tenderest barnyard products, canvasback ducks, all the fresh vegetables in the catalogue, fruit, and wine, as they would have been with the most elaborate regulation Thanksgiving dinner, especially, if they had been so fortunate as to have had a plate apiece of Simon Blake's "smothered onions" to go with it. Contentment converted the modest meal into a royal Thanksgiving feast. When the grateful eating was over; the dishes washed and put away on the dresser; the floor neatly swept; and the old gentleman had filled up the stove and taken his pipe; and the good woman had resumed her knitting, and both sat in the warmth and talked, no happier couple could be found in this city than these two who had no turkey for the annual New England Festival.

The Box and Contents.

The copper box safely embeded in the cornerstone of the Federal Building, laid last Saturday with Masonic ceremonies, bearing the emblems of the Masonic Order on top, hermetically sealed, is of the following dimensions: 9 1 2 inches long, 8 inches wide, 6 inches high, within it is suspended a hermetically sealed lead box allowing an air space of one-half inch all around it, within that is the contents as follows:

A brass plate bearing the inscription "Greetings from Mount Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. M. to our unknown brethen R. T. Mack, W. M. Nov. 19, 1910."

A copy of the proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. 1909.

A copy of the constitution of the M. W. Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A traveling certificate of the Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Massachusetts.

A sketch of Free Masonry in Woburn by Senior P. M. Alva S. Wood, with regular communication No 567.

Section of Legends of Woburn second series comprising forty pages.

Photograph of Wood Tavern where Freedom Lodge was consecrated Oct. 21st, 1824.

Photographs of officers Mount Horeb Lodge 1909 organization.

List of members of Mount Horeb Lodge 1910.

Special communication of Mount Horeb Lodge for laying the corner stone Nov, 19, 1910.

Invitation issued to special guests with card to witness corner stone laying.

Two copies "Order of Exercises at Laying of Corner Stone.

A copy of regular communication Mount Horeb Lodge No. 569.

A copy of 50th Anniversary Program Mount Horeb Lodge 1905.

One "Betsey Ross" American Flag, bearing thirteen stars.

One American Flag bearing forty-eight stars.

A copy of list of poll tax payers in Woburn April 1, 1910.

A copy of Manual of City Government 1909.

A copy of City Government Woburn 1910.

A booklet containing thirty views of Woburn.

A photograph of the first postoffice.

A photograph of the second postoffice.

A photograph of the fourth postoffice.

A photograph of the twelve postmasters appointed during the 114 years the U. S. leased a business location.

A photograph taken in the City Hall Council Chamber Sept. 26, 1907 with forty citizens present, with list of names.

A photograph of the removal of the first sod Sept. 12, 1910 to construct present building.

A photograph of the second sod removed Sept. 12, 1910.

A panoramic photograph of postoffice site with Blake House thereon.

A panoramic photograph of site six weeks after the first sod was removed.

A photograph of the Mishawum House, the First Postoffice Building.

A photograph of office of same, showing desk used.

A photograph of front door handle First Postoffice Building.

A history of Woburn's first postoffice printed in the Woburn Journal Feb 4, 1887.

A seven leaf section from descendants of Chase Whitcher of Warren, N. H.

A panoramic photograph of Main street, looking south from the Baptist church.

A photograph of Main street, looking northeast from the Baptist church.

A photograph of Central Square.

A photograph of Main street from Union, looking southwest.

A photograph of Horn Pond.

Three photographs from the top of the High School Building.

Two photographs from steeple of First Congregational church, looking northwest-east to southwest.

A photograph of Pleasant street looking northwest nerr postoffice.

Two photographs of Woburn Square during July 4, 1910.

A photograph of "100 Years of Woburn."

A photograph of Woburn Center in 1820.

A photograph of Mr. Luther M. Harris.

A photograph of Mr. Charles F. Remington.

A photograph of Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher.

A copy of a sketch of the life of Benjamin Thompson—Count Rumford

A copy of a sketch of the life of Col. Loammi Baldwin.

A copy—Year Book, Col. Loammi Baldwin Chapter of D. A. R. 1909-10.

A copy—Year Book, Woburn Woman's Club 1910-11.

A copy—Order of Exercises at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, Oct. 14, 1869.

A copy—School Manual City of Woburn 1910.

A copy—Manual of the First Congregational church.

A copy — By-Laws Crystal Fount Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 9.

A copy— Constitution, etc. of Wo-Encampment I. O. O. F. No. 72.

A copy By-Laws, etc. of Charles H. Moloy Camp No. 42 United Spanish War Veterans.

A copy—Rumford Historical Association, By-Laws, etc. 1903.

A copy—Transcript of Epitaphs in Woburn's First and Second Burial grounds.

A copy—Order of Exercises at 75th anniversary of Woburn Mechanic Phalanx Oct. 3, 1910.

A copy -Invitation to attend Woburn's 250th anniversary Oct. 6 and 7, 1892.

Autographic letter of Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Dec. 7, 1906.

State of Mass. Bay Currency $7.00 date 1780, signed Loam. Baldwin.

A combined order and receipt of the Middlesex Canal Sept. 15, 1801 signed by Loammi Baldwin, Superintendent.

A draft on The Plantation Bank. New York City, S. T. 1860x.

An envelope—N. E. Women's Press Association.

A copy of "Woburn Daily Times," Sept. 12, 1910.

A copy of "Woburn Evening News," Nov. 9, 1910.

A copy of the "Woburn Journal," Nov. 11, 1910.

A part of the Boston Journal Nov. 1 and copy of Nov. 18, 1910.

A thumb-latch fromfront door handle (with engraved tag attached) of First Postoffice Building, 1797.

Aluminum tray bearing imprint of Baldwin Mansion erected 1661.

Aluminum souvenir of World's Fair, Chicago, Ill.

A wooden box bearing engraved strip, stating "The Wood of First Postoffice Building. 1797" and containing:—One proof set, U. S. minor coins, 1910, consisting of 50 cent, 25 cent, 10 cent, 5 cent and 1 cent pieces, one Lafayette silver dollar, 1900, one Columbian half dollar, 1892, one Columbian quarter dollar, 1893, one round gold quarter dollar, 1868, one hexagonal gold quarter dollar, 1859, one U. S. cent, 1798, one U. S. half cent, 1806, one Massachusetts State cent, 1788, one Indian head cent, U. S., 1909, one Lincoln head cent, U. S., V. D. B., 1909, one two cent, U. S., 1864, one silver three cent, U. S., 1851, one silver, U. S. Filipinis, 20 centavos, 1903.

One glass vial containing:—one three cent fractional currency, one five cent fractional currency, one ten cent fractional currency, one fifteen cent fractional currency.

Five glass tubes containing flags and photograph previously mentioned.

Signature of packer (Arthur W. Whitcher) on slip of paper,

The following views of the scene were taken for Mt. Horeb Lodge:

The placing of the box within the stone suspended in the air by R. W. Charles H. Ramsay, G. L.

R. W. Wm. F. Davis acting S. G. W. in the act of taking cement from the bucket.

P. M. A. V. Haynes with the historic trowel made of the front door handle of the first P. O. building, reaching into the box of cement.

The stone in place and being turned to position.

The desk that served as Woburn's first P. O for 13 years from 1797 was displayed upon the platform near the scene of interest Over it floated a Betsy Ross, 13 starred, Flag attached at top of a boarding pike from the frigate Constitution.

The Grand Lodge were seated beneath a canopy upon the partially constructed building, while just behind "Old Glory" glistened in the breeze.

The Memorial Tablet.

Although the weather was uncommonly cold hundreds of men, women and children gathered on and around the Common in this city at 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, Nov. 20, 1910, to witness the unveiling and dedicatory exercises of the bronze tablet affixed to a great boulder placed on the southeast corner of the Common by the City of Woburn to honor the memory of its citizens who died in the Spanish American War in 1898 1902.

The first steps for the placing of this memorial tablet were taken by Charles H Moloy Camp, U S W A, of Woburn, which was so named in honor of one of the victims of the War, killed in the Battle of San Juan Hill, and to the Camp belongs credit for the ultimate success of their initiatory steps.

At the proper moment ex Ald John F. Moloy, brother of Charles, removed the American Flag from the tablet.

The line of march consisted of:—Platoon of police, Woburn National band, Patrick Calnan, leader, Co. G, 5th Regt, M V M, Capt. J Edward Graham commanding; Post 33, G A R., Post 16, G A R, City Council, officers of C. B. Winn Camp, 66. S. of V, and invited guests; Charles H Moloy Camp, U. S. W. V., John J. Harris, commander.

The inscription on the tablet reads:

IN HONOR
OF THE MEN OF WOBURN
WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY
IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN
1898—1902

Charles H. Moloy, 6th U. S. Cavalry, Troop E, Killed at San Juan Hill, Cuba, July 1, 1898.

Edward Billingsley, 5th Mass. Vols. Died in service Nov. 10, 1898,

Anthony Kerrigan, 43d U. S. Infantry, Co. B. Died on transport Dec. 10, 1899. Buried at sea.

ERECTED BY
THE CITY OF WOBURN
1910.

Wedding Reception.

Mr. Thomas F. Cullen of Woburn, and Miss Katherine O'Connor of Guysboro, Nova Scotia, were united in marriage, October 30, 1910, at Guysboro, N. S. On Sunday evening, Nov. 20, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen held their wedding reception at the home of the groom on Holton street, this city. Guests were present from many of the surrounding towns. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen were assisted in receiving by Miss Cullen, a sister of the groom. The bride was handsomely dressed in pearl messaline. During the evening a delightful entertainment was given by the following artists:—Solos by Miss A. Riley of Wakefield, and Mr. Charles Donahue of Woburn; Recitations, Mr. Charles Mahan and Miss Roache of Everett; violin solos, Joseph Dillon of Wakefield and G Fitzpatrick of Everett; character impersonations by Chester Eaton of Somerville; all received generous applause. A dainty lunch was served in the diningroom The table decorations were bouquets of cut flowers. The popularity of the couple was attested by the beautiful array of wedding gifts of china, linen, silver and cut glass. The Knights of Columbus, of which the groom is a member, sent a beautiful mahogany desk, and other friends a handsome china closet. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs J H Cullen, D Foley, B McCue, D Daley, F Cullen, P F Kendey, Dr J O'Connor, J W Haggerty, B Glenden, H J Lyons, J J McCue, T T McCue, F O'Leary, J Sullivan, J Cronin, W McManus, G J Fitzpatrick, Charles Riley of Wakefield, P Maguire, Mr and Mrs A Cox, W Callahan, Charles Mahan of Chelsea, Joseph J Dillon, Wakefield, J H Driscoll, Stoneham, Edward Hibbard, Thomas Moran, Herbert Riley, Mr and Mrs G O Gustin, Mr and Mrs H Irving Gustin, Somerville, Joseph Kenney, J O'Leary, H Cosgrove, L E Day, M Caulfield, M J Deneen, R Burns, Ruth and Dorothy Blair, Alice Riley, May Roache, Mr and Mrs F Cunningham of Boston, Capt and Mrs F J Sheeran, Alice McHugh, Mr and Mrs W H McManus, Mr and Mrs J Lally, Medford, Miss J Fitzpatrick, Everett, Mrs M Fitzpatrick, Miss G James, Miss E Doherty, Miss A Cullen, Arlington, Mary Cullen, Walpole, Miss A McHugh, Anna Maguire, Elizabeth Rooney, Mrs B Lathrop, Boston, Mrs J James, Everett, Mrs P Riley, Mary McCue, Rose and Mary Beauchamp, Mr and Mrs John Crean, Miss Mary Crean, Peabody, Mrs Katherine Landrey, Misses Belle, May and Katherine Landrey, Jamaica Plain, Thomas and James Sheeran, Joseph Kenney, Andrew Harking, Stoneham, Philip Dineen, Mr and Mrs Sullivan, Mr and Mrs Doherty and members of Knights of Columbus.

Justifiable Deception.

The talk had gone back, and fro and the youthful Socialist had been announcing that no man ought to get his living by cheating, and we all listened to him and agreed that it was dreadful when men and women did not tell the truth, but tried to make their living by deceiving people. Millionaires, landowners, financiers, we scarified all of them who cheat the public.

"No one should make a living by deception," said the young man.

Then a quiet voice from a woman came from the corner of the sofa. "What about the conjurer?"

Eating Four Hundred Years Ago.

Four hundred years ago eating was practically confined to two meals a day, but in many parts the second or evening meal was of such a protracted character that laws were passed limiting its duration. Thus at Berne there was a law against sitting at table more than five hours. At Bale, from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening was the maximum permitted, but the town council was unable to practice its own counsels of perfection and on great occasions finished in private. In Saxony the innkeeper was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at one meal.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

An unsolved mystery will be the feature at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week in Onaip, the Hindoo Mystic, who sits a man at a piano and both rise from the ground, float in the air, and revolve, while the man plays the piano. Of all the mysteries that have been presented on the stage in recent years, this is without question the greatest, and there is no doubt that Onaip will be the talk of all Boston next week.

THE BOSTON.

Announcement is made by Mr. Jos M. Gaites that his newest production will be seen at the Boston Theatre beginning Monday, November 28, entitled "Katie Did." The book is founded on that most popular of farces, "My Friend From India." The transposing of the piece to music and the lyrics are the work of W C Duncan and Frank Smithson. The new production is in two acts and a strong cast has been gathered together by Mr Gaites for the presentation. It includes May Vokes, favorably known for her excellent work as the slavey in "My Friend From India" company Some of the most popular of the song "hits" are: "In the Swim," "Out with the Owl," "Come a Little Closer," "I Met My Girls," "The Light of My Eyes," "Save up your Kisses for a Rainy Day," and "Love, Love."

HOLLIS STREET.

The long delayed engagement of the popular comedian, Francis Wilson in Boston, is about to be consummated, for announcement is made that Mr. Wilson will begin a limited engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre, in his own successful comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby," next Monday night "The Bachelor's Baby," is the most successful play Mr. Wilson has had during his career and it comes to Boston almost direct from its season's run at the Criterion theatre, New York City, where it played to the biggest houses in the history of that popular playhouse "The Bachelor's Baby," is a most diverting and entertaining comedy farce, full of bright lines and with clever epigram and amusing situations, tells in a clean, straightforward and wholesome manner, an appealing as well as a very funny story.

THE GLOBE

"Lulu" is an actress with a live wire press agent. That functionary advertises for a husband for the star, the idea being to select a victim and go as far as they can when Lulu is to declare that she already has a husband. The scheme nets columns of publicity and works to the entire satisfaction of all concerned until Lulu sends to one of suitors a picture of her dearest married friend. This applicant means business. He appoints a meeting place—the Clover Blossom Inn, just outside New York—and it happens that the lady of the photograph is on hand. She is mistaken by the eager-husband-to be for Lulu. Her own husband is on her trail and arrives at the Inn in the thick of the confusion. Let it first be understood that the locale of "Lulu's Husbands," the farce which Thompson Buchanan, author of "A Woman's Way," adapted from the French for Messrs. Shubert, who produced the play last spring in New York, is not in Utah.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Lion and the Mouse," has been so successful that John Craig will give it for a second and final week at the Castle Square, beginning next Monday. Its strong emotional scenes presenting the struggle between a multi-millionaire and financier, reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in the world, and a clever young woman who fights for the honor of her father, are very effectively acted by the players at the Castle Square. The woman in the end triumphs over money and power, the entire four acts offering a striking succession of powerful scenes. In the two leading roles Mr. Craig and Miss Young are exceptionally effective, and the entire stock company does good work.

LONDON THEATERS.

The Historic Pit That Is Fenced Off From the Stalls.

In the orchestra of a London theater there are only eight or ten rows of stalls, and immediately behind them is the pit, which is walled off by a barrier or fence that stretches clear across the theater. In the pit there are no individual seats—merely rows of long benches on which the people sit rather closely together.

It is, of course, impossible to reserve seats in advance, and people who are going to the pit have to come early on the evening of the performance in order to secure the best places.

Hence in the case of a popular play a long queue of people may be seen at 7 o'clock stretching from the pit door all along the sidewalk, waiting for the house to open. They keep their places very patiently in line, united by a common mood of pleasurable anticipation.

One manager awhile ago made the experiment of selling reserved seats in the pit at the usual price, but to this the pit people objected strenuously on the ground that they could seldom know in advance just when they would find themselves possessed of that happy combination of money and an evening off which would permit of theater going and preferred to take their chances waiting in line when the fortunate opportunity arrived.

The pit is patronized by people of a very estimable class and is often frequented by well educated men and women who wish to save money and do not care to dress. Whereas a seat in the stalls costs half a guinea (or approximately $2.50), a place in the pit costs only two and six (or approximately 60 cents), and the play can be seen very nearly as well.

In the pit the same program that is sold in the stalls for sixpence is sold for twopence, and the pit has a refreshment bar of its own which is cheaper than the main bar of the theater. Of course the real reason why there is a pit in the London theater is that there has always been a pit. That in itself is sufficient for the British mind, but it must be admitted that the system is on grounds of common sense an exceedingly good one.—Bookman.

Special Notice.

We are now equipped to handle, with reasonable expedition, applications for changes to the new schedule or for service to new subscribers.

Four-party and six-party Suburban subscribers desiring to retain their present service until next November may do so.

Such advantages of the new schedule, however, as divided ringing, fewer parties on a line, or the special economies of measured service or coin box service to small users are still open to those who desire them.

For detailed information call at 119 Milk Street or 165 Tremont Street, Boston, or make a **Free Telephone Call to Fort Hill 7600** and ask for the Rate Department.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

LLOYD'S
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KRYPTOK BIFOCAL GLASSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.
The useful, handsome, economical KRYPTOK BIFOCALS can be mounted in any style desired: Rimless, or in Shell, Gold, Filled or Steel Frames.
Any of our Stores will be very glad to show them to you.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
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1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, denounced.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 17, Edmund J. Bryenton, of Lexington, Mass., aged 32 years, 4 months, 9 days.
In this city, Nov 19, Philip H. Haggerty, aged 43 years, 1 month, 24 days.

CARBONOL
Healing and Antiseptic

CARBONOL is the great antiseptic. More powerful than Corbolic Acid—as harmless as water.
Can be used safely by every member of the household for sores, cuts, bruises, aching feet, colds, sore throat.
Can be used throughout the house for cleaning purposes—dissolves grease better than soap, destroys bad odors, purifies and disinfects everything it touches. 10c and 25c a bottle. Sample free on request to

Barrett Manufacturing Co.
297 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed executors of the will of Catherine Rumford Griffith, late of Quebec in the Province of Quebec, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, and Roswell Park one of said executors, has appointed Loammi F. Baldwin of Woburn his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

LOAMMI F. BALDWIN, Woburn, Mass.
BALDWIN COOLIDGE, 419A Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
ROSWELL PARK, 510 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, NY
October 31, 1910.

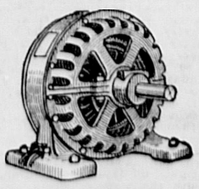
Musical.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October third.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.
MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RESUME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Parish Fair
First Unitarian Parish
WOBURN
December 1, 2, 1910

Thursday, Dec. 1,
4 P. M. Opening of Sale of Fancy Articles. Free Admission.
6.30 P. M. Supper. Tickets 35 cts.
8.00 P. M. } Entertainment. Tickets
8.30 P. M. } 10 cents

Friday, Dec. 2,
8.00 P. M. Dramatic Night. Presenting Mr. Harlow C. Seeley and company in
"A CUP OF TEA"
"A PICKEDUP DINNER"
"TO OBLIGE BENSON"
Admission 25 Cents



WESTINGHOUSE MOTORS
FOR SALE BY
F. G. DAVIS, Electrician,
WOBURN. Tel. 493M
Repair Work a specialty.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE
Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 27 a. m., then 1 57 p, m., and every 30 mins., until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9 57, 10 27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6 27, 6.57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2 22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7 52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10 22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17 32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10 02, 10 17, 10 32, 11 02, 11 32 p. m. and 12 02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6 22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9 52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7 52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m. SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6 00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12 00 M., 1.30, 3.00 4.30, 6 00, and 7 30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8 15 a. m, 1 15, 3 45 p. m SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12 45, 2.15, 3 45, 5.15, 6 45, 7 15 p. m.

BUY YOUR

Holiday Goods

AT THE

Boston Branch

New Victoria Seeded Raisins 10c. package.
New Victoria Seedless Raisins, 13c. package.
New Citron 20c. lb.
New Orange and Lemon Peel 18c. lb.
New Table Raisins 30c. package.
Also a full assortment of New Dates, Figs. Nuts, Seasonings, Poultry Dressing, Spices, Extracts &c. Everything needed for Holiday cooking.

Boston Branch

Post Card Size
Brownie Camera
— FOR —
Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's

379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

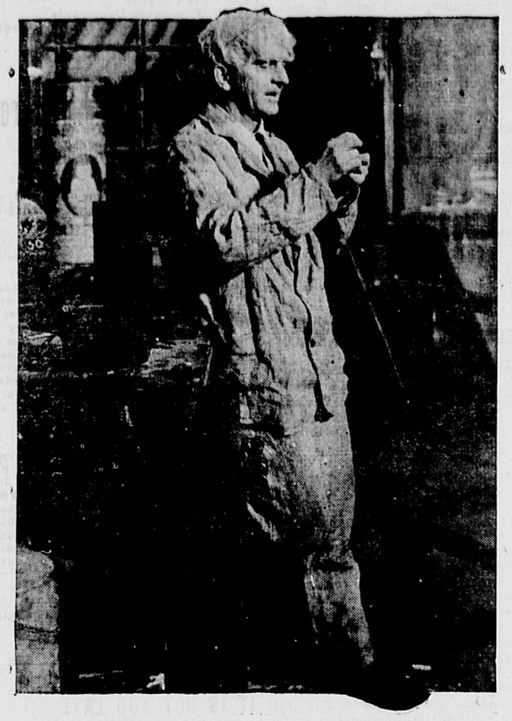
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Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
Florida Georgia Alabama
In Comfort and Luxury
By Sea Send for Green Folder

SAILING FOR SAVANNAH DIRECT
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Greatly Reduced Fares To All Points South
First Cabin Fare, Boston to Jacksonville, Florida
$26.15. Round Trip, $43.30
(Including meals and Berth aboard ship)
Large Ships—Broad Promenade Decks
Leave Boston 20 Atlantic Ave., 3 P.M. every Tues. and Sat.
Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.



FORREST ROBINSON in "The Fortune Hunter" now playing at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.
CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Malden Sq at 5.45 AM., then half hourly until 9.45 then hourly until 2 45 PM., then half hourly until 11 15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶9.45, 9 15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq for Stoneham Sq at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15, ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 8.15 PM., then half hourly until 11 45. Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM ¶10 30 ¶11 00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8 30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P. M., ¶10 30, ¶11 00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina Warland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lydia A. Webber of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2 9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emily F. Pollard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Mary S. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1910 at nine o'clock, in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

11-18-25 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanella Cardeleen otherwise known as Guinella N. Cardeleen and Guinella Napolitano, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Anthony Cardeleen of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

The Col. Loammi Baldwin Chapter

Of the Daughters of the American Revolution will give a

Cafe Chantant

LYCEUM HALL

Wednesday Even'g, Dec. 7, 1910

From 8 until 12

Stage entertainment from 8 till 10 (continuous.) During which refreshments will be served.
Dancing from 10 to 12.

TICKETS 50 Cents.

For sale at the drugstores of McLaughlin & Dennison and Daniel Kelley.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
LAND COURT.

To Nellie S. Shaw, Isaac D. Farmer, Hubert C. Flagg, Joseph E. Pollard and Emma L. Davis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; J. A. Stockwell of Stoneham, Pearl V. Bishop of Wakefield, in said County of Middlesex; Mabel F. Holway of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and said Commonwealth; Percy Parker, administrator c. t. a. of the will of Elizabeth Simpson, late of Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; Esther P. Simpson of said Lowell, individually and as Executrix of the will of Odanthus Simpson, late of said Lowell, deceased, and as Trustee under will of said Elizabeth Simpson; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Adelia L. Hill of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner of Green and Spring Streets at a spike, the line runs north westerly on said Spring Street and a proposed right of way 232.98 feet to land of Hubert C. Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg 85.9 feet to land of Joseph E. Pollard; thence southerly, slightly easterly by land of said Pollard and land of Joseph E. Sawtelle 198.20 feet to a spike at the said Green Street; thence westerly along said Green Street 96 42 feet to the point of beginning.

Petitioner also claims the fee and soil in the centre of Spring Street and a proposed extension thereof, as shown on plan of James A. Bancroft, dated February 8th, 1908, subject to any easment or right of way of the public thereon.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson the administrator of the estate not already administered of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten

18 25-2 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO, 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.

WINCHESTER.

Samuel W. Elder, the Lawyer, and "Benny" Mathews, the Barber, are great friends, and have been for years.

Thanksgiving was a welcome visitor and well observed. There appeared to be a plenty of turkeys and an abundance of cranberries to match.

Wonder what wild and visionary reform schemes our good citizen C., will present for the earnest and prayerful consideration of the 1911 Legislature? He'll conjure up something sure.

Lawyer Elder denies it, with emphasis, and they are not scattering, either, who believe President Taft offered him a seat on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench. He's plenty big enough for it.

How about that threatened garage and the "residential part of the town" that so much was said and written about a few weeks ago? Our people move from one subject to another with wonderful celerity.

The Gentlemen's Night of the Fortnightly Club was a grand affair, as the doings of that large, prosperous and highly fashionable club always are. I do not know how Winchester could possibly keep house without the Fort nightly.

The reception which Mrs. Charles W. Parker, Jr., of Winchester, is to give shortly to introduce her daughter, Miss Dorothy Parker, will be an event of early December, and one which friends of the family are pleasantly anticipating. Miss Parker is an exceedingly attractive girl, and a great favorite in her set.

Our people, generally, are not fussing over the new rates of the New England Tel and Tel. Co., on the contrary, they seem very well satisfied with them. As to the memorable case of the "devil shearing the bear," "it was "great cry and little wool" that the Reading and Wak field people set up and fizzled out of. The N. E Co are not robbers or pirates.

The young people from the churches of Winchester and vicinity who are to take part in the big Missionary Exposition movement have been divided into groups. The Mass-meeting for the Winchester district will be held Monday evening December 12th at the First Congregational church, Winchester. Rev H E Hodge, Rev A H. Gardner, General Manager of the "World in Boston," F. A Bisbee D D, and Rev. Roy B. Guild will address the meeting.

The Price of Love.

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

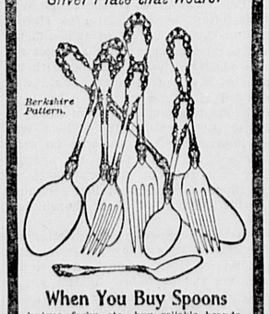
DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00; all druggists Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



Berkshire Pattern.

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. 6, address the makers,

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th accounts of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the seventh day of December, A.D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty first day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2 9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Daniel H. Richards, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Daniel H. Richards, Jr., one of the executors of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the thirteenth day of December, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Daniel H. Richards, Jr., is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2 9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FENNEL.

It Is to the Italians Somewhat as Celery Is to Us.

"Tisn't often that an Italian table d'hote furnishes anything that takes me back to my grandmother's time," said a New York man, "but that was my experience last night. The first nibble of something I'd supposed was celery sent my mind wandering back fifty years to an old New England village.

"'Fennel?' I asked the Italian waiter. He nodded and smiled and gave me the Italian form of the word, which I carefully wrote down on a scrap of paper, 'Fennocchi.' I suppose it showed my ignorance, but never before did I know that fennel is to the Italians what celery is to us. Evidently the large bases of the leafstalks are bleached in similar fashion, and from the way it was served I could see it was intended to be dipped in salt, as we eat celery. My obliging waiter told me that it was delicious as a salad and when boiled and served with cream sauce it made a popular Italian dish.

"But after all what did those culinary details matter? What really counted was that strange, penetrating flavor which took me back to my childhood. As I thoughtfully nibbled my fennel stalks the last fifty years seemed a blank. I was a child again, picking big clusters of yellow, aromatic fennel seeds in my grandmather's garden."—New York Sun.

AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS.

They Make Themselves, Like Their Idols, as Hideous as Possible.

The most important period of the young African's life is that between youth and manhood (or womanhood). It is then that the witch doctor is extremely busy with his various mysterious rites. It is an important part of his calling to be hideous, as in most cases he undoubtedly is. A ridiculous mask covers his head, and wildcat or other skins are hung around his loins. Pigment of various colors is plentifully daubed over his body, and in this hideous state it is not to be wondered at that he strikes terror into the maidens' hearts as he dances wildly in the dim firelight, glaring at them with fiendish eyes. The timid young creatures are like the hare which trembles as the hovering bird of prey flutters over its head. Self will is crushed, and the erstwhile playful, willful child is transformed in most cases into a frightened creature, with, for the time being, no will of her own. It is a curious thing that nothing connected with what one may call the spiritual side of the blacks' life is ever beautiful. Their carved figures are always, to say the least, grotesque and calculated to frighten rather than comfort the bereaved.—Wide World Magazine.

Twenty Volume Novels.

The longest novels of today are pygmies compared with those published in the seventeenth century. Mlle. de Scudery's "Le Grand Cyrus" ran into ten volumes, its publication being spread over five years. And when it was translated, or, to quote the title page, "Englished by a Person of Honour," it appeared in five folio volumes of some 500 pages apiece. Another novelist of the same period, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, one of his works, "Cleopatre," extending over twenty-three volumes. These novels found plenty of readers despite their enormous length. The Paris publisher of "Le Grand Cyrus" made 100,000 crowns by the first edition alone. Nearly all the works of Scudery and Calprenede were translated into English as soon as they appeared and many of them into German as well.—London Chronicle.

A Historic Spot.

Linlithgow palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name in Scotland, is somewhat square and heavy looking. Linlithgow was the birthplace of Mary, queen of Scots; in Linlithgow church James IV. of Scotland was forewarned by an apparition of the coming disaster at Flodden Field; in its streets the regent Murray was shot; close by the town Edward I. had two ribs broken by his horse the night before Falkirk, and on its loch a chancellor of the exchequer, bent on economy, issued instructions that the royal swans should be kept down to a dozen.—Argonaut.

HIS GREAT IDEA.

The Tin Plated Tomato and the Moral That Goes With It.

A good theory that won't work isn't half as good as a poor one that will.

Twenty years ago a young man just out of college had a great idea. He was going to tin plate tomatoes. There was to be no more troublesome paring and cooking and canning to preserve tomatoes throughout winters. It would be necessary only to drop a nice ripe tomato into his tinning solution and it would come out coated with tin and would keep for twenty years. In fact, there wasn't any reason why it should not keep forever! The young inventor figured it would cost him 50 cents a gallon to make this tinning solution. It surely would sell for $2 a gallon. Every one eats tomatoes—that is, nearly every one. Everybody would eat them if they could always have a nice tin plated tomato lying around. He ought to sell a million gallons a year. That would be a profit of a million and a half dol— Well, no tin plated tomatoes are on the market yet, and the man who invented them is still making only $15 a week.

The moral of this is that whenever you hear of a great idea that is going to reform or uplift the world make sure that it is not of the tin plated tomato brand.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lottery Romance.

A few years ago, as the date for the drawing of the annual Christmas lottery at Madrid was approaching, a poor mechanic of Corunna was awakened three consecutive nights by the number 125,869, apparently spoken in his ear. So impressed was he by the repetition of the incident that he wrote down the number and jocularly said to his wife, "That number will win the first prize in the great lottery." "Then why don't you buy the ticket?" his wife answered jokingly as she looked at the figures. "Why, see, if you add them together they just come to my age. I shall be thirty-one on Christmas day." The ticket, after much trouble, was found (it had been rejected a few minutes earlier by a wealthy citizen of Corunna) and bought, and before many days had passed the mechanic and his wife were made jubilant by the news that the ticket had won the first prize of £20,000.—London Globe

TULIP MADNESS.

The Craze That Raged In Holland In the Last Century.

During the tulip craze in Holland in the last century in one year the sales aggregated 10,000,000 florins. Holland went tulip mad. The bulbs were quoted on the Stock Exchange. Ownership in them was divided into shares. Speculators sold them short. At one time more tulips were sold than existed. At Lille a brewer sold his trade and good will in exchange for a bulb, which was thereafter known as the Brewery tulip. In Amsterdam a father gave one by way of dower with his child. Thereafter the variety was known as the Marriage of My Daughter. At Rotterdam a hungry sailor, happening on a few, mistook them for onions and ate them. The repast became as famous as Cleopatra's pearls and probably exceeded it in cost. At The Hague a poor fellow managed to raise a black tulip. The rumor of that vegetable marvel spread. Presently he was visited by a deputation from a syndicate. For that ewe lamb of his the deputation offered 1,000 florins, which he refused. He was offered 10,000 florins. Still he refused. Cascades of gold were poured before his resisting eyes. Finally, tormented and tempted, he succumbed. There and then the deputation trampled that tulip under their feet. Afterward it appeared that the syndicate had already grown a gem precisely similar and, unable to bear the idea that a rival existed, had authorized the deputation if needful to offer ten times the amount which it paid.

PICKED AN ODD NAME.

An Author's Long Search and a Subsequent Surprise.

When Albion W. Tourgee wrote "A Fool's Errand" he named one of his leading characters Theron Pardee. An early copy of the book fell into the hands of the Rev. Luther Pardee, an Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, whose father was named Thereon Pardee. The name is such an unusual combination that in amazement the rector showed the book to his father, and they were both puzzled by the coincidence. They decided to write Judge Tourgee and ask him what had led him to use the name. He replied, in equal amazement, that he had not supposed there was such a man living as a Theron Pardee. Then he stated that he had a prolonged search for a suitable name for the character of his story—one that would express just what he imagined this character to be. In the course of the hunt an old copy of the curriculum of Union college had fallen into his hands. It was dated 1825, or something as far back, and among the names of the students was one Thereon Pardee. The judge said it had impressed him as being one of the richest, most solid and most satisfying names he ever had heard, so he decided to adopt it for his character. The curriculum was so old that he had no hesitation in using the name, and he was astonished to learn that the rightful owner of it was living. His explanation was accepted and the resulting acquaintance was pleasing all around. —New York Press.

The Arab Plowman.

To see an Arab steering a yoke of oxen, one hand pressed upon the single stem of the plow and the other holding the long, slim goad, is to see a living illustration of how Elisha looked and moved when Elijah found him plowing and cast his cloak upon him in significant symbolism of his destiny. It has often been remarked that, while imperishable relics of Roman stonework abound in northern Africa in the form of bridges, aqueducts and so forth, the impress left on the people themselves by the greatest civilizing power that ever existed is extraordinarily slight. Only in some such insignificant details as the names of the months in the Kabyle dialect is the stamp of Rome still visible, and in the system of hiring labor in the Tell there survives a custom belonging to the early days of the Roman republic.—Wide World Magazine.

Ancient Spectacle Makers.

The ancient Guild of Spectacle Makers is numerically one of the strongest London companies. Its charter dates from the year 1629 and, though the exact date of its origin is lost, there is ample evidence that the calling of spectacle maker was extensively followed at a very early date. An old book of 1503 mentions the spectacle makers among other traders, and the biography of Carlo Zeno, an illustrious Venetian, who died in 1418, mentions that even at the age of eighty-four he needed no artificial aids to his sight. So presumably spectacles were common in Italy five centuries ago.—London Telegraph.

Different Altogether.

Visitor (consolingly to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

Tommy—Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is call in the cat and she'll lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, an' mamma will do the lickin'.

An Account to Settle.

The Lawyer—Madam, I find that your husband's will leaves you nothing but what the law compelled him to leave you. The Widow (angry and forgetful)—Just wait till I see him!

An Example.

Knicker—They say that in 3,000 years Niagara will stop flowing. Mrs. Knicker—That makes me hope the plumber will get our leak fixed yet.—Harper's Bazar.

Counter Case.

Upon being called in the police court, charged with an assault upon a clerk at a soda water fountain, the defendant arose and said, "Your honor, I am guilty, but I plead a counter case." Whereupon the aforesaid clerk arose and replied: "Your honor, the counter didn't have anything to do with it. I walked around the counter before I struck him."—Case and Comment.

Quite Poetic.

"Tell me, Harry," said May Brightley's admirer to her young brother, "who is this other fellow that's been calling on your sister?"

"I don't know his name," replied Harry. "I just call him 'April showers.'"

"What for?"

"Because he brings May flowers."

The Soft Answer.

"John, don't you think I have worn this pair of shoes long enough?"

"No, dear. If they were long enough you wouldn't have had those corns."—Houston Post.

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A Message

An Ingenious Way of Leaving a Bequest

By F. A. MITCHEL

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On the South Carolina coast stands one of those imposing colonial edifices for which that state is famous. It was built during the times when the southern settlers, requiring laborers to work on their tobacco plantations, were importing large cargoes of African negroes, who were held as slaves. It is of brick, with large pillars in front, and, considering its age, is in a remarkable state of preservation. This is because a recent owner has put it in repair.

Like other houses of its kind dating back to the seventeenth century, it was built out of the proceeds of negroes captured in Africa and sold as slaves in America. But the slave trade and its twin brother, piracy, were not in that day deprecated as they are, or rather would be, today. He who built the house referred to became one of the most prominent men of his time. Richard Granville was not his name, but in bringing out the antecedents of his descendants it is a far safer name to use than his own. He began life as a sailor, visiting every country where there was trading to be done, and a few of his older slaves, who were house servants and thus enabled the more readily to become conversant with his secrets, handed down a tradition that their master started his fortune in piracy.

Be this as it may, up to the middle of the last century his descendants did not deny that much of his money had been made in the slave trade. In his old age his conscience troubled him, and those who were nearest him said that he desired to make some reparation for his misdeeds. He had a statue of himself made of bronze and set it up on a pedestal in a bay window of his library. The left hand rests on an anchor, and the right holds a sextant—not a mock sextant; a real one, though not of brass, but of the same material as the statue. He left orders that no headstone should mark his grave, and it was supposed that he intended the statue as a substitute for one. At any rate, no one now knows where he is buried.

Different generations of his descendants discussed the statue and wondered at the whim which led their progenitor to erect it. One thing about it excited special attention. Every morning the sun, shining in upon it, strikes the eyepiece of the sextant and, passing through the tube, casts a solar image on the opposite wall. The track of this round spot of light changes with the season, traversing a slightly different path each day. There is another thing that puzzled the owners of the Granville estate. The only inscription on the statue, or, rather, its pedestal, is the date of Richard Granville's birth. And not only is the date given, but the hour and minute.

Of all topics connected with the statue probably the giving of this minute information was most discussed. No one who saw it could remember having seen any memorial giving either the hour and minute of a birth or the hour and minute of a death. But one generation after another passed away, and no plausible reason for either the statue or its singular inscription was suggested.

During the civil war Elwood Granville, the owner of the estate at that time, fought for the maintenance of the system in the introduction of which his progenitor took so important a part. Colonel Granville was a religious man and one of those who traced authority for slavery from the Bible. After the war he returned to his plantation and began to run it anew under the system that had been born during the struggle.

A few papers that had belonged to the original Granville were handed down through his descendants. They had been preserved time and again by different persons, but appeared to contain nothing to throw any light on the puzzles connected with the writer or receiver. One day Colonel Granville, while amusing himself with these documents, read a letter from the founder of his house to a clergyman in which the former said that he would like to leave at his death a fund for the benefit of the negro race in America, but the time would not come for perhaps one or two centuries when such a bequest could be utilized.

Probably the statement had been read a hundred times by Richard Granville's descendants without making any marked impression. But Colonel Granville read it at a time when the negro slave had been just emancipated and called, in all the ignorance induced by his condition, to citizenship. The meaning of the statement, "The time would not come for perhaps one or two centuries," was plain to him. More than one century had passed and brought the changed conditions. This led Colonel Granville, who was eager to help the negro, now that he had become a freeman, onward and upward, to think of the benefits that would accrue from such a bequest as was mentioned in the letter.

Then suddenly two connected ideas entered Colonel Granville's brain. The first was, Might not the writer have secretly carried out his intention, leaving a fund for the purpose that would turn up a century or two after his death? And might not the statue have something to do with its location?

Though he did not know it, he had made a mental leap bridging a century since his ancestor's death. He determined to make a study of the statue and everything that pertained to it. Every morning he devoted an hour to sitting before the bronze, looking at it and thinking about it. Perhaps he fancied that by thus mentally dwelling upon it through some spiritual process the secret would be imparted to him. The inscription engaged his attention, but he could make nothing of it. And yet there must have been an object in putting it there alone, and especially with the hour and minute of birth.

One morning Colonel Granville was sitting as usual studying the statue. The sun spot was crawling slowly over the wall as it had been traveling year in and year out for 100 years. The colonel was watching it as he had often watched it before. A third new idea came to him. Might not this sun spot have some meaning?

There seems to be two kinds of ideas in the human brain, those that are original or parent ideas and those that are offspring. The present case is an illustration. The conception that the sun spot might have some meaning was in a measure original (though everything, after all, is but a link in an eternal chain), and it suggested another idea—viz, Might not there be a connection between the sun spot and the date of birth on the statue?

Colonel Granville sprang from his chair. He was confident that he had made an important discovery. What that discovery would lead to was another matter. He had little expectation that it would work out his first conceptions which had come from the letter he had read, but he hoped it might solve the mystery of the statue and the date inscribed upon it. He was not long in inferring that on the day, hour and minute recorded on the statue the sun spot would rest on a part of the wall which would give some information or injunction intended by the man who had erected the statue.

The inscription gave the year, which could be of no importance since the sun traverses the same apparent path annually; the day, June 17; the hour, 10 o'clock, and the minute, the twenty-fifth. In other words, if this were the true explanation, on June 17, at twenty-five minutes after 10 o'clock, the position of the sun spot would mean something. It could not refer to 10 o'clock at night for an obvious reason.

It was early in April when Colonel Granville hit upon this possible explanation. Nearly two months of waiting would be necessary before the spot would reach a position corresponding with the date. The colonel, too impatient to defer investigation for what seemed to him so long a period, was eager to get a computer to come and calculate where the spot would be on the given day. But he knew of no one at hand who would be able to make the calculation. Besides, he had no desire to suffer the obloquy such an act would cast upon him, for when he stopped to think he was forced to admit that no more chimerical idea could enter the brain of man.

So he was obliged to wait and while waiting planned an excuse for what he proposed to do. He determined to make a hole in the wall where the sun spot rested on the 17th of June at twenty-five minutes past 10 in the morning, and he proposed to tell the household that he was looking for a convenient location for a chimney he was thinking of building. Every day after that the colonel watched the movement of the spot with keen interest, and at the end of a month he could calculate pretty nearly where it would fall on the 17th of June. However, he waited till the date came round.

Now, on the 17th of June the sun stands very high, practically at the highest point during the year. Consequently the spot was at the lowest point. In fact, it rested on the floor. The colonel bored a hole in the flooring, inclining it from the sextant to the point of the spot's contact and, inserting a tube, noted a place in the cellar where the line of vision prolonged would strike. Then one night when the household was asleep he went into the cellar with a lantern, a pick and a spade and began to dig.

He had cut through the cement bottom of the cellar and dug down exactly ten feet when he struck masonry. It was not very well put together, and he soon loosened the upper stones, coming to an open space. In this was an iron box or safe, such as was used many years ago. A blow of the pick knocked off the cover, and there lay a mass of gold coins. On the coins lay a paper, which Colonel Granville read.

His idea derived from the letter written by his ancestor was correct. Here was a chest containing a mixture of English, Spanish and other gold pieces and a will bequeathing the treasure to found an institution for the amelioration of the negro race.

Colonel Granville replaced the earth over the treasure and left it to think out the problem before him. Such a bequest coming from the original testator would be absorbed in legal technicalities. Besides, Granville would not like the notoriety attached to bringing out so many old coins—coins that he knew came from the price of slaves and probably the loot of piracy. He resolved to say nothing about this strange request, but to dispose of it peacemeal and erect in his own name the institution for which it was intended. This intention he carried out, and many a negro is now being educated with the money derived from the sale of his ancestors.

DINNER GUESTS.

Bad Enough to Be Late, but to Be Too Early Is Unforgivable.

It is an accepted aphorism that one should never be late at a duel or a dinner. Tardiness is unpardonable, but the converse is also true. If it is an offense to be late it is unforgivable to be too early. This refers solely to the dinner, since duels are affairs of the past.

Overhaste may be flattering, but it is also inconsiderate. If the dinner is important enough to be called a "function" and the house in which it is given is sufficiently large to be rated as a mansion the early guest may find a hostess still in her maid's hands. If instead a cottage and a simpler repast await one the housewife may herself be putting the last necessary touches to the salad. In either case the hostess feels a warm personal approval and an ability for self praise if the coming guest is a little tardy. Should the soup be cold or the roast dry it is not her fault; she was on time.

Can anything be more harassing than the "you-don't-mind-me-dear" type of woman who always comes half an hour early and always wants to "help?" Can anybody worship one's household gods, turn away the nicks, display the gleaming side in the profaning presence of a comparative stranger? A despairing hostess said recently:

"When I have just men coming I spend my soul on the cooking; when it's women I put my extra efforts into burnishing the house; when it's both I almost kill myself, and when they come too early I want to lie down and die."

"The quality of mercy is not strained." It applies even to giving one's prospective hostess ample leeway for preparation. Failing this, invitations may soon be written, "At 7, and please be late!"—Youth's Companion.

No Weight Reduction In Prospect.

Mr. Nervee—Will you be mine?

Miss Plumpleigh—You ask so much.

Mr. Nervee—I know it, but you don't seem to be getting any smaller.—Boston Transcript.

The tears of a penitent are the wine of angels.—Bernard.

SWEATING COINS.

Gold Pieces Cleverly Robbed of Their Precious Metal.

THE SYSTEM IS A FINE ART.

Nowadays Chemical Baths, Splitting and Abrasion Take the Place of the Older and Cruder Plugging—Branding the Lightweight Money.

A drilled or "plugged" coin has become something of a curiosity. Every one remembers the inconvenience of these mutilated coins. It was a matter of daily occurrence to find oneself in possession of a silver, gold or even nickel coin defaced in this way. Sometimes the hole was filled with some baser metal; often it was left open. This system of mutilating coins had the advantage, however, of being perfectly obvious, and no careful person need be deceived.

Nowadays the work of defacing coins is reduced to a fine art. The old, crude method of plugging the coins will not suffice, since the general public and the government are far more intolerant of the practice than ever before. If the precious metal is to be robbed from the coins it must be done so cleverly that even the expert will be deceived. It no longer pays to mutilate nickel or even silver coins, so, except in exceptional cases, it is only the gold coins which are mutilated. This practice, commonly known as "sweating," requires considerable skill, and the ingenuity displayed is often amazing.

The "sweating" must be done in such a way that the coin will appear perfect, even to the closest observer. The federal government will not permit any gold coin to circulate the weight of which is below the point of legal tolerance, which is fixed at one-half of 1 per cent. If a coin is found to be lighter than this it is stamped with a large L, to indicate its lightness, and is returned to the bank or the individual who last handled it. The only redress of the owner is to have the coins sent to Washington to be reminted. The owner must stand the loss in weight, which is often considerable. In cases where the coin has been "sweated" an investigation may follow, with criminal prosecution.

One of the most insidious methods of "sweating" and perhaps the most difficult of all to detect is the electroplating method. The gold coins are placed in a chemical bath, and part of the gold is detached by electricity and deposited on some other object. In this way the gold is removed with perfect evenness from all parts of the coin. The letters and general design or the milling may be slightly dulled in the process, but only as it might be from general wear and tear. The lightness of the coin will be detected by the scales at the treasury, but in the meantime such a coin may pass from hand to hand for a long time without arousing suspicion. It is obviously exceedingly difficult to trace the offender.

Another baffling method is to split the coin and remove the gold from the inner surface. The hole is then filled up with some baser metal, so that the weight will be the same, and the two sides are then welded together. It is possible to take a dollar's worth of gold or more in this way from a twenty dollar gold piece. If the work be skillfully done it is impossible to detect such a coin by its weight, and the only clew will be in some flaw in the milling. Naturally it takes a trained, experienced eye to pick out such a coin. Meanwhile the gold piece has probably circulated for days or even months, and it is exceedingly difficult to trace the offender.

One of the commonest methods of "sweating" is to shake up a number of gold coins in a chamois bag and preserve the dust and microscopical particles which have been loosened. The bag is first moistened, so that the gold will adhere to it, and is afterward burned and the gold assayed. The bruises or dents on the coins will appear to have been made in the ordinary handling. The profit from this treatment is small, but many people seem to find profit in it. The question arises if the ingenuity and labor thus expended would not bring a larger return if devoted to some legitimate work.

The men who handle the gold become marvelously expert in detecting the "sweated" coins. In handling millions of dollars' worth of gold a defaced coin will rarely get past them. The coins are spread out in trays before them and turned over and the light coins picked out. A slight flaw in the milling, a dulled appearance of the lettering or a suspicious nick on the surface will be quickly identified. As a final test the scales, which will weigh a single hair, are resorted to, and if the slightest discrepancy can be found every coin is examined separately until the faulty one has been discovered.—New York Times.

Slurring the Biscuit.

"Thanks fer de biscuit, mum," remarked Dusty Rhodes, "but you mistake me errand in dis community."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I'm studying social conditions, not geology."—Pittsburg Post.

He Got His.

Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.—Boston Transcript.

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles; have no friends not equal to yourself.—Confucius.

Shrinkage In Glaciers.

Scientists aver that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento, in South America, which descended to the sea when Darwin found it in 1836, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber. The Jacobshaven glacier, in Greenland, has retreated four miles since 1860, and the East glacier, in Spitzbergen, is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine. In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn 3,000 feet from the lowlands in a century. The Arapahoe glacier, in the Rocky mountains, with characteristic American enterprise, has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. In the eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing. In view of these facts we should not be too skeptical when old men assure us that winters nowadays are not to be compared with the winters of their boyhood.—Dundee Advertiser.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

He Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Keh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed, except his hair, which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything."

"Who's goin' to build mah house?"

"You are, if anybody does."

"Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"—Waynesboro Record.

An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a yeare" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."—London Standard.

Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."—Chicago News.

Stuttered Out the Child's Name.

Flannery—It seems his full name is Dinnis K. K. K. Casey. What's all thim K's fur? Finnegan—Nothin'. 'Twas the fault of his godfather stutterin' whin he tried to say "Dinnis Casey."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Also It Uses Up Gold.

"Did you ever notice how a ring is like the marriage obligation?"

"No. How do you mean?"

"A ring is more easily put on than it is taken off."—Boston Transcript.

Musical Note.

A newspaper says of a recent operatic performance, "The ladies, the baritone and the bass were good, and so were the tenor's intentions!"

Every good deed performed is not only a present pleasure, but a support for the future.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."

"How's that?"

"There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Fliegende Blatter.

Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?"

"No, mum. Onct I wuz known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another Version.

The latest rendering of the Burns lines, "Oh, wad some power," etc., is given in a London evening paper thus: "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see some folk before they see us."

"Every rose has its thorn, and unfortunately the thorn outlives the rose."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 27, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 57-68. Memory Verse, 64—Golden Text, I Pet. ii, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

A great awe should be upon us as we read or write or think upon these things. Behold the Son of God yielding Himself for our sakes to sinful men. See the hatred of men to God and the proof that the carnal mind is enmity against God. As they came to take Him in the garden He went to meet them, saying, "Whom seek ye?" To their reply "Jesus of Nazareth" He said "I am," and they went backward and fell to the ground. He allowed them to rise, to approach Him again and to take Him and bind him and lead Him away to Annas and then to Caiaphas. All the disciples forsook Him and fled, but a young man followed, having just a linen cloth about his naked body, which he left in the hands of his pursuers as they tried to lay hold of him, and he fled naked. We shall have to ask Mark who that young man was, as he alone records it (Mark xiv, 51, 52). It was an opportunity of fellowship with Jesus which he, like the others, missed. Simon Peter and John returned and followed Jesus, John going in to the palace of the high priest, for he was known to him, but Peter remaining without until John spoke to the maid that kept the door and brought in Peter. Then he sat with the servants and warmed himself at their fire. But we must leave his story till next week.

In reply to the high priest's question as to Jesus' doctrine He replied "In secret have I said nothing; * * * ask them which heard me" (John xviii, 15-24). They brought many false witnesses to testify against Jesus, but none of them agreed in their testimony, not even the two of verse 60. See Mark xiv, 56-59. To the high priest's question, "Answerest thou nothing?" Jesus held His peace, for there was nothing to reply to. In Ps. xxxv, 11, it is written, "False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not." Unless you have been similarly ill treated you cannot imagine how hard it is to put in practice Ps. xxxviii, 13, "I as a deaf man heard not, and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth."

When the high priest said, "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God" (verse 63), then Jesus said, "I am, and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven" (Mark xiv, 62, with verse 64). Then they judged Him guilty of blasphemy and condemned Him to die. But it was the truth that He spake, and they shall yet see it, and if they did not repent before they died they shall have to hear His "Depart from me, ye cursed." After they judged Him guilty of death they mocked Him, blindfolded Him, struck Him on the face, spit in His face and said, "Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee." Even the servants smote Him with the palms of their hands (Mark xiv, 65). When morning was come they bound Him and led Him away and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate, the governor, that he might have Him put to death, their accusation being that he was a malefactor. The result of Pilate's examination of Him was a three or four fold testimony that he found no fault in Him and, according to the harmony, a sevenfold attempt to release Him. Pilate's wife also sent him a message saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." When Pilate learned that He was of Galilee, which was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him to Herod, hoping thus to be rid of this difficult and perplexing case. But as Jesus answered Herod nothing Herod with his men of war set Him at naught and mocked Him and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe and sent Him again to Pilate (Luke xxiii, 8-12). There was no imprisonment; there was no semblance of a fair trial. It was not unlike some of our modern cases of lynching, except that it had seemingly the sanction of both church and state.

But this man was God, suffering all this and all that followed for me and leaving all His redeemed an example that we should follow in His steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; who when He was reviled reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously (I Pet. ii, 21-23). "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth" (Isa. liii, 7). Being redeemed by His great sacrifice, it is our privilege to suffer with Him, to fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in our flesh for His body's sake, which is the church (Rom. viii, 17; Col. i, 24), manifesting by His grace the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price (I Pet. iii, 4). Peter speaks of himself as a witness of the sufferings of Christ (I Pet. v, 1), and he who once rebelled at the thought of Christ suffering tells us to rejoice if we are partakers of His sufferings (I Pet. iv, 12, 13).

Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khels, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass, in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khel will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art. The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is consecrated, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in its ear: "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief!" They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify peculation and raise it to the dignity of a regular calling.—Christian Herald.

Keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—Washington.

Calamity is the opportunity of virtue and a spur to a great mind.

LAWS OF WARS.

The Code Now In Use Among All the Civilized Nations.

The "laws of war" as at present formulated by the civilized nations forbid the use of poison against an enemy; murder by treachery, as, for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's positions; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged; open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, except their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill will of the enemy.

Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people must be respected by the invaders and all pillage by regular troops or their followers strictly forbidden.—New York Herald.

KEEPING TAP ON THE CROPS

The Way the Agricultural Department Gets Its Information.

The details of the comprehensive system employed by the department of agriculture in gathering the crop information from all over the country are interesting. There are 30,000 township correspondents scattered all over the Union, whose duty it is to go carefully over the territory and submit each month concrete information as to the condition of all kinds of crops. In addition to this branch, 3,000 "county correspondents" send in separate reports from those of the township men. A state agent makes a further report direct from his agents, and an organization in direct communication with the department, comprising seventeen traveling "field agents," go about the country and make separate reports for groups of states. Special cotton correspondents are also employed to furnish accurate information concerning the cotton yield. Five different reports are sent to Washington each month by five different sets of correspondents. This safeguards the government crop reports for accuracy in local crop reports and keeps the great crop account and cost estimates for the millions of American farmers. These records are sent to the agricultural department. Officials of the bureau of statistics and a board go over all the five reports from five distinct groups of correspondents, and from all the figures a crop report estimate is distributed to 70,000 postoffices throughout the country every month.—National Magazine.

The Electric Fan.

Back in the early eighties Dr. S. S. Wheeler, an electrical engineer of New York, was experimenting with a small electric motor. In the course of his experiments the doctor conceived the idea that steamboats might be run with electricity if the propellers could be directly connected to high speed electric motors, doing away with all the gears then in use in steam propulsion. With this idea in mind he had a small screw propeller constructed and fastened it to the armature shaft of his small motor. To his surprise the experiment resulted in a fine breeze of cooling air which more than delighted the experimenter, for the day was decidedly hot. It is needless to add that the experiments with screw propellers ended right there, and the engineer took up the study of the electric fan, with the result that he soon perfected the device until it was a commercial success.

Bonnyclabber.

New drinks have sometimes a glorious and brief popularity. Lord Strafford, writing to Lord Cottington in 1635, extols "bonnyclabber," which he says "is the bravest, freshest drink you ever tasted. Your Spanish don would, on the heats of Madrid, hang his nose and shake his beard an hour over every sop he took of it and take it to be the drink of the gods all the while."

No one, however, seems to know the exact composition of the seductive "bonnyclabber," although from an allusion to it by Ben Jonson it would seem to have been a mixture of beer and buttermilk.—London Chronicle.

Willing to Divide.

Cobble—I should like to lend you that $10, old man, but I know how it would be if I did. It would end our friendship. Stone—Well, old chap, there has been a great deal of friendship between us. I think if you could make it five we might worry along on half as much.—Life.

The Fateful Message.

Hubby—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Wifey—I could not help it, Frank. She insisted on coming after she'd read your telegram.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but peripatetic. It goes about doing good.—Nevins.

The Smaller One.

Many stories are told of Tom Reed's sudden flashes of wit—as, for instance, when Miss Reed struck the earth instead of the golf ball and he said, "Hit the other ball, Kitty."—Portland (Me.) Express.

An Instance.

"We don't realize how much a thing's worth till we've lost it."

"That's right. For instance, my life is insured for $10,000."—Exchange.

No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.—Beecher.

Good at Arithmetic.

"For goodness' sake, John, how long did you boil these eggs?"

"Just as long as you told me to, my dear."

"Impossible! They're hard as bricks."

"I boiled them just twelve minutes."

"Twelve! Why, I told you that three minutes was long enough for an egg!"

"Yes, dear, but I boiled four of them."—Toledo Blade.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 3.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.32 p m until 10.32 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.32 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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In Musical Terms.

Chief Editor—Look here, Sharpe, here's a fiddler been hanged for murder. How shall I headline it? Musical Editor—How would "Difficult Execution on One String" do?—St. Louis Times.

English as She Is Spoke.

"Must you go?"

"Yes. The wife's sitting up for me, and if I miss the last train I shall catch it."—Lippincott's.

A Hard Job.

Husband—What are you looking for, dear? Wife—I was looking for the invisible hairpin I just dropped.—Exchange.

Being angry is like emptying the pepper pot into your own porridge.

Betrothals In Germany.

In Germany an elaborate method of announcing the betrothal practically puts an end to all breach of promise cases. As soon as a couple become engaged the pair visit the town hall and declare their willingness to marry and sign, with witnesses, a series of documents which render a change of mind on the man's part practically out of the question. When either party wishes to withdraw from this agreement the pair again visit the town hall and additional documents are formally signed, witnessed and sealed. The authorities then determine the question of compensation for injured feelings.

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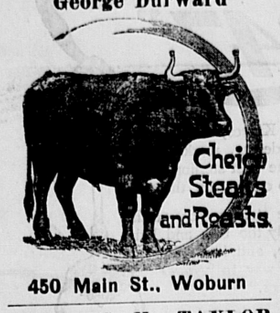
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1906.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 5.35, 7.00, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 p. m., 4.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 9 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 9.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 8.0 p. m. Saturday at 9.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 5 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
38	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
46	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
58	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
612	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
612	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
612	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
612	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Fri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
32, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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A SNAKE STORY.

The Reptiles Were Frozen Stiff, but That Didn't Harm Them.

A naturalist once told how in a thicket on a mountain side he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated the man said, "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage, and about thirty hours from port a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition he found them frozen stiff and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

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The Tutor

A Story Showing the Power of Love

By RICHARD WAYNE

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Most young men go to college without any fixed life plan before them. What they will do with their education they put off deciding until after they get it. I was one of these. I was a good classical scholar and one of the honor men of my class. The closing days of my college life were very pleasant and very exciting. I delivered the salutatory—in Latin—having the satisfaction of being considered a very learned young man.

I went home with the plaudits of my admirers ringing in my ears. But there I found a contrasting quiet. The excitement had all died out, and I found myself face to face with the problem of a career. Many young men who take honors in college become pedagogues. I had no such inclination, nor did I care for a profession of any kind. I preferred a stirring life. I went to the city, hunted for a business position and found one with a house doing a commission business whose clientele was in South and Central America.

I stood the humdrum of business life for about a year, when some one was needed to go to Honduras to collect a debt owing the firm. I offered to go. My offer was accepted, and within a few weeks I found myself in the country of the rubber tree.

While collecting the debt I was approached by some men who told me that they were plotting to seize the government. They persuaded me to join them. They were defeated. I, with others, was captured in arms and thrown into prison. The same evening we were told that we would all be garroted the next morning.

When at daylight an officer entered the room where we were confined to take us out to execution he said to me:

"I understand that you are an educated man. Am I correct?"

"I consider myself a good classical scholar," I replied.

"Very well." Then, turning to a subordinate, he said:

"Take him to his excellency."

I was led to the president's house and told to wait till called for. About 9 o'clock I was conducted to the president's private office.

"What do you know about the classics?" he asked.

I told him that I was a college graduate and had at commencement delivered an oration in Latin.

"You're just what I want," he said. "My son wishes to enter an American college next year and needs a tutor. If you will fit him for the entrance examinations I will pardon you for your stupid complicity with these rascals who have sought to put themselves in my place. But understand your sentence is only suspended. You will come into my family and be one of us. Any digression from a straight path and you will suffer under your sentence for treason. Say nothing to any one of your connection with traitors."

I did not understand what he meant by "any digression" till I arrived at his house and for the first time saw that he had a daughter at that tender age when girls are liable to fall in love with any presentable man they happen to be thrown in with. Donna Marguerita was nineteen and of course a Spanish type. It was plain that I had been warned against making love to her.

I was introduced into the family by President Sanchez as a college graduate he had imported from the north to tutor his son Pedro, sixteen years old. Senora Sanchez was probably the only person in the house that knew I was under sentence of death.

I have a theory that we only enjoy by contrast. Another way of putting it is, "Stolen fruit is the sweetest." The president made a great mistake in warning me. To a young man of twenty-three being forbidden under penalty of death to make love to a young girl is a terrible temptation. Had Senor Sanchez made no such threat I might have lived in the same house with his daughter and not transgressed. As it was I was tortured with a terrible desire to win her and with a terrible fear of the garrote if I did.

Whatever were my feelings, I dared not show them even to the young lady herself. And here I made the same mistake with her that her father had made with me. Observing that I had unintentionally inspired her with a sentiment that might lead to love, I confided to her the secret that love with us meant death for me.

From that moment a passion that might otherwise have either never been born or at least soon have died out flamed up in Donna Inez and absorbed her whole being. Could this passion be scientifically analyzed I think it would appear that the predominant element in it would turn out to be a desire that I should accept death in preference to giving her up. There is something paradoxical about this, but nature is full of paradoxes.

There would surely come a time when we would put not our necks in a halter, but my neck in the garrote. We were one day in the room where I taught Donna Inez's brother, he having just gone out. She gave me a reproachful look.

"For heaven's sake, senorita, what is it? I beg of you be careful. You understand the position in which I stand."

"Are you not willing to take any risk at all for my sake?"

"Do you wish me to suffer the garrote for your sake?"

She was silent for a moment, with downcast eyes.

"I do not wish you to suffer, but I wish you to be willing to suffer on account of your love for me."

There was something irresistible in her face as she turned her eyes up to meet mine. I clasped a hand that hung loosely by her side and felt a current running from her arm into mine. Then it was all over with me. I drew her toward me and kissed her.

The next few weeks were the most delightful to me of any period of my life. I was constantly stealing interviews with Donna Inez, knowing all the while that if caught in one of them I would pay for the pleasure with my life. True, there were moments when the abyss on whose brink I stood would appear beneath me in all its terrible reality. But had it not been for these moments would my enjoyment with the girl I loved have been so keen? I think not. It was the one that brought out the other.

The bliss of one of our meetings was interrupted by a terrible scare. We heard a step in the adjoining room. Inez clung to me, clutching me like one drowning. We heard the same step retreating.

"It's father!" she gasped.

Some moments passed. There was no recovery for us, for we did not know but that we had been discovered. Finally she said:

"If there has been a false alarm and you will not be torn away from me to die I vow that I will never again expose you to such a danger. I forbid you to speak to me of love again."

She persisted till I had promised to obey; then, after a long parting kiss she left me.

When I saw the president again he showed no trace whatever of having discovered the situation. Inez and I had received a terrible warning; we had both been brought to a realization of our danger and had determined never to expose ourselves to it again. Our resolution lasted forty-eight hours. Then we found ourselves again clasped in an embrace. For two days my desire to caress my love once more had been increasing until the last moment, when not a thousand garrotes could have deterred me.

"Heavens," gasped Inez, "we are again in the maelstrom! The pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken."

"There is but one course for us to pursue," I replied. "If you love me living you must love me dead. I will leave you and at last your love will die.

"No," she exclaimed; "it will live forever."

Then suddenly the blood left the cheeks of both of us. Again we heard the step in the adjoining room, the same step we had heard before.

"We are lost!" we both cried in a hoarse whisper.

"Your father has been watching us," I said. "The last time he caught us he was not sure. He has waited for more conclusive evidence. He has caught us a second time. I do not expect ever to see you again after this one last parting."

She swooned in my arms. I carried her to a lounge and laid her on it. I dared not call any one; indeed, I feared that some one would come in and find us there together. She soon opened her eyes, but the moment she remembered what had taken place was about to swoon again, when I spoke reassuring words I did not feel, and she regained control of herself.

I had now not the slightest doubt that Senor Sanchez knew of what was going on between me and his daughter and would choose his own time as to fulfilling the conditions he had imposed when I had come into his family.

I was kneeling by Donna Inez striving to convince her to the contrary of what I felt when again the step was heard. This time it was coming directly toward us. Abandoning all hope of keeping our secret longer, we clung to each other and awaited the blow. In another moment Senor Sanchez stood in the doorway. He saw his daughter's arms fall from about my neck, limp. She had again passed into unconsciousness.

He rushed toward her and, replacing me, took her in his own arms. When she came to herself he began to reassure her:

"Pardon, little one; pardon! I did not intend to put this strain upon you. I was led into it by a desire to test the strength of love." He took her wrists in his hands and folded her arms about his neck. "When the tutor was about to come to us I saw that he was just such a person as would capture a young girl's fancy, and I endeavored to ward off such a result, having other plans for you. Then when I saw that love was proving itself stronger than the fear of death I kept my eyes upon you both, not from a desire to spy on you, but to observe the power of the bond that united you. Kiss me, my darling. I promise you I shall not oppose that which even the fear of the garrote cannot subdue."

My neck was encircled, but not by the garrote. A wedding garland was thrown about me and Donna Inez's arms as well. I became a stanch supporter of my father-in-law and fought for him when he was again attacked by revolutionists. He swears by me, telling every one that he does not know how he could get on without me.

The Ghost of Clopton.

A grewsome story of Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon (which Mrs. Gaskell visited as a girl) is told in Mrs. Chadwick's book on the novelist. Charlotte Clopton, who was supposed to have died of the plague, was buried "with fearful haste." She was discovered—when the ancestral vault was opened to receive another victim of the plague—leaning against the wall in her grave clothes; she was, indeed, dead, but in her agonies of despair and hunger she had bitten a piece from her shoulder. "Of course she has walked ever since," as Mrs. Gaskell says.

Time and Patience.

No road is too long for him who advances slowly and does not hurry, and no attainment is beyond his reach who equips himself with patience to achieve it.—La Bruyere.

BATTLES WITH LOCUSTS.

In 1780 an Army Was Arrayed Against the Ravaging Pests.

Since the days of the pharaohs the locust has been an unmitigated plague. Pliny relates that in many places in Greece a law obliged the inhabitants to wage war against the insects three times a year—i. e., in their various states of egg, larvae and adult.

In 1749 locusts stopped the army of Charles XII., king of Sweden, as it was retreating from Bessarabia after its defeat at Poltava. The king at first imagined that he was being assailed by a terrific hailstorm.

In Transylvania in 1780 the ravages of the locusts assumed such disastrous proportions that the army had actually to be called out to deal with the pests, and whole regiments of soldiers were employed gathering them up and putting them into sacks.

A weird, uncanny looking customer is the locust. The general color scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and wings of a whitish color. Two huge, blank, unmeaning eyes give an expression of utter imbecility to the insect's countenance.

To atone in a measure for their destructive proclivities the locusts are edible. The Arabs are particularly fond of them. Camels, to which they are given after being dried and roasted between two layers of ashes, look upon locusts as great delicacies.

The flavor resembles that of crabs, and in Bagdad they are consumed so extensively as to affect the price of meat.—Stray Stories.

RIVERS OF ALASKA.

The Waterway Wonders of This Immense Territory.

Were the rivers not navigable there would be little done in the interior of Alaska today. First used by the prospector in his poling boat and the trader with his little steamer, they have become the means of opening up every camp that has been struck in the interior of Alaska.

The Yukon is very shallow at its mouth, which is about seventy miles in width across its delta. There are places 400 miles from the mouth of the river where the biggest Atlantic liners could navigate with ease, for there are soundings which show a ninety foot channel in a mile wide river. The Yukon is navigable for 2,100 miles. The Kuskoquim, a sister stream, has been navigated only on the lower reaches, but with its navigable branches is believed to have 1,000 miles of navigable water. The Tanana has been ascended for 500 miles and the Koyukuk in excess of that figure. Scores of other streams can be used by small steamers for from twenty-five to 200 miles. Altogether it is safe to say there are 5,000 miles of navigable streams in Alaska. The Yukon opens for navigation the latter part of May and closes the latter part of October.

But with all its wealth of gold, its unheard call to toilers of the soil, its mountains studded with gems of riches—the lodes of veins of copper and other materials—this empire starves for the one thing that would make it thrive.—Collier's.

The Name Noah.

Not many persons are sufficiently acquainted with the Bible to know that Noah was the name of a woman as well as of the patriarch. At an inquest in England a female witness gave her Christian name as "Noah." The coroner remarked that he had never before known a woman to bear the name, whereupon the witness, who was well posted in the origin of her singular prenomen, said:

"It is a Bible name, sir; you'll find it in the last chapter of the book of Numbers."

Reference was duly made, and in the eleventh verse of the thirty-sixth chapter the coroner found mention made of "Mahlah, Tirzah and Hoglah and Milcah and Noah, the daughters of Zerophenad."

HOUSE OF SURPRISES.

The Home of British Diplomacy, No. 10 Downing Street.

Why does the residence of the prime minister of the kingdom resemble the dwelling of a retired grocer of simple tastes? The reply to this is forthcoming. It does not. It only pretends to resemble the dwelling of a retired grocer. No. 10 Downing street begins to reveal itself as a surprise packet when you have rung one of its three bells and persuaded its front door to open. You then discover yourself in an entrance hall whose mats, walls and general shabbiness would be the instant ruin of a Bloomsbury temperance hotel, and you perceive that you have unwittingly done an injustice to the retired grocer. You decide that no grocer, at any rate no English grocer, would tolerate such a kennel.

But when you have penetrated a little farther, and especially when you have mounted the first flight of stairs, you will be ready to remodel your views once again. Within thirty seconds you will have lost your bearings. Within sixty you will admit that you are in a palace full of bewildering corridors and endless sumptuosity, with here and there a glimpse of some immense and stately apartment. No. 10 Downing street begins just exactly where you might have expected it to finish. Its ramifications are innumerable, its geography an enigma even to the most ancient janitor.—From Phillpotts and Arnold's "The Statue."

Ready For the Storm.

"I intend," the poet wrote, "to continue to storm the citadel of your affections."

"Storm away," she wrote back, "but I've just succeeded in getting in out of the wet by becoming engaged to a dear old man who has $9,000,000."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Rare Treat.

A distinguished society leader of New York, lately returned from a motor trip through France, said that her most delightful experience was hearing the French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.—Everybody's.

LOCUST PLAGUES.

Onslaught of the Ravenous Tribe During an Invasion.

GLUTTONS BY THE MILLIONS.

The Devastating Armies Fly In Clouds Dense Enough to Obscure the Light of the Sun—The Hoppers That Come After the Crops Are Devoured.

There are several species or varieties of the migratory locust, which are mostly to be found in dry, semitropical countries, such as the south of Europe, Egypt, Syria and Morocco, for their native home seems to be in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, though migratory locusts are to be found in regions as remote as South Africa and South America, where they form a veritable scourge to the agriculturists. In Argentina, especially the northern half of the country, they are very destructive, for they will annihilate the farmer's entire crop in a few hours.

A locust invasion, writes John D. Leckie in Chambers' Journal, is an event not easily forgotten. The first sign of the approaching incursion is usually a long, dark cloud low on the horizon. But the dark cloud is no forerunner of rain. Instead of the precious liquid, which the farmer has probably long expected in vain, it portends the approach of his greatest enemy, the omnivorous locust.

As the dark cloud comes nearer it is seen to be composed of countless millions of locusts on whirring wings. Soon the cloud appears overhead and is sufficiently thick to obscure the sun, which is only seen opaquely, as through a mist, although the sky is cloudless and the air clear.

Now we are in the midst of a dense swarm of flying, whirring locusts, which dash into our faces, enter our houses and fill our rooms with their presence. The air is simply alive with them. All open weils must be instantly covered or they will be polluted.

Fowls and turkeys welcome the advancing hordes. They simply fatten on the locusts as they run around and gobble them up. But this is no blessing to the farmer—far from it, for the flesh of poultry becomes so tainted by this form of diet as to be quite uneatable, and even their eggs have an unpleasant taste.

So well is this fact known that as soon as the locusts make their appearance in the locality the price of eggs drops to one-half or one-third of their former figure, and even then there are few buyers. All the animals about the farmyard seem to be affected adversely, for even the horses have a strong aversion to eat grass which has been polluted by the presence of locusts, and unless very hungry they will not touch it.

The advance of the locusts takes place as follows: First a few pioneers, the advance guard of the vast army, then the main body of the army, a host which is as invincible as it is destructive. All true locusts are migatory by nature, for the simple reason that, being gregarious in their habits, it would be impossible for them to exist without continual migration.

The ground on which they settle is completely cleared in a few hours, and they must perforce seek other fields and pastures new, where they can repeat their depredations. For the same reason the destruction which they effect is purely local. One district may be completely devastated, while another a few miles away is altogether spared from their presence.

When the locusts have eaten their fill the females commence to deposit their eggs, which they do by making an opening in the ground, in which the eggs are laid. The infant locusts soon make their appearance, scarcely so large as a pea, hopping about in countless swarms. In this stage of their existence they have no wings, but progress by hopping. While in this state—that is, before their wings are developed—they must be ruthlessly destroyed.

Long trenches are dug, into which the "hoppers" are driven by rows of men, women and boys armed with branches of trees, with which they beat the ground, driving the insects in the direction of the trenches. On the opposite sides of the trenches sheets of galvanized iron are placed upright so as to form an effectual barrier.

On arriving at the trenches the "hoppers" fall into them and cannot easily make their way out, especially as their progress is barred by the wall of galvanized iron in front of them, the smooth surface of which affords them no foothold.

The trenches are soon filled with millions of young "hoppers," the weight of those above crushing to death the under strata of their fellows. Earth is then shoveled on the top of the seething mass of insects, and they are thus smothered and killed.

This is the most effective method of exterminating the locusts, but in order to insure the success of the operation it is necessary that the attempt should be properly organized and that all the neighbors should act in concert.—Providence Journal.

The Right Spirit.

"Did Mrs. Brown take her husband's failure in the right spirit?"

"Oh, yes! Just as soon as she knew he was going to fail she went out and bought an entire new outfit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendars.—Lord Beaconsfield.

A Little Temperance Tragedy.

"Don't drink any more, John. You've got too much already."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have, and you'll be drunk again."

"Aw, what do you want to worry about that for? It's me that has the headache next morning."

"I know, John, but it's me that has the heartache all the time."—New York

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1910.

A LARGE VOTE.

The large size of the Republican caucuses last Saturday evening pointed directly to a Republican victory on Dec. 13, or at least, so thought and said the leaders of that party. It evidenced a popular interest in the city election which cannot be construed in any other way than favorable to the Republicans and Antilicense cause. It, also, evidenced popularity and individual winning powers on the part of Harold P. Johnson.

When the Republicans appear at the election places in full force they are generally winners. The caucuses last Saturday indicated plainly that the Republicans and Nolicense people are awake to a sense of their duty and opportunity; that they appreciate the importance of the election; and have made up their minds to work and win.

Concerning the Republican ticket not a word of unfavorable comment has been heard. Harold P. Johnson, candidate for Mayor, fills the bill to everybody's satisfaction. The Aldermanic candidates are not open to adverse criticism; and the places on the School Board and B. P. W. have been judiciously provided for.

The ticket deserves to be elected, and probably will be.

WHAT WHITE SAYS.

Representative Norman H. White of Brookline, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Massachusetts House, said last Monday, among other things, that when Governor-Elect Foss had got his threatened campaign against Senator Lodge in full swing it was very probable that some conditions and facts which his candidate and he might not fancy would be laid bare. "Mr. Foss," he remarked "is not the only man in Massachusetts who can campaign and produce results.

"His attempts to coerce the members of the Legislature to vote against Senator Lodge is most remarkable, unprecedented und unwarranted. At no time in this state, or any other, has a Governor-Elect presumed to influence the rights and votes of the members for or against any candidate. Governor-Elect Mr. Dix of New York has stated clearly that it is not the function of the Governor-Elect and has declined in any way to interfere with Senator Depew's supposed successor.

CITY ELECTION.

If our memory serves us correctly, the Woburn City election is to be held on the second Tuesday of December or two weeks from next Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Although at the present time there is but little stir and no excitement to speak of, the attendance at the polls is likely to be large, and the voting heavier than common, if anything.

The Mayorality contest promises to be a sharp one, and considerable work will be put in by both sides to capture the School Board.

They say Commissioner Michael J. Kennedy will be reelected without serious opposition. His merits as a member of the B. P. W. is recognized by all parties, and his public services approved of.

The practical politicians who have studied the Mayoralty situation say all signs point to the election of Harold P. Johnson.

NO APOLOGY REQUIRED.

It was told us that Commissioner James H. Kelley of the B. P. W. was tempted to publicly correct the error of the JOURNAL in announcing his contemplated candidacy for the office of Mayor this fall, but that he finally abandoned the purpose, concluding that "the better part of valor is discretion," as wrote the immortal Shakespere.

The JOURNAL'S authority for the statements it made concerning Mr. Kelley's candidacy was his close personal friends who, it supposed, knew what they were talking about.

☞ The special committee of the State Board of Agriculture on the disposition of the money appropriated by the Legislature of 1910 for the encouragement of orcharding has awarded the prizes offered by the Board for orchard work. These prizes were open to competition of all persons owning orchards in Massachusetts, and there were many entries.

☞ Not a shadow of doubt or fear finds lodgement in our mind as to the reelection of Mr. Charles P. Pollard, present Alderman-at-Large, next month. He is one of the best liked men in this city, and his unopposed renomination at the Republican caucuses last Saturday proved it, if any proof was needed. There was a fear that he might refuse to run again; but he will be elected.

☞ The other morning we received, with grateful emotions, a copy of the St. Louis (Mo.) *Bulletin of Commerce*, which contained a column notice complimentary to Mr. George C. Conn, Freight Traffic Manager of the Pere Marquette Railway Company he being one of the leading railroad men in the West, a native and former resident of Woburn. In giving his 22 reasons, plus, why our former highly esteemed fellowcitizen is so much thought of in railroad, business and social circles, the writer omitted to mention an important one, namely, that, in his earlier days, George was a 33d Degree Politician, and Chairman of the Woburn Republican City Committee, in which capacity he often put his party to great expense for red lights and music in campaigns. In closing his interesting, although a little too flowery, article the writer intimates that Mr. Conn was at that date laid up for repairs; but we failed in our efforts to determine whether it was that, or he had gone fishing, or was only just "yearning."

☞ On Friday evening, Nov. 25, the Democrats of this city put a full list of candidates for city offices into the field for the city election which takes place a couple of weeks hence and is expected to be a lively one. Mayor Murray was renominated without opposition, but with a little less enthusiasm than before, and will receive substantially the average vote of his party, although some of the leaders would have preferred another man for a candidate. A few sharp contests developed in some of the Wards; but nobody was hurt, or very much scared. The ticket, from top to bottom, is considerably poorer and weaker than the Republican ticket and ought to be defeated at the polls.

☞ If anything was needed to insure the reelection of Henry Cabot Lodge to the U. S. Senate the unanimous adoption of a resolution by the Anti-imperialist Society of Boston, which was supposed to have passed in its chips several years ago, severely condemning Senator Lodge's Congressional career and opposing his reelection, furnished it.

☞ John W. Johnson, Esq., Lawyer, President of the Woburn National Bank, etc., declines to stand for election to the School Board, to which office he was unanimously nominated by the Democrats last Friday evening.

☞ In 1900 the population of this (Middlesex) county was 505,696, and, in 1910 it was 669,915, an increase of 164,219 in 10 years, a pretty healthy growth, as everybody must admit.

☞ If there is any truth in the stories floating around town, Mayor Murray will not be nearly as strong at the polls this year as he was last. Naturally, he has made some enemies in his party.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

A. L. Keyes—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
City of Woburn—Election Notice.

— This is the 2nd day of the first winter month of 1910 11.

— If you have not already done so, begin your Christmas shopping forthwith, and avoid the crowd.

— The pulpit flowers at First Church last Sunday were furnished in memory of Deacon G. R Gage whose funeral was held in that church just 18 years before.

— The date for the annual Indian Summer was ripe for last week, but no signs of that charming season was in sight.

— Please bear in mind that the Cafe Chantant comes on Dec. 7, and that it will be something deserving of public patronage.

— The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters meet with Mrs. C. H Jaquith on High street at 7 30 o'clock this evening, Dec. 2.

— The Woman's Club of this city are entertaining other Clubs this afternoon with a tea and Folk Songs by Miss Mabel Sturgis.

— Last week "Woburn" eggs sold here at 60 cents a dozen. We haven't priced them since and can't say what they are fetching now.

— On account of the stage entertainment the ladies are requested not to wear hats at the Cafe Chantant given by Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R.

— The best part of the Unitarian Fair comes off tonight, Dec. 2. Mrs W. F. Davis of Arlington Road, wife of ex Mayor Davis, is Chairman of the Committee on Entertainments.

— What has become of those low prices of provisions that so much talk was heard about right after the November victories by the Democrats? Anybody heard anything about them lately.

— Great crowds of women, young and old, are attending the Catholic Mission at St. Charles church from early morning to night this week. Next week the meetings are to be for males only.

— Isn't it about time for Frank Nichols and Fred Brown to begin to worry about a shortage in the ice crop? They usually begin to long for freezing weather about this season of the year—soon after Thanksgiving.

— During the School Football season of 1910 the Woburn High team played 10 games, won 3; lost 6; tied 1; and points won 300. Winchester H S played 13 games; won 5; lost 6; tied 2; points won 385.

— Supt. Spencer of the City Water Department, after a considerable period of severe illness, is able to attend to his official duties once more.

— Don't fail to hear the wonderful Whistler at the Cafe Chantant in Lyceum Hall, Dec. 7. Tickets on sale at McLaughlin & Dennison's and Daniel Kelly's.

— Mr. Angelo Crovo, the old standby fruiterer on Main street, and family are about to change their residence to 578 Main street, into one of Lane-Winn houses.

— The Woburn Choral Society, a large and growing musical organization, have decided on Dec. 19 for their first public concert, for which preparations are far advanced. It will be worth while.

— When fixing up and sending off presents to dear distant friends do not forget that Christmas comes on Sunday this year, and postoffice people do not do much work on Sunday. Saturday and Monday, 24, 26, will be busy days with them.

— The Republican ticket for School Board fill the bill so well that a majority of the Democratic nominees have wisely withdrawn from the contest. It would be better than it is if a number of the Democratic candidates for Aldermen would do likewise.

— The Sewing Club, a recently organized industrial and social society of young misses, met at and spent last Friday afternoon very pleasantly at the home of Mrs. J. F. McGovern, 17 Church avenue. Miss Mary McGovern is a prominent member of the Club.

— Some of the good people of Church aveuue regulate their clocks and watches by the passing and repassing of Mr. John Connolly, Keeper of City Hall, between that fine old edifice and his home on Bennett street, at brief intervals, every day in the year, rain or shine.

— During the month of November, now happily through with, there was a good deal of lonely weather hereaway. A low temperature, not a marrow freezing one, to be sure, prevailed most of the time; chilly northerly winds blew; the periods of sunshine were rarer and shorter than the average for November; and, on the whole, the weather for the month was far from pleasant.

— A massmeeting in the interest of Nolicense will be held next Sunday evening in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at seven o'clock; the various churches omitting their usual services and joining in this meeting. The speaker will be S. H. Davis, Esq., a well known Rhode Island lawyer. Mr Davis has been active in practical temperance work, and his knowledge of the subject to be discussed is equalled by that of few men.

— The claims preferred by a certain Woburn citizen to being the first to appear out on runners this season, which feat, he says, was performed last Wednesday in a puog, have no effect whatever on Mr. Fred A. Hartwell's championship won by him a long time ago and held to the present date against all competitors for taking the first sleighride of the season. He still proudly holds the belt, and we hope he will continue to do so many more years.

— Expensive or inexpensive Christmas presents can be bought at better advantage at the jewelry store of Smith & Varney in this city than in Boston They have a great variety of styles in gold rings, chains, brooches, eardrops, ladies' watches, bracelets; diamonds and other precious stones; elegant mantle clocks, gold and silver pins—indeed, everything handsome, fitting and desirable for Christmas gifts Call at Smith & Varney's and see for yourselves.

— The 4 hardest months in the year to live through are December, January, July and August. All of them are dead months, lifeless, at a standstill. By Independence Day everything in the fields has stopped growing, but the crops are not quite ready for the harvest—they are resting and ripening; during December and January all nature is asleep, hybernating, as it were; and there you have your 4 most disagreeable months of "all the year round."

— Woburn people have recently been favored with circulars etc., from E. G. Lang's Magazine Subscription Agency of Braintree, Mass. This Agency has unlimited territory, the manager of which is Miss E. Gertrude Lang, formerly of this city, and daughter of the late Dr. C. T. Lang. The blotters that the Agency is sending out this fall, are especially attractive, and those wishing prices on Magazines, whether for Clubs, Libraries or for individual subscriptions, should send at once for quotations on Magazines desired for 1911.

— Mrs. Annie B. Phillips, a former esteemed resident of this city, where she still has many good friends, has left her late Littleton residence and is now happily domiciled at 16 Wyer's Court in Woburn. She is a cousin of Mrs Eugene N Foss, wife of Governor-elect Foss of Massachusetts; and of Mrs. W. V. Kellen, wife of Lawyer Kellen of Boston, once resident of Woburn, late official Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court of this State. For several years Mrs. Phillips was bookkeeper for John G. Maguire, Esq, City Tax Collector.

— Reporting a meeting of the Reading Woman's Club last week the *Chronicle* of that town paid H Josephine Hayward of Woburn, the following compliment: "The lecturer of the afternoon was Mrs. Josephine Hayward of Woburn, who gave a delightful talk on the "Arts and Crafts of Mexico." She carried us from the prehistoric ruins of Yucatan to the massive cathedrals of Mexican cities with their unique architecture and wealth of ornamentation. Mrs. Hayward spoke of the national love of music, birds and flowers. She then rendered two selections of Mexican airs in a most artistic manner. Many specimens of pottery, basketry, weaving, etc., were exhibited showing their skillful handiwork."

— One of the features of the entertainment of the Cafe Chantant will be a Character Song by Billie Clewley. Philip Brackett and Robert Johnson.

— The powerful rain on Tuesday was greatly needed and not too late to do good. More of the same sort wouldn't come amiss.

— The members being short on sweaters the W. H. S. Football team are to give a dancing party in Music Hall this evening, hoping thus to obtain money enough to buy a lot them.

— Mr. R C Duncan, on the Hill, declines to stand as a candidate for Alderman. Perhaps, he, like his neighbor Feeney, thinks the wisest thing for him to do is to let politics severely alone.

— If thoughts of coasting downhill were indulged in by the youngsters when they saw the snow on the ground Wednesday morning said thoughts must have been soon dispelled, for in a short time the snow was all gone.

— The Committee in Charge of the Stage entertainment of the Cafe Chantant in Lyceum Hall, Dec. 7, expect to have Mr. Martin Dooley to give one number on the program. This alone will be worth the price of admission.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist church will have their regular meeting and supper next Thursday afternoon. Business meeting at 4.30 and supper at 6 30 followed by an entertainment at 8 o'clock. Supper 25 cents. All invited.

— Last Wednesday night, Mr. Charles P. Buckley retired in good order from the office of driver of the Montvale avenue hook and ladder truck that he had filled for many years in the best of shape, on a salary, and is now a gentleman of leisure.

— Miss Adeline Hinckley is Secretary of the Woburn Stewards and Workers from the First Church in "The World in Boston," America's First Great Missionary Expositiou, to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston on April 24—May 20, 1911. The Exposition is to be a grand affair.

— The Woburn Choral Society were fortunate in securing Maude Littlefield as violin soloist for their first concert of the season to be given on Dec. 19. She is an artist of rare musical gifts and thorough training, and has won an honorable standing, here and in Boston as a violinist. The Society's engagement of Miss Littlefield for their concert would fill Lyceum Hall to the brim.

—"Cy"Chase is one of the best locomotive engineers in the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company. When he starts his engine at just 5.55 every morning in the year, except Sundays, right on the second, the first train to the Hub, it does not blow off a snort that arouses from their morning naps every person on or near Callahan's Crossing, but moves out so smoothly and quietly that nobody is disturbed or hardly aware of its leaving.

— Mr. Bailey of the manufactring firm of Bailey, Blendinger & Co., whose saw and beltknife factory on High and Prospect streets was partially destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, is not the only person who thinks that Woburn has one of the most efficient Fire Departments in the neighborhood of Boston. Official representatives of the Boston and other Fire Departments have heretofore pronounced this judgment, and it is a notorious fact the Woburn Companies stand high in firefighting and insurance circles.

— The next thing on the docket is to be the Christmas Goose. The goose is a historic bird. The reasons the Pilgrims chose the Turkey instead of the Goose for their first Thanksgiving dinner at Plymouth down on Cape Cod was because the latter once saved Rome, the home of the Pope and center of the Roman Catholic world, the capital of it, and seat of Roman Catholic Religion and power; and would the Pilgrims, therefore honor the goose by adopting and installing it as the National Bird? Not if they know themselves, and they rather thought they did. And that is why we have a Goose for the Christmas noon feast, the holiday being of Roman Catholic origin, and held in especial reverence by that denomination.

— The exit of Autumn 1910 was hardly to be described as lamblike, nor, on the other hand, would it comport with exact truth to say that the advent of winter was leonine, or anything resembling that King of the Forest. At 4 30 A. M., Nov. 29, rain began to pour copiously and continued to do so unceasingly until 11 A. M., same day, at which hour it turned into a snowstorm, which lasted a couple of hours, when it ceased, and His Honor J. P. resumed the meteorological reins. Then a moderate storm of alternate rain and snow was kept up until breakfast time on Wednesday. Under the genial rays of the early December sun the snow, which had lodged on the roofs of buildings and covered the still green grass with a pure white mantle, melted, ran off in tiny rivulets, and left the ground and other outdoor things quite bare again.

REFRIGERATOR CARS.

Evolution of the Idea of "an Icebox on Wheels."

The refrigerator car was never invented, but just "fixed up." It was the idea of a New England railway man who needed some such thing as far back as 1851.

In June of that year the first refrigerator car is said to have made its trip from Ogdensburg, N. Y., to Boston. The car owed its origin principally to the fact that the farmers near Ogdensburg, who made a great deal of butter, were unable to ship it except in cold weather.

A railroad man named Wilder, at that time in charge of the through freight, thought it would be a good idea to rig up "an icebox on wheels," and he told this to the president of the road, who gave orders that the master mechanic should plan several of them.

At this time farmers were receiving only 12 cents a pound for their butter. The iced car was loaded with eight tons of it, sent through and allowed to stand in Boston till the product was sold. It brought 17 cents a pound after paying all expenses and commissions, and the plan was voted a success. In a short time the road had a regular service on, using a number of cars, and the idea spread rapidly.

Wilder did not patent his idea, but allowed it to be used by whoever so desired.—St. Louis Republic.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

A diver entirely different from any other that has appeared in vaudeville, will be one of the leading attractions at B. F. Keith's theatre next week. Her name is Odiva, and she is a Samoan pearl diver who recently came to this country, and everywhere has created a sensation, not only by her diving from great heights but from the feats she performs under water. Oliva carries an entire troupe with her, and her performances are in a mammoth glass tank set on top of the stage.

THE GAIETY.

No better type of the modern building construction can be found among Boston's playhouses than the New Gaiety Theatre, located at Washington and Boylston Streets. The building was completed in 1908 and possesses all those features that are to be found in all first-class theatres. Efficient ventilating apparatus, automatic heat control, scientific illumination and a score of other matters are quite unnoticed by the average patron, yet these things must be provided at many thousands of dollars expense, and in such the Gaiety Theatre is pre-eminent among the new theatres of Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The coming week at the Castle Square brings Mr. Craig's second Shakspearean production this season. The play chosen is the idyllic comedy of "Twelfth Night," in which many famous actors and actresses have appeared during the past three centuries. Its romance, its poetry, its humor are as fresh as ever, and it will offer a strong contrast to Mr. Craig's recent production of "Richard III." It contains many romantic scenes and episodes, and its story of the shipwrecked Viola, her parting from her brother, her adventures in the court of the Duke Orsino, and the delightful masquerading in masculine garb, offer a series of highly diverting and dramatic situations.

THE GLOBE.

"Lulu's Husbands" will continue its course of rollicking fun at the Globe for a second week, beginning Monday night, December 5th, and Mabel Barrison's friends will doubtless continue their demonstrations of welcome. It is not often that the Globe has a farce with such riotous fun, and withal a play so clean and wholesome. How Thompson Buchanan has handled his theme without offence as a revelation to those who have grown accustomed to adaptations from the French with more or less objectionable trimmings. The Messrs. Shubert have in Miss Barrison and the Maxine Elliott Theatre Company an organization of notable excellence as a comedy company, and one selected with great care from amongst a host of available talent.



FRANCIS WILSON IN HIS OWN COMPANY IN "THE BACHELOR'S BABY" AT HOLLIS STREET.

The Boston reviewers and the theatregoing public are agreed that Francis Wilson and his comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby," which was given its first Boston production at the Hollis Street Theatre, last Monday night, are remarkable successes and that if one wishes forty laughs in thrice forty minutes, the Hollis Street Theatre, where Mr. Wilson is presenting "The Bachelor's Baby," is the real place to go. "The Bachelor's Baby," with its comedy and pathos is a sure cure for the blues. It is guaranteed to produce laughter; to make the wrinkles go and if any one has troubles it will cause them to forget. And sitting through this particularly delightful little sermon in unselfishness, one goes home refreshed, brightened, lightened, with a kinder heart and a desire to do some thing nice for the first child one meets

—A Man's Theory.

"No, I don't think women will ever succeed as railroad engineers."

"Why not?"

"They would lose too much time holding up their trains at crossing."—Boston Transcript.

It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

Buy your Electrical Supplies for Xmas early of F. G. DAVIS, Electrician, 421 Main St., Woburn. Tel. 493-M. Call and see the new Tungsten pocket flash lights.

The Ticket.

The Republicans of Woburn held caucuses to nominate candidates for the public offices last Saturday evening, Nov. 26. 1910. There was a much larger attendance in each Ward than has commonly been the case, caused, doubtless, by the interest taken in the Mayoralty contest!

In that spirited, but entirely friendly contest, Harold P. Johnson, Esq., defeated ex Ald. Samuel Highley by 112 plurality, and is, therefore the Republican candidate for Mayor to be voted for next month.

Highley's total vote exceeded that of last year by 110, which spoke well for his fitness and popularity. He fought a clean, openhanded fight for the nomination; which was also true of Lawyer Johnson.

There was no opposition to Commissioner M. J. Kennedy, and his nomination was unanimous.

Members of the School Board were chosen for another election as a matter of course.

Editor Albert B Grimes, candidate for Alderman in Ward 3, is the grain of salt that has not lost its savor, and will see to it that the City Council of 1911 do their work by the square, level and plummet, and attend to business.

The following is the full Republican ticket for city officials, and we defy anybody to produce a better one:

For Mayor
Harold P. Johnson, 2 Fairmount St

Board of Public Works
Michael J Kennedy, 53 Mt. Pleasant St.

Alderman-at-Large
Charles H Cadwell, 23 Holton St.
William F Davis, Jr., 11 Arlington Rd.
Charles S. Dean, 727 Main St.
Jonathan C. Ela, 50 Fairview Rd.
Frederick C Kean, 55 Arlington Rd.
Harry A Jones, 27 Salem St.
C. Walter Marion, 25 Green St.
Charles P. Pollard, 59 Montvale Ave.

Ward 1
R Carlyle Duncan, 39 Warren Ave.

Ward 2
Charles A. Greenleaf, 11 South St.

Ward 3
Albert B. Grimes, 280 Main St

Ward 4
C. Bertrand Strout, 53 Montvale Ave.

Ward 5
Edwin P. Mock, Munroe Ave.

Ward 6
Walter R. Merchant, 33 School St.

Ward 7
John W. Cummings, 35 Cambridge St.

School Committee
William W. Crosby, 41 Arlington Rd.
H. Josephine Hayward, 4 Fairmount St.
A. Wilbur Parker, 694 Main St.

WINCHESTER.

Thanksgiving went off in fine feather; now for Christmas.

Calumet Club are heavy on "Smokers," and some other social enjoyments.

A Scotch Fair is to be held by the good women of the Methodist church on Dec. 8 and 9. Let everybody at tend it.

The *Star* is preparing and is to have ready for delivery this month a "Home" number in honor of the 60th anniversary of the incorporation of this town.

I should think that the people of this town would know all about fishing in the reservoirs now that the Water and Sewer Board have relieved themselves of such an elaborate report.

Dorothy Lawson, daughter of the wealthy Copper King, and author of "Frenzied Finance," Mr. Thomas Lawson of this town, and Henry McCall, son of Congressman S. W. McCall, also of this town, are to be united in wedlock on Dec. 15.

The Boss Growler of this town is the writer of "Observations" in the *Star*. Nothing suits him, He is a faultfinder of the highest grade. His latest is a tirade against the Gradecrossing Commission, not a single member of which he says, should ever hereafter hold office in Winchester.

A great Massmeeting for Stewards and Workers from Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Lexington and Medford in "The World in Boston," the first great American Missionary Exposition to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, on April 24—May 20, 1911, is to be held in the First Congregational church in this town on Dec 12, 1910, at which not less than 4 famous clergman will deliver addresses.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Israel Putnam late of Milford in the County of Hillsborough and State of New Hampshire, deceased, or in the personal property hereinafter described, and to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth.

WHEREAS Arthur L. Keyes appointed executor of the will of said deceased, by the Probate Court for the County of Hillsboro in the State of New Hampshire, has presented to said Court his petition representing that as such executor he is entitled to certain personal property situated in said Commonwealth, to wit: Deposit and interest in Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at Woburn, Mass. and praying that he may be licensed to receive or to sell by public or private sale on such terms and to such person or persons as he shall think fit—or otherwise to dispose of, and to transfer and convey such shares and estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1910 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at last before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth fourteen days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2 9 16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Daniel H. Richards, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Daniel H. Richards, Jr., one of the executors of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifteenth day of December, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Daniel H. Richards, Jr., is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2 2 9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Money Saved
Health Gained
Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
Florida Georgia Alabama
In Comfort and Luxury
By Sea Send for Green Folder

SAILING FOR SAVANNAH DIRECT
via the Savannah Line
Greatly Reduced Fares To All Points South
First Cabin Fare, Boston to Jacksonville, Florida $26.15. Round Trip, $43.30
(Including meals and Berth aboard ship)
Large Ships—Broad Promenade Decks
Leave Boston 20 Atlantic Ave., 3 P.M. every Tues. and Sat.
Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Genuine Rogers Bros. "1847"



Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., have all the qualities in design, workmanship and finish of the best sterling silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost.

Much of the sterling now on the market is entirely too thin and light for practical use, and is far inferior in every way to "*Silver Plate that Wears.*"

Ask your dealer for "1847" goods. Avoid substitutes. Our full trade-mark is "1847 Rogers Bros." look for it. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Before buying write for our little book No.234

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Only Cause and Creator."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 21, Evelyn A. Ryerson, aged 59 years, 6 months, 29 days.
In this city, Nov. 22, Margatet J. Mayes, aged 43 years, 6 months, 29 days.

LLOYD'S OPERA GLASSES
Black Lemaire $5.00
Pearl Lemaire 10.00
Catalogue on application
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St. 310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St. Boston
and 1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson the administrator of the estate not already administered of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn

The Col. Loammi Baldwin Chapter

Of the Daughters of the American Revolution will give a

Cafe Chantant

LYCEUM HALL

Wednesday Even'g, Dec. 7, 1910

From 8 until 12

Stage entertainment from 8 til 10 (continuous.) During which refreshments will be served.
Dancing from 10 to 12.

TICKETS 50 Cents.

For sale at the drugstores of McLaughlin & Dennison and Daniel Kelley.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joanella Cardeleen otherwise known as Guinella N. Cardeleen and Guinella Napolitano, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Anthony Cardeleen of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice ther of, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed executors of the will of Catherine Rumford Griffith, late of Quebec in the Province of Quebec, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust be giving bonds, and Roswell Park one of said executors, has appointed Loammi F. Baldwin of Woburn his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

LOAMMI F. BALDWIN, Woburn, Mass.
BALDWIN COOLIDGE, 410A Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
ROSWELL PARK, 510 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, NY
October 31, 1910.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for

Sullivan Square Terminal— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p, m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9 57, 10 27, and 10 57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivar Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6 27, 6.57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7 52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17 32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10 02, 10 17, 10 32, 11 02, 11 32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6 22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington**, 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1 30, 3.00. 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8 15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

BUY YOUR

Holiday Goods

AT THE

Boston Branch

New Victoria Seeded Raisins 10c. package.
New Victoria Seedless Raisins, 13c. package.
New Citron 20c. lb.
New Orange and Lemon Peel 18c. lb.
New Table Raisins 30c. package.
Also a full assortment of New Dates, Figs. Nuts, Seasonings, Poultry Dressing, Spices, Extracts &c. Everything needed for Holiday cooking.

Boston Branch

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— FOR —

Xmas $12.00

Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's

379 Main St., WOBURN

Kodaks from $1 to $25.



BEEF DIET

is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

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Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,

November 17, 1910.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1910,

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.

Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.

Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.

Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.

Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.

Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.

Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several Wards, in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Mayor, eight Aldermen at-large, one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also for one member of the Board of Public Works for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes, "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall Licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city.

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid questions must be upon one ballot.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Malden Sq. at 5.45 AM., then half hourly until 9.45 then hourly until 2 45 PM., then half hourly until 11 15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9 15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham Sq. at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 8.15 PM., then half hourly until 11 45. Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM., ¶10.30 ¶11.00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8 30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P. M., ¶10 30, ¶11.00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Frank McMahon to Lewis W. Thompson dated August 24th, 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2766, Page 130, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G Maguire by assignment dated November 29th, 1910, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on **Tuesday, December 27th, A. D. 1910,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Scott street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southerly line of said Scott street at land of John Wheeler, thence southerly by land of said Wheeler sixty-five and one-half (65½) feet to land of Mrs. Tidd; thence westerly by Mrs. Tidd's land fifty-one (51) feet to land of Lewis W. Thompson; thence northerly by said land of Lewis W. Thompson seventy-seven (77) feet to the southerly line of Scott street; thence easterly by said Scott street, fifty-one (51) feet to the point of beginning. Containing thirty six hundred (3600) square feet, more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any thereon. A deposit of One Hundred Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass, Nov. 30th, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina Warland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lydia A. Webber of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2-9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th accounts of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty first day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2 9-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

What Some of Them Did Before They Took to Writing.

Among those novelists who studied law we have Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, which Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips. The navy and merchant marine have given us Smollet, Captain Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well represented. Under the former head we recall for the moment only Smollett (naval surgeon), Holmes, S. Weir Mitchell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; under the latter, Sterne, Charles Kingsley, Henry van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and Thomas Dixon. College professors who have either given up their chairs to become novelists or have found time for occasional novels in the midst of their other duties are Sir Walter Besant, Robert Herrick and Brander Matthews.—Bookman.

A BLOOD TAX.

Payment by a French Town to Spain For an Ancient Crime.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the valley of Roncal, in Navarre, were murdered by shepherds of the valley of Bareton, in Bearn, the crime taking place on the high pasture lands of Arlas, in the Pyrenees. It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice, and the Spaniards were preparing to make war upon the valley from which the French murderers had come when the French villages proposed that peace be maintained at the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted.

The payment of this blood tax—originally three white mares, but later three cows of a particular breed and color—has been made ever since, the custom (it is nothing more) having survived even the great wars in which both France and Spain have engaged and the storm of the French revolution.

Yearly the representative men of the two valleys meet on the frontier at a certain stone remote from any town and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle. The order of procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tax was paid a hundred years prior to that time. The records of each yearly meeting and payment are duly attested and deposited in the archives of the Roncalais.—New York Tribune.

ODD VOLUMES.

They Are Members of a Unique Dining Club In London.

One of the most unique dining clubs in London is that known as the Sette of Odd Volumes, which was founded in 1878 and meets once a month from October to June. It consists of twenty-one volumes, or members, that being the number of the volumes of the Variorium Shakespeare published in 1821. There are also twenty-one supplementary members, who succeed to full membership as vacancies occur. The twenty-one rules of the club include the following:

Any Odd Volume losing his temper and failing to recover it shall be fined by the president the sum of 5 shillings.

Discussions about anthropology, religion and politics shall be put down by the president.

Any Odd Volume giving to another Odd Volume unasked advice shall be fined by the president.

No Odd Volume shall talk unasked on any subject he understands.

No Odd Volume's speech shall last longer than three minutes. If, however, the inspired Odd Volume has any more to say he may proceed until his voice is drowned in the general applause.

Volumes have to address each other as "Your Oddship."—Argonaut.

The Major's Tip.

When Major Banks was the best known figure around the race tracks of Cincinnati and the middle west he was extremely generous in tipping off his friends to "sure winners." One man who enjoyed his confidence and played the horses according to the major's advice lost all his ready money and finally succeeded in reducing himself to the point where he had to sell out his grocery business.

One afternoon, following the placing of his last ten dollar note as the major advised, he caught Banks by the arm and said tragically:

"Major, you've made me lose my last cent. I'm a pauper, and my wife and family are practically starving. I am now about to go down to the river and drown myself. It's all over for me."

"All right," answered Banks, "but in the event you change your mind meet me here at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I think I'll have something good for you."—Exchange.

Her Bad Habit.

"I don't like that woman."

"Why not?"

"She's the woman who is all the time teaching my wife a new way of serving up cold meat."—Detroit Free Press.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—Johnson.

KIDNEY DISEASE KILLS.



Your health and life depend upon the Kidneys' working properly. When out of order you have pains in the back, brick dust deposits in the excretions, scalding pains, swelling around eyes, constipated bowels, drowsiness, fever, rheumatic pains. The best treatment for these conditions is **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.** It removes the uricacid from the system, the cause of most Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. 35 years of success. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. **Large bottles $1.00 all druggists.**

REPUBLICS IN GERMANY.

Three City States Whose Constitutions the Empire Respects.

Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck are theoretically three republics which have for the mutual convenience of themselves and the empire come under the rule of the kaiser in all but purely local affairs. As they had joined the north German confederation, which was formed after Prussia's victory in 1866, there was nothing left for them to do but to give their allegiance to its successor, the empire.

Each is represented in the bundesrath, or federal council, as well as in the reichstag, and each retains the republican principle in its local legislation. The Hamburg senate may have fallen from its highest estate, but it still lives and legislates concurrently with the house of burgesses. The burgomaster of Hamburg remains the great man in the estimate of the Hamburg people, the inheritor of the great traditions of the Hanse. Bremen and Lubeck have constitutions in cousinship with Hamburg.

A wise empire respects the constitutions of these city states and refrains from any action hinting of the application of the steam roller in pursuit of harmony. The survivors of the Hansa have been more fortunate than some other republics of continental Europe. They have outlived several that had hopes of being left ignored in their republicanism.

Cracow was once a republic, but, being surrounded by Austrian possessions, was finally swallowed up in 1846. Since that time it has been a city of Austrian Poland.—Boston Transcript.

DROWNED THE MUSIC.

The Audience Was Angry, and Theodore Thomas Was Obstinate.

Theodore Thomas once undertook to raise a subscription fund for a series of concerts in San Francisco, but only $10,000 had been raised, and the enterprise hung fire. Then he announced that Emma Thursby would sing at each concert, and the guarantee fund promptly went up to $50,000.

Thomas had a rule against encores for soloists. They were allowed to appear and bow in recognition of applause, but that was all. The San Franciscans held that as it was Miss Thursby's engagement which was responsible for the raising of the fund they were entitled to encore her if they chose. Thomas, however, insisted stubbornly on his rule.

On the last night a determined effort was made to encore her. She appeared again and again, bowing her thanks, and each time the applause increased instead of diminishing. At last the audience began to shout its demands instead of merely applauding, and Miss Thursby turned to Thomas and said, "What shall I do?"

"Keep on bowing if you have to bow all night," snapped Thomas grimly.

And she went out and bowed again. This time Thomas directed the orchestra to go ahead with the final number. The audience, thoroughly indignant, shouted down the music, but Thomas was inflexible. The orchestra went on playing, utterly unheard, in a pandemonium of shouted protests. And it was probably the only time that a Thomas number fell on deaf ears.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Venetian Fashion.

Fashions were no less eccentric four centuries ago than they are today. "Before the streets of Venice were paved (in the thirteenth century)," says Mr. William Boulting in "Woman in Italy," "ladies went though the mud and filth on pattens. The custom was retained, and in spite of sumptuary laws the patten became heightened until women of rank stood on false feet half a yard high in the sixteenth century. They were unable to walk without the support of one or two gentlemen or servants."

A curiosity in banquets is mentioned by the same writer. It was a wedding feast at Milan and consisted of fifteen courses, "each being introduced by living specimens of the animals that composed it."

Tale of a Snake.

"Before he went fishin'," said the town story teller, "he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snake bite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts of capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swaller its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Grand, Gloomy and Peculiar.

There was a marked contrast between Lincoln's manner, which was always pleasant and even genial, and that of Stanton. The latter's stern, spectacled visage commanded instant respect and in many cases inspired fear. In receiving visitors, and they were legion, Stanton seldom or never sat down, but stood before a high desk as the crowd passed before him and one by one presented their requests or complaints, which were rapidly disposed of. He was haughty, severe, domineering and often rude. When I think of him in the daily routine of his public audiences the characterization of Napoleon by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, comes to mind, "grand, gloomy and peculiar."—From "Lincoln In the Telegraph Office."

Eugenie's American Ancestry.

The Empress Eugenie was the granddaughter of Mr. Fitzpatrick, American consul at Malaga during the early years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife was of Scotch descent and claimed to be connected in some remote way with the Stuarts. They had one daughter, a very beautiful and accomplished girl, who made a brilliant marriage with the Marquis De Montijo, Comte De Teba. He died after a few years of married life, leaving her with two young daughters, one of whom subsequently married the Duke of Alba. The other, Eugenie, became empress of the French.—From the Memoirs of [illegible]

How She Knew.

"Will you have some fresh mushrooms?" asked the hostess sweetly.

"Yes," faltered the guest, "if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toadstools."

"Oh, I'm quite sure," replied the hostess. "I opened the can myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Big Bill.

Little Bob (just started in school)—Uncle Harry, what is the bird with the biggest bill? Uncle Harry (who is still thinking of the night before)—A quail, my boy; a quail—on toast.—Judge.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

LIKED THE FRYING PANS.

Indians Found an Exciting Use For the Cooking Utensils.

The Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was shown some years ago when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the west were several hundred large frying pans with long handles.

These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of the year the number had not been diminished. Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with these culinary utensils, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them.

At first it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least a dozen, and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck more communicative than the rest gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation not far away he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard faintly the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be bowlders, descending the side of the mountain toward them with tremendous rapidity.

Instead of fleeing from these moving objects the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects like the first descending, and in a short time the whole situation was plain to him.

Having selected a long, smooth slope of the mountain where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans. Seating themselves in the pans, they grasped the handles with both hands; then, crossing their legs over their arms, they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity. The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.—Harper's Weekly.

Advantage of the Crinoline.

"The crinoline," says Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences, "was an odious, hideous and dangerous affair. On one occasion I was as nearly as possible burned to death owing to one I was wearing catching fire, and had I not had the presence of mind to lie down and roll myself in a rug I should certainly have been burned to death. Even at the time when crinolines were in fashion it was generally admitted that they were monstrous things, though some women defended them. One of those, a silly woman, having archly remarked that if crinolines had no other advantage they at least kept men at a distance, added, 'That at least you will admit is a great blessing.'

"'To the men,' growled an old bachelor who was present."

MILITARY ACCURACY.

Exactness In Keeping Tab on the Movements of Soldiers.

We hear much of the perfection of military organization abroad, but it is doubtful whether any foreign war office follows with an accuracy greater than that displayed by our own war department the movements of its officers. The following is an interesting case in point:

A young army officer who has seen service in this country and in the east was once with a scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming.

He answered by telegraph that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.

It was six days later when they again struck the railway, this time eighty miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the war department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles.

A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the east. He was traveling home on leave, and, as the regulations require, he had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of his name was present. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.

Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The war department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant even when he was traveling on leave of absence.—New York Herald.

Birds of a Feather.

Frederick Leveson-Gower in his reminiscences relates that when he visited Moscow in 1856 for the coronation of Alexander II. "opposite our house during the procession was drawn up a regiment called Paulovski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned up noses and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion to compose regiments of men all having the same features. The late emperor had recruits sent to him and told them off according to their looks. There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox."

Why the Statue Kept Mum.

The Venus of Milo refused to tell how she lost her arms.

"If I should say I broke them off while trying to button my dress up the back," she said, "you'd ask me what has become of the dress."

Relapsing into stony silence, she paid no further attention to the questioners.—Chicago Tribune.

STAGE REALISM.

Clara Morris' Study of a Victim of Heart Disease.

No actress ever surpassed Clara Morris in the care with which she studied for a part. When she was studying the part of Cora in "Article 47" she visited an insane asylum in order to learn the signs of insanity. Cora was not only insane, but she was disfigured by a hideous scar as well. Miss Morris spent weeks in trying to secure a correct representation, and one day she saw in a street car a woman who had exactly that kind of disfigurement. She studied it and reproduced it, but her kindness of heart shrank from reproducing it in such fashion that the sufferer might recognize it if she ever saw the play. So she worked over it until she made enough alterations to feel certain that no one, not even the owner of the original scar, could ever suspect the imitation.

When she was studying the part of Miss Moulton, who was to die of heart disease, she visited a specialist who had a number of patients suffering from that trouble. He showed her one of his patients and then, to her surprise and horror, ran the sufferer up a flight of stairs that Miss Morris might see the symptoms as produced after an excitement of the heart. Miss Morris was filled with pain and pity. She made the poor patient a present of a bank bill as she was leaving. The woman accepted it and then as she was stuffing it into her glove caught sight of the figure on the note. The size was so large that it brought on a recurrence of all the symptoms—the starting eyes, the gasping breath, the widening nostrils. This time the heart excitement was caused by joy, not pain, but Miss Morris was so overcome with horror and sympathy that she hurriedly left the house.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS FIRST WIG.

John D. Rockefeller Was Timid About Wearing It In Public.

When John D. Rockefeller first donned a wig he was apparently somewhat timid about showing himself with it in public. H. M. Briggs, who was for a number of years very closely connected with Mr. Rockefeller as his personal bodyguard, writes in the American Magazine of the oil king's debut in his new hirsute adornment:

"One morning Mr. Rockefeller came to church in a wig for the first time. As he arrived some time before the services very few were present. Dr. Eaton, the pastor of the church, laughingly said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, we love you with or without it.' I went with him into the Sunday school, and we passed a reporter, who did not recognize him. I told Mr. Rockefeller of this, and he said, 'You surprise me.' He inquired if there was a mirror in the church, and I took him into Dr. Eaton's office. He stood in front of the glass, and, finally getting it adjusted, he asked me if it looked all right. I asked him if it was comfortable. I really did think the wig made a great improvement in his appearance. He said that it was going to be quite an ordeal to enter the church for the service. I said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, you have gone through worse.' He shrugged his shoulders, and we passed into the church together. If his presence on previous occasions never failed to attract attention the stir that followed his entrance on this particular morning must be left to the imagination. After the service, when the 'ordeal' was over, he seemed as tickled with his wig as a boy with a new pair of red topped boots."

Pirate's Coins.

The doubloon, that famous coin of romance, is still in circulation. The Isabella doubloon, worth $5, still remains current in Cuba. The doubloon is so called because when first coined it was double the value of a pistole—that is, it was worth $8. The name was given later to a double doubloon current in the West Indies. Pieces of eight, with which every reader of "Robinson Crusoe" is familiar, are also in circulation. They are simply Spanish dollars of eight reals. A doubloon dated 1787—there are said to be only six of that date in existence—sold a year or six ago for $6,200.—New York Press.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

A sociologist in conversation with a practical person from the middle west concerning the labor problem in her part of the country thereby learned the lesson of the situation.

"Are there many men out of work?" he asked.

The lady admitted that there were quite a number.

"What," said he then, "do the unemployed do?"

"Nothing," said the lady. "That's the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

His Only Hope.

A lawyer of New Orleans tells this story: An old negro was brought up before the judge charged with chicken stealing, and when the usual question was propounded, "Guilty or not guilty?" he said, "I don't know, boss; I jest throw myself on the ignorance of the court."—Case and Comment.

Her Title.

"He married her for her title."

"You mean the other way about, don't you?"

"No; her title to a lot of valuable real estate."—Boston Transcript.

A Pretzel.

"Paw, what's a pretzel?"

"A cracker with cramps, my son. Now go to bed."—St. Joseph News-Press.

His One Regret.

"There's no use trying to deny it," remarked Mrs. DeFlatt, "this is the worst cook we've had yet. There positively isn't a decent thing to eat on the table."

"That's right," rejoined DeFlatt.

"But," continued his wife, "there's one thing in her favor. She can't be beat when it comes to washing."

"Pity we can't eat the washing," sighed the hungry husband.—Chicago News.

A Judicial Reproof.

A justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

Wise Rosalind!

Reginald—Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on $4 a week. Do you think it possible?

Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!—Cleveland Leader.

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Its First Case and the Way the Bill Was Paid

By ESTHER ALDERSHAW

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The doorbell rang sharply, and Evalina dropped the rolling pin and opened the side door.

A man stood in the porch, his hat in hand—a good looking man of forty, perhaps, with a nice smile and a well shaped head. Evalina liked a man to have a well shaped head, and she rather liked the looks of this man. When he spoke she liked the deep mellow tones of his voice.

"I am looking for Miss Ward," he said pleasantly. "Is she at home?"

"I am Miss Ward," acknowledged Evalina, smiling.

"I was told Miss Ward could supply me with some homemade bread."

"I have wheat, rye and graham." Evalina opened a glass case that rested on a side table and from its depths drew forth a crisp golden loaf.

"I'll take one of each," he declared.

Just then there came a querulous voice from a room beyond the kitchen.

"Evalina, who are you talking to? You ain't got any beaus out there, have you?"

The girl flushed brightly, and a strange air of reserve settled over her lovely face. "It is my Great-aunt Harriet. She is very old and somewhat peculiar. I hope you will not mind what she said.'"

"Evalina! That's Tom Taylor's voice. What's he doin' here?" Aunt Harriet's voice shrilled through the rooms.

The man let himself out the door while Evalina hastened to the side of bedridden Aunt Harriet.

"What's Tom Taylor doing here?" asked the old woman peevishly.

"It wasn't Tom, Aunt Harriet; it was a stranger," explained the girl with sweet patience.

"What you going to give me for supper?" With Evalina's help she sat up while the girl brushed back her scanty gray locks and straightened the bedclothes.

"Creamed toast and peaches, some of my fresh jumbles and a cup of tea."

"Sounds dreadful good, Evalina. I expect I'm mighty cross to you sometimes. You've got the patience of an angel, for you ain't never cross." Aunt Harriet stretched forth a bony hand and caressed the girl's bright hair.

Evalina bent and kissed her softly. "Too bad I can't be nice to you, Aunt Harriet. You're all I've got in the world."

"I'm a poor critter," lamented Aunt Harriet—"not worth my salt. You're killing yourself baking and brewing there to make a living for us both. I wish you'd get married, Evalina."

"Maybe I shall marry a millionaire," laughed Evalina as she went busily to and fro. "You would like that, aunt, for I shouldn't do any more baking. Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely? You might ride in an automobile. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it a mite," said Aunt Harriet grimly. "I'd say to the driver, 'You can take me right up to the graveyard now; I'm bound to get there if I go riding in an automobile,' and so if there was an accident I'd be right handy to the Ward plot. There, Evalina, that supper does smell real tasty. It's a shame you don't get married. You are a splendid cook, and some good man would appreciate you."

"Aunt Harriet, I believe you might operate a matrimonial bureau, only please don't practice on me. I'm too busy to get married."

Evalina hurried away to attend to her baking, which by a series of accidents had been delayed until the late afternoon. As she bustled to and fro, putting things to rights, clearing away the disorder of flour and other ingredients, she passed a small mirror hanging on the wall.

"Dear me!" murmured Evalina. "I wonder if that smudge of flour was on my forehead when he was in here. I hope not."

"Evalina, do come and set me right!" called the old lady. "I've eat my supper and spilled the tea, and I want to go to sleep."

When Evalina had cleared away the supper things and Aunt Harriet had been tucked under the covers Evalina sat a long time over her own meal with soft brown eyes dreamily fixed on the glowing square of the stove door.

Every day thereafter the strange man called at Evalina's house and bought some product of her baking. One day several weeks after the stranger's first visit Aunt Harriet was left alone in the house while Evalina went to a nearby town to order supplies. Late in the afternoon there came a knock at the sitting room door.

"Who is it?" demanded Aunt Harriet shrilly.

"I would like some bread, please," came the meek voice of the stranger.

"The key's under the mat," called Aunt Harriet eagerly. "Come right in."

When the door had opened and closed and she knew the stranger was in the sitting room Aunt Harriet called again: "Evalina's gone to the store. If you want bread you can take it from the case and leave the money on the table. Be you Tom Taylor?"

"No, I'm not Mr. Taylor. I merely called for some bread. I'll help myself with your permission," came the genial tones in reply.

"Will you please come here a moment?" Aunt Harriet spoke rather timidly for a woman of her forcible character.

"Certainly, if you wish." In an instant he was filling the bedroom doorway and looking down at Aunt Harriet's eager old face. "What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

"I wanted to see you. I like your voice," said Aunt Harriet, with sudden decision. "What did you say your name was?" she asked shrewdly.

The stranger smiled broadly. "I didn't say, but I am Dr. Massen, the new physician in town."

"Dr. Massen," repeated Aunt Harriet slowly, as if she enjoyed the sound of the words. "Are you married, young man?"

"No, I am not," he laughed lightly.

"Drink?" asked Aunt Harriet briskly.

"Never."

"Smoke?"

"Yes, and enjoy it too."

Aunt Harriet shook her head disapprovingly, but made no comment.

"Chew?" she asked.

"Lord, no!" he laughed again. "And I don't believe I use swear words either."

"Yes, you do. You just said one," contradicted the old woman dryly. "But never mind; you'll do."

"Thank you for saying so. And now may I have my bread?"

"You better wait till Evalina comes," suggested Aunt Harriet agreeably. "You can sit right down in the other room. There's likely to be Sunday school papers on the table. You can read till Evalina comes. She'll be along in a moment."

"Very well," said Dr. Massen, obeying her suggestion with suspicious promptitude.

Thereupon followed a conversation that would better be called an inquisition. There was no question concerning the life of John Massen that Aunt Harriet did not ask. His past was laid bare for Aunt Harriet's inspection, and then she in turn told the simple story of Evalina's self sacrificing life. "All for an old woman that isn't worth her salt," she said tearfully.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor cheerily. "I know Miss Ward enjoys doing it for you."

"If I was to die she'd be all alone," said Aunt Harriet wistfully. "I wish she'd get married."

Dr. Massen was silent for several moments. "Perhaps she will some day," he said, with some constraint.

"Why don't you marry her?" asked Aunt Harriet sharply. "Evalina's a real good cook."

"Aunt Harriet!" Evalina's voice came indignantly from the doorway. "Why are you speaking of me in such a manner to a stranger. How may I serve you, sir?"

Dr. Massen, looking down at her, marveled at her great anger. She looked like some little fluffy ruffled bird, a little bright hued bird whose domain has been invaded by some marauding dog or cat.

"I came for bread," he said meekly. "I hope you have some to spare."

"I believe there is none left," said Evalina loftily, and then she blushed painfully while he bowed low and left the room.

Evalina walked into the bedroom and, throwing herself down into a chair beside the bed, burst into tears. "Aunt Evalina, how could you?" she sobbed bitterly. "You have mortified me so."

"I was only starting my matermonial bureau, Evalina. You won't do nothing yourself about getting married, and you can't bake all your life. There ain't no need to take on so; he was real pleasant about the matter."

"Pleasant!" wailed Evalina. "Oh, Aunt Harriet, why did you pick him out? If it had only been somebody else! I'll never dare look him in the face again!"

Aunt Harriet turned her face to the wall and smiled wisely. "I can't say I'm sorry, Evalina, but I won't say any such things again, I promise."

Two weeks afterward Aunt Harriet Ward suffered one of her periodical "poor spells," and old Dr. Lake was sent for in great haste. But Dr. Lake was himself a prisoner, tied to the house with inflammatory rheumatism, so it happened that the tall form of Dr. Massen darkened Evalina's doorway once more.

She did not look at him, but led the way directly to Aunt Harriet's side. She stood apart and reluctantly confessed to herself that his skill was far superior to that of the old doctor. His terse questioning, his kindly manner, his quick diagnosis of Aunt Harriet's baffling case, opened a world of encouragement for both women.

Evalina found herself flying to do his bidding. An hour afterward they were chatting like old friends across Aunt Harriet's contented face.

"Seems like I feel ten years younger, foctor," said the old woman gratefully.

"After I give you a course of electric massage you'll be running around with the best of us," he encouraged her.

"I can never repay you if you do," she said tearfully.

"You've paid me in part already, Miss Ward," he said gravely, without looking at Evalina. "Some day I'm coming to present my bill—and perhaps levy on your most precious possession."

Evalina in the next room was again an eavesdropper, but this time she was silent. Her hand rested lightly with a half caress on one of the doctor's sealskin gloves thrown on the table, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes.

"I'm glad he likes spice jumbles," thought Evalina before she awoke to trembling realization of what the admission meant.

The Sanity of Paris.

The French live within their means and by a sense of economy wholly unknown to us manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them, says F. Berkeley Smith in Success Magazine. To them France is sufficient. They voyage rarely and gamble less. The spendthrift or the man who plunges on the bourse, the races and the gaming table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool. The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure, but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacation, as luncheon, the aperitif hour, dinner and fete days. They work, not to amass millions and die in harness, but to save enough to give their daughter her dot, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade and have enough income left to retire before they are too old to enjoy their freedom.

Old and Modern Customs.

Palm Sunday in certain places is called "Fig Sunday" from the custom of eating figs on this day, as snapdragons on Christmas eve, plum pudding on Christmas day, oranges and barley sugar on St. Valentine's eve, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, salt codfish on Ash Wednesday, frumenty on "Mothering Sunday" (mid-Lent), cross buns on Good Friday, gooseberry tart on Whitsunday, goose on Michaelmas day, nuts on Allhallows, and so on.—New York American.

Leading the Leader.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard dog up the road.

"Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.—Argonaut.

An Exceptional Case.

"What are you doing these days?"

"Playing the horses."

"No money in that."

"Yes, there is. I get $2 a night for imitating hoof beats in a melodrama."—Washington Herald.

A FAMOUS PICTURE

Rosa Bonheur's Stirring Masterpiece, "The Horse Fair."

A PRIZE THAT FRANCE LOST.

The Artist's Native Land Permitted the Great Canvas to Find a Home In This Country—The Story of the Painting and Its Replicas.

One of the chief glories of the Metropolitan museum in New York is Rosa Bonheur's stirring masterpiece, "The Horse Fair," a picture which for its irresistible movement and living portraiture of man's most useful friend holds a unique position in the annals of art and the affections of lovers of paintings.

Few, however, are acquainted with the intimate history of that notable canvas, and fewer still are aware that there are no less than five horse fair pictures in existence. The one in New York is the original and, it will be remembered, was first the property of A. T. Stewart and then purchased for the Metropolitan by Cornelius Vanderbilt for 250,000 francs.

It was painted in Paris, the models used being the horses of the Paris Omnibus company and a few animals studied at the horse market of the French capital. It was first exhibited at the salon of 1853, but went back to the artist unsold.

A part of the further history of the famous painting is recorded by Ernest Gambart in his manuscript memoirs, which have been freely drawn upon for the "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur:"

"After the closing of the 1853 Paris salon 'The Horse Fair' was intrusted to the Society of Artists of Ghent for exhibition in that town, where it had a great success, but whence it also came back unsold. In the spring of 1854 I expressed to Mlle. Bonheur the desire to buy it from her. At that time it was in Bordeaux, her native town.

"Her preference was that the municipality should purchase it for the city museum, and a price of 12,000 francs had been mentioned at which the town authorities might acquire it. But she said to me that if the canvas came back to her again she would let me have it. However, she could not let it go to England for less than 40,000 francs.

"I unhesitatingly accepted the bargain, and it was agreed that the picture should be mine unless sold to Bordeaux. As the picture was back in her studio again in the following year, I told Mlle. Bonheur that I wished to take it at once in order to have it in my 1855 exhibition and that I should like to have it engraved by Thomas Landseer, the celebrated engraver and brother to the painter.

"She was delighted at the idea of the picture being engraved and said to me: 'I have asked you 40,000 francs for my picture, although in France I cannot get 12,000, and I am pleased at your consenting to my terms. On the other hand, I don't mean to take undue advantage of your liberality. How can we arrange matters? Let us see. Well, the picture is very large, and it will be difficult to find a place for it in an engraver's studio. Besides, you want to exhibit it. Wouldn't it be better for me to paint you a smaller copy?'

"That suggestion she carried out and explains how the second canvas came into existence. That smaller copy was the one from which Landseer's well known steel engraving was made and is the picture which is in the British National gallery.

"When she heard that it had become the property of the British nation Mlle. Bonheur decided to make a third copy, thinking the second was not good enough for the London collection; hence "The Horse Fair" No. 3. But the National gallery authorities were not able to accept the substitute, as the painting which it was designed to replace had been given to them as trustees.

"Besides these three, Mlle. Bonheur executed a water color replica and a drawing based on a large photograph. Of all these, however, the picture in the Metropolitan is by far the finest work, which is only as it should be in view of the fact that the artist always found her best public in America.

"This was recalled to her detriment when the rosette of the Legion of Honor was requested in her behalf. "She has ceased exhibiting at the salon," objected the president, "and sells in America everything she paints." The complete answer to that was that the French government had had the opportunity to buy "The Horse Fair," but had neglected it.—Argonaut.

An Accurate Description.

"Did you ever run into a telegraph pole?" inquired the elderly passenger.

"Yes, ma'am," said the chauffeur, slowing up the taxicab to avoid a collision with a street car. "I've bumped into telegraph poles, I reckon, two or three times."

"Brings you to a pretty sudden stop, doesn't it?"

"No, ma'am; the machine stops, all right, but I always keep on going."—Chicago Tribune.

Curious.

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Corntossel.

"What was it?"

"A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."—Washington Star.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied.—Saadi.

Ancient Bridge Superstition.

A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offense and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber. Men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Sublician bridge, which, till nearly the end of the republican period, was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

Strategy.

The turkey was not a very large one, and Mrs. Pedagog's boarders began to be a little anxious on the subject of its going around. Finally the last bit was distributed, and the idiot, glancing at his portion, observed that he had drawn the neck and the pope's nose.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog," said he, with a genial smile, "you are a wonder at making both ends meat."—Lippincott's.

TOURISTS IN JAPAN.

Troubles of Those Ignorant of the Language and Native Ways.

All Japanese inns, of course, charge a great deal more to the globe trotting European tourist who does not speak the language, since he or she is not content to travel strictly a la Japonaise and worries the entire household with a variety of strange demands—extra quilts to sleep on because they find the floor hard, an improvised pillow, special food (the ordinary guest takes what is given him and at the hour that his host pleases and is thankful), knives, forks and spoons because he has neglected to practice eating his food with chopsticks, a bath with fresh water in it because he will not follow the custom of entering the bath as soon as he arrives, thus getting the opportunity of first bath and the water while it is fresh, and half a dozen other requirements. He reserves his chadai also until he leaves, and often the host misunderstands this action and, fearing he will get no recompense for his extra trouble, augments the bill accordingly.

These visitors not unusually treat the waitresses like so many novel playthings, especially travelers of the sterner sex, who sometimes fail hopelessly to distinguish between professional geishas and ordinary maidservants.—Vera Collum in Wide World Magazine.

MANYUEMA CANNIBALS.

African Savages That Grind Their Teeth to Sharp Points.

The most terrible species of cannibals living are the cruel, bloodthirsty Manyuema of Tanganyika, in central Africa. Living to the west of Tanganyika, these cannibals, clothed in primitive fashion with a piece of bark cloth rudely hammered out from a neighboring tree, have an appetite for human flesh which is well nigh insatiable.

They exercise the most fiendish cunning in tracking down their quarry, choosing fat, well covered people in preference to those who are lean and bony. Their favorite practice is to waylay their victims at eventide so that they may have before them a long night in which to effectually dispose of their prey by cutting it up into strips and drying it over a low fire in the woods. These dried strips of human flesh are carefully preserved for future use, and on two occasions these grewsome forest food depots were discovered and their owners killed by the Wafipa people, who inhabit east Tanganyika.

Most of these cannibals file their teeth to sharp points so as to enable them more easily to tear the flesh from the bone when they have to eat their abominable meal in a hurry.—Wide World Magazine.

An Unreasonable Friend.

Several young artists in Philadelphia are telling a story on another wielder of the brush who is a fellow member in a little club. One of the rules of the club is that each member must keep his finished paintings up to a certain number. The artist on whom the story is told is noted for his indolence. He keeps up to the requirement regarding the number, but never exceeds it. But for his distaste for work the artist probably would be very comfortably fixed financially, as he has considerable talent. As a matter of fact, he is usually on the edge of penury. Several days ago, when his exchequer was unusually low, a friend visited him in his studio. The friend looked at several of the paintings, while the artist lay on a couch, smoking a pipe.

"I like this," the friend finally said, pointing to one of them. He named a good price which he was willing to pay. The artist looked at him mournfully.

"Aw, don't do that," he said. "If you do I'll have to paint another."—Philadelphia Times.

In the Shadow of Fame.

There are a number of former celebrities who are now running rooming and boarding houses in New York city. Many a singer, actress or writer who formerly held a place in the public eye has now settled down to the prosaic occupation of housing and feeding a small portion of that same public. Their houses are a magnet for young persons with the artistic temperament. One woman who once enjoyed a fair reputation as a violinist has five furnished apartments which she sublets room by room to aspirants for dramatic, operatic and literary honors. Reflected glory rather than physical comfort is the portion of most of these satellites, but the privilege of hobnobbing with yesterday's greatness compensates for material discomfort.—New York Press.

Cicero on Wit.

There are witty sayings which carry a concealed suspicion of ridicule, of which sort is that of the Sicilian who, when a friend of his made lamentation to him saying that his wife had hanged herself upon a fig tree, said, "I beseech you give me some shoots of that tree that I may plant them." Of the same sort is what Crassus said to a certain bad orator who, when he imagined that he had excited compassion at the close of a speech, asked our friend here after he had sat down whether he appeared to have raised pity in the audience. "Very great pity," replied Crassus, "for I believe that there is no one here so hard hearted but that your speech seemed pitiable to him."—Cicero's Oratory.

A Strange Likeness.

An extraordinary resemblance has recently been discovered at the London Natural History Museum between a specimen of the huge African elephant and the pygmy shrew mouse. Sir E. Ray Lankester suggested comparison of the two, and the result has been that practically every bone, muscle, blood vessel and nerve of the giant beast has been found identically reproduced in the little animal, which is scarcely two inches in length. In the museum a stuffed mouse has been placed between the fore feet of its enormous mounted prototype for the purpose of showing the curious likeness.

The Trouble.

"So she doesn't return your affection, eh? Well, I shouldn't get mad about that. What's the use of bothering about a girl?" said Watkins.

"I don't mind her not returning my affection," said Dobleigh, "but, confound it, she won't return my diamond ring, either!"—Harper's Weekly.

When a Joke's Not a Joke.

To the joker who writes jokes for a living it isn't much of a joke when the editor can't take a joke.—Lippincott's.

RUBBING UP THE ARMS.

Said to Have Excellent Results In Cases of Fainting.

When my wife faints, which is miserably often, says a writer in the London medical journal, the Lancet, I do not apply friction in the usual absurd way—rubbing backward and forward, which must alternately check and accelerate the passage of the blood—but, taking hold of one of her hands with my left hand, I place the thumb and finger of my right hand tight round her wrist and then pass them firmly up toward her elbow.

Having brought them back loosely to the wrist, I pass them firmly up again, and when I have repeated the operation two or three times, sometimes on both arms, I have the pleasure of hearing the ejaculation, "I feel better now." When I first had recourse to this means of resuscitating my lady she exclaimed instinctively on two different occasions, without being, at all aware that I had had any particular intention, "Oh, that is what I seem to want!"

From the invariable and immediate effect of this mode of friction I flatter myself that it is not unworthy the notice of the medical practitioner in the friction of cholera patients, a process which should be much oftener resorted to and more energetically persisted in than it generally is.

GERMAN RED TAPE.

A Lesson In Picking Up Things In the Streets of Berlin.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from a convention at Frankfort noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying, "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well. Where is it?"

The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement, "Some one else will pick it up," he said.

"Not at all," said the agent in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law."

The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hand in his pockets.—Crl de Paris.

The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large bowlder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as the "hangman's stone." The exposed portion of the bowlder rises about six feet above the surface of the surrounding field and has a narrow ditch or indentation running across the top. The mark, so tradition says, was made in this way: A sheep thief in the dead of night, while leaning against the bowlder to rest, placed his booty above on the flat surface of the stone. The man had the sheep tied with a rope, and in its effort to escape the creature slipped on the opposite side, and the rope, catching under the thief's chin, choked him to death. The indentation in the rock was made by the friction of the rope while the dying man was engaged in an effort to extricate himself.

A Good Loser.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken down senators fleeced the unwary there. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, lost £200,000 at play. Gibbon tells of his playing twenty-two hours at a sitting and losing £500 an hour. That indomitable punster said that the greatest pleasure in life after winning was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to say what peace of mind, but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an eclogue of Virgil.—From Thackeray's "The Four Georges."

The Poster.

The poster may be said to date from 1836, when a design by Lelance was used in France to advertise a book, "Commend Meurent les Femmes." His example was very quickly followed, most of the early designs being printed in black on white or tinted paper. The color poster began about 1860 and attained to the dignity of a high art with Jules Cheret, "the father of the pictured placard." The first English theatrical placard to attract widespread attention was one of Fred Walker's advertising a dramatic version of "The Woman In White."—London Chronicle.

A Hurry Call.

The political boss of a small city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.

"Hey, Johnnie," he yelled to his son, "git down in the Fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"—Success Magazine.

Those Dear Girls.

Young Bride—I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed. Miss Ryval—No, dear; you weren't there.—Boston Transcript.

Without the spiritual world the material world is a disheartening enigma.—Joubert.

Her Only Want.

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousand wants."

"I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want."

"What is it?"

"Money."—Baltimore American.

Consistency.

Mother—Aren't you goin' to wash up them tea things, Mariaranne, before you go out? Daughter—No, I ain't. I'm late enough for "mother's 'elp" class as it is.—London Opinion.

Modernity.

"Some are so intensely modern that they prefer a Corot to a Rembrandt."

"If it's a better hill climber I don't blame 'em. Me for the French car every time."—London Punch.

His Biggest Mistake.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow.—Hawthorne.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 4, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 31-35, 69-75—Memory Verses, 74, 75—Golden Text, I Cor. x, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As we read the first part of our lesson and consider the boastful self confidence of Peter and his assertion "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended," then to the Saviour's "This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice," his further more emphatic assertion, "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee," how do we pity him and all the disciples, for they all asserted the same. It was as if Peter said: "Lord, Thou dost not know me. Thou canst surely count on me to be true at any cost." Do we see ourselves? Have we ever sung "Surely the Captain May Depend on Me?" If so, were we not as foolishly boastful as Peter? How the Lord must have pitied him! How He pities us! None can be saved until they know that they are lost, for He came to save the lost. The condition of every sinner before God is guilty, with out strength, ungodly, enemies, enmity against God, dead in sins, children of disobedience and wrath, having no hope and without God in the world (Rom. iii, 19; v, 6, 10; viii, 7; Eph. ii, 1-3, 5, 12). Such helpless, hell deserving sinners Jesus saves fully and forever by His finished work without any help from us whatever. When saved we are just as helpless to live a Christian life and to serve Him as we were to save ourselves. So the great lesson for the saved sinner to learn is the significance of "Not I, but Christ;" "Not I, but the grace of God;" "Without Me ye can do nothing" (Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10; John xv, 5). Unless it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure the work cannot stand, but will prove to be only wood, hay and stubble. We must be ever watchful, prayerful, submitting to God and resisting the devil, if we would walk worthy of Him who hath called us to His kingdom and glory. We have seen Peter daring to rebuke the Lord as He spake of suffering, though the Scriptures may be said to be full of predictions concerning the sufferings of the Messiah. We have heard him say: "We have left all for Thee. What shall we have, therefore?" We have also heard him say, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." We have heard his self confident boasting that he was ready to die with Christ. Yet we have seen him taking off a man's ear, for a little while forsaking Christ, then following afar off, then in company with the enemies of Christ and warming himself at their fire. What can we expect next from such a man?

The damsel who kept the door as she saw him sit by the fire warming himself looked earnestly upon him and said, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." Compare the four accounts. But he denied, saying, "Woman, I know Him not; neither understand I what thou sayest." Alas, alas, how can we account for it? Did the devil, who led Judas Iscariot to betray Christ, take possession of Peter also? Even so, for on a previous occasion Jesus had to say to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan" (Matt. xvi, 23). On the Passover night the Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you (R. V., asked to have you), that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not" (Luke xxii, 31, 32).

After that first denial he went out into the porch, and the cock crew. Then another maid saw him and began to say to them that stood by, "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." And again he denied with an oath, "I do not know the man." If he had only left the bad company as soon as he found himself falling he might have repented sooner, but it is growing worse—the second denial was accompanied by an oath. About an hour later another confidently affirmed, saying to Peter, "Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto." The kinsman of the man whose ear Peter cut off said, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" Then he began to curse and to swear, saying, "I know not this man of whom ye speak." And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew the second time, and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, "Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice" (Mark xiv, 30-72). And when he thought thereon he went out and wept bitterly. This was not like the remorse of Judas Iscariot which led to suicide, but there were tears of true penitence.

How much do we know of the comfort of the assurance that "He ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. vii, 25). Do we lay it to heart that the same great adversary is ever seeking to cause the saints to fall that he may bring reproach upon that beautiful name by which we are called? He does not ask for the unsaved, because they belong to him. He did not ask for Judas Iscariot, but he had to ask for Job and for Peter. Let us never make light of him, for he is too formidable an enemy. Let us not be afraid of him, for we have a shield to quench his fiery darts and a sword with which to conquer him (Eph. vi; Rev. xii).

The Ambulant Barber.

Paris, like Peking, has its ambulant barber. Armed with a little box, containing the necessary apparatus, razor, badger brush, soap, scissors and serviette, he exercises his calling on the banks of the Seine. All the bargees, navvies and quay laborers are his clients. "Figaro" seats his patient on the pavement, covers his knees with a newspaper and for a sou shaves, cuts his hair and gives a human appearance to the tramps and others who intrust themselves to his care.

Odds and Ends.

Uncle Jim, an old negro driver in Richmond, Va., had some ladies to drive through the cemetery. He took them round and showed them the notable graves and monuments and then drove to that part of the cemetery where the derelicts were interred.

"Who are buried here?" asked a lady in the party. "I don't think I ever was here before."

"Oh," replied Uncle Jim, "odds and ends, missus, odds and ends!"—Pittsburg Press.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.32, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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ARTISTS' EMBLEMS.

In Whistler's Butterfly Could Be Found the Monogram J. W.

The mystic emblem or device of a sort of Whistlerized butterfly was adopted in the sixties by the eccentric genius James Abbott Whistler, who changed his name later to James McNeill Whistler.

Close study will reveal that this peculiar scroll is really a monogram of J. W. The earliest of the etchings to bear the butterfly is "Chelsea Wharf" (1863), but many paintings and etchings after that date are signed "Whistler."

Artists have sometimes signed their pictures in some distinct form instead of their names. It generally was done when the name might suggest some emblem or symbol.

Thus Hieronymus Cock demarked two fighting cocks on his panels; Mariotto Albertinelli signed a cross with two interlaced rings, referring to the sacerdotal duties to which at one time of his life he devoted himself; Martin Rota, a wheel; Pieter de Ryng, a ring with a diamond; Giovanni Dossi, a bone; Del Mazo Martinez, a hammer; Lionello Spada, a sword.

Sometimes caprice dictated the selection, as when Jacopo de Barbari used the caduceus, or Mercury rod; Hendrik de Bles an owl, Lucas Cranach a crowned serpent, Cornelius Engelbrechtsen a peculiar device resembling a weather vane and Hans Holbein a skull.

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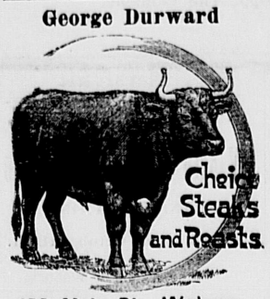
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
38	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
39	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
35	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
54	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
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58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m. 2.50, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 12 p. m., 2.50, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 9.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 6.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 9.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 9.45 a. m., 3.40, 6.40 p. m.

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Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
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If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

DON'T GET TOO SEDATE.

Play Is as Good For Grown Persons as For Children.

Play is just as necessary to keep a grown man young and a middle aged man from growing old as it is to make a child grow into a man. Wordsworth's lines are as sound physiology as good poetry:

My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So be it when I am a man
Or let me die.

In childhood we play because we are young, in middle age we are young because we play, and if we keep it up we shall never know that we are old until we are one day suddenly dead. Yet the absurd idea has grown up, and Mrs. Grundy has adopted it with her usual fatuousness, that play is something undignified in a grown man and unbecoming in a lady. And this unfortunately is one of the rare instances where "thinking makes it so." After a man has practiced this belief in the uselessness of exercise for half a decade or so and become fat and pompous and red faced or pale and slack muscled and short winded then the contortions that he indulges in when he decides to unbend and try to play furnish considerably more entertainment to spectators than to himself.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing.

The Congenial Pair.

Purchaser—Please give me the two seats that have a post between 'em. Box Office—Sorry, sir, but the married couple pairs are all sold.—Cleveland Leader.

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A MYSTERY

It Was Explained With a Happy Denoument

By F. A. MITCHEL

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I prefer the autumn for automobiling. The country is then beautiful, and I am comparatively free from the dust of other autos. In these rides I love to commune with nature and usually go alone.

One October I was riding through the beautiful hills of Vermont when evening came upon me in a thinly settled region, and I encountered a breakdown at the same time. I couldn't, like Joshua, turn the sun back in his course, and I saw at a glance that I couldn't repair the break in my auto. Fortunately near me was a house. It was a queer looking structure built of brick and hexagonal in form. Leaving my auto beside the road where it was stalled, with a light before and behind, I went to the house resolved if admitted to spend the night there. There was not much encouragement of a welcome for me since it was now quite dark and not a light was to be seen at a single window.

On reaching the premises I went to the front door and beat on it with the old fashioned brass lion's head knocker. I failed to rouse any one. Then I went around the house, looking for a possible entrance. I found one through a window the sash of which had been left unlocked. Entering, I struck a match and saw that I was in a house furnished in colonial style. Not a bed or bureau could have been less than a hundred years old. It was evidently the home when occupied of refined and educated people.

Going upstairs, I found a bedroom that suited me, with a four post bedstead and a broad open fireplace. A wood box stood beside the latter, and I soon had half a dozen logs burning brightly. Then, returning to my auto, I took my lunch basket, which I always carried in case of necessity, containing both meat and drink, and returned. There were lamps in the house and dishes, but no eatables. I took of the dishes what few I needed, went upstairs, pulled a small table to the fire and ate my supper, washing it down with a pint of wine.

I had been riding in the wind all day and was very sleepy. Instead of getting into the bed, on which there was what was required for comfort except sheets and pillowcases, I fell asleep in my chair. I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke the fire gave out only the glow of coals. Remembering that I was alone in a deserted house, I instinctively looked about me to make sure that I was perfectly safe. On a wooden partition separating the room from another hung an unframed print, the head and shoulders of a young girl, life size. There was something about the eyes that arrested my attention. By the imperfect light they seemed strange. In fact, they looked like human eyes inserted in a paper picture. I am not superstitious or nervous, but the uncanny effect startled me. Throwing some light wood on the fire, I started a blaze, but when it came and I looked again at the picture the eyes were merely printed. I got up from my seat, went to them and, seeing that they were paper, threw off my outer garments, lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by hearing a sound as though something had been set down outside my door. Remembering the eyes on the picture, I was somewhat curious at any happening. Getting up, I went to the door, opened it, and there at my feet was a pitcher of hot water.

My mind went back at once to the fairy tales of my boyhood. I was surely in the house of a magician, and I hoped that the "princess" was there too. Performing my ablutions, I put on my clothes and, opening the door, went downstairs. The first room I struck was the dining room, and what was my astonishment to find the table set for breakfast, with but one plate.

"Hello, fairy!" I called jocularly—that is, I tried to call jocularly, but failed, and when the wall gave back no sound but that of my own voice I confess I felt a very uncanny sensation. Had I suffered some sudden brain trouble?

I was rattled. The eyes I had seen the night before, the pitcher of hot water, the breakfast table set—with dishes only—had completely upset me. I determined to explore the house and bolted right into the kitchen. I found no one, but a fire was lighted in the stove, and on it coffee was spouting up in a percolator. I went into all the other rooms on the ground floor and, finding no one, mounted the stairs to explore the upper stories. There was no one in any room. In the garret I found a locked door and couldn't effect an entrance, but it seemed to me that it was a storeroom. I returned to the room I had slept in. My heart was beating like a kettledrum. I poohpoohed and tried to laugh at the oddity of the situation, but it was no use. I sat down in the chair in which I had slept the night before and tried to reassure myself that I was mentally sound. I don't remember how long I was in my room—perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes—when I heard a tap at the door and a sweet voice say:

"Breakfast is ready."

I made a dash for the door, opened it and looked—anywhere, everywhere. Not a sign of life!

But the odor of coffee, fresh made toast and broiled meat reassured me. I went down again into the dining room, and there on the breakfast table were beefsteak, fried potatoes, eggs—in short, a fine breakfast. I looked into the kitchen; there was no one there. I sat down to the table, poured out a cup of coffee, helped myself to the viands and ate my breakfast.

The first sip of coffee, the first mouthful of food, bracing me, as it did, made me feel more confident that I was not in a condition to be transferred to bedlam, and by the time I had finished my breakfast I felt sure there was some explanation of the mystery on other grounds than that I had lost my reason. "And yet," I argued, relapsing into doubt, "insane persons believe themselves of perfectly sound mind."

I arose from the table, went into a sitting room in the front of the house and looked out through a window. There was my auto standing beside the road just as I had left it the night before. The morning was bright, and I would have liked to lay a plan for its mending and a possible getting away, but would not do so on any account before having solved the mystery. I sat down in the sunshine, lit a cigar and began to plan—not the repairing of my auto, but a method of finding out whence came the attention I was receiving in this apparently unoccupied house.

I finally concluded that the only way to draw out the mysterious somebody who was ministering to my wants was to entrap him or her into a fancied security. I resolved to pretend to sleep. Taking up a book I found on a table, I began to read, nodding and starting up alternately till finally, as if overpowered by slumber, I began to breathe heavily and then to snore.

It wasn't long before I heard whisperings in the hall without. Then after a dead silence between my partly closed eyelids I saw a face peering through the doorway, which was but half open. It was the face of a girl. It was withdrawn, and the face of another girl appeared. Three of them in succession surveyed me with evident interest and satisfaction, to say nothing of merriment.

"Oho!" I exclaimed mentally. "There's mischief in the wind. Trust a girl for deviltry and three girls for three times as much of it as one. I have evidently fallen into the tolls of a bevy of them, and they are having great fun at my expense."

I didn't bother myself as to how these girls came to be there. I contented myself with waiting and watching through my half closed eyes. A door behind me was opened, and presently I felt a tickling on the back of my neck. I knew at once that one of these girls was teasing me with a feather. I made a frantic grasp for what was intended for a bug, but snored on. The bug lighted on my cheek—another frantic clutch and another, my efforts to catch the insect becoming more and more ludicrous. At last I heard smothered laughter.

It is a law of nature that the more successful we are the more venturesome we become. Women who are most timid in beginning to take risks eventually become the most reckless plungers. Being young and fond of adventure, I was delighted with the turn the affair had taken. The more venturesome the girls the sounder I slept, the louder I snored. Then a girl tiptoed into the room and when I moved scurried out. Another, emboldened by the success of the first, did the same thing. Then I heard a whispering, catching but a few words—"Dare you to kiss him."

"Well, now," I remarked to myself, "this is getting interesting." And I snored loud enough to wake the dead.

Then one of the girls—wasn't she pretty, though!—stole into the room, every fiber under quick control, the spirit of daredevil in her eyes, advanced, retreated, advanced again. I never slept so quietly in my life, though my heart was beating like a triphammer. Then she tiptoed around beside me, bent over me, straightened up, bent again, lowered her face to mine and lightly touched my lips with hers.

There was a frightful shriek as I unfolded her tightly within my two arms and a whole chorus from those without. I rained kisses on her cheeks and on her lips. "Thanks for the night's lodging," I said, giving her a smack on her right cheek. "And this is for the hot water at my room, this for the breakfast." And so I expressed my gratitude for everything I had received and many things I hadn't received.

Well, the climax had come and passed. Every one came forward, and the oldest girl gave me an explanation. The house belonged to the father of one of them, who had inherited it from his great-grandfather and always kept it exactly as he had received it. In summer it was used by the family for a country residence. The night of my arrival the daughter of the owner had brought a party of her girl friends with provisions for spending a week end. They had found signs of some one within and finally ventured inside themselves, surveying me through the eyes of the picture which had been turned into peepholes for a former purpose. Then it had occurred to them to have their amusement in mystifying me.

Some young men—and a chaperon, of course—were expected during the day, and I was invited to make one of the party. I accepted and had the time of my life. I have since been there often and am extravagantly fond of the place. There is good reason for this. I met my wife there, gave her my first kiss there, courted her there and married her in the very room in which I kissed her.

The Logical Result.

"What's the matter with your patient, doctor?" asked a visitor in a hospital as he saw the surgeon bend over the remnants of a man.

"He got in the way of a speeding motorcar," replied the doctor, "and now is suffering from that rundown feeling."—Baltimore American.

A Wrong Impression.

"Pittson always seems to carry himself with great dignity. What has he ever done that he should hold his head so high?"

"Nothing. He is merely trying to live up to his wife's hats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.

Pendleton—What are the two greatest wishes of a medical student? Kefer—Give it up. What are they? Pendleton—To put "Dr." before his own name and "Dr." after the names of other people.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

Racing For the Honest Lawyer In a Town In Denmark.

In telling of his boyhood home in Denmark, "The Old Town," Jacob A. Riis says that he does not remember that there were at any time more than two lawyers in the place. One was good, the other bad—not a bad lawyer perhaps, but reputed to be tricky, whereas the other was known to be honor itself.

It is therefore perhaps the best character I can give my people when I record the fact, writes Mr. Riis, that when two farmers quarreled, each sure that he was right, they made haste to hitch up to get first to the honest lawyer, and usually that was the end of the quarrel, for the last in the race was willing to make peace.

They used to tell of two well to do neighbors who had fallen out over a line fence and started simultaneously for town. Both had good teams, and they were well matched in the race.

For half an hour they drove silently alongside, each on his own side of the road, grimly urging on their horses, but neither gaining a length. At last as the lights of the town came into sight, for it was evening, a trace broke on one of the rigs, and the horses stopped. The other team whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Hans," the beaten one called after him, and he halted and looked back, "are you going after Lawyer ——?" naming the square one.

"I am that!" came back.

"Then let's go back. I'm beat." And back home they went and made it up.

A MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

Romance of Lady March and the Second Duke of Richmond.

One of the mercenary marriages which turned out happily was that of the second Duke of Richmond. He was married to Lady Sarah Cadogan as part of an agreement that her father's gambling debts should be canceled, Lord March (as he then was) being eighteen and the bride thirteen. Immediately after the wedding Lord March's tutor took him off to the continent for the grand tour, and Lady Sarah went back to her nursery. This is the sequel as told by Lady Russell in "The Rose Goddess:"

"Three years elapsed. Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such an uninteresting recollection of his bride, was in no hurry to claim her and went the first evening of his return to London to the opera. There he noticed that all eyes—and lorgnettes—were directed to one box, where, surrounded by several persons, sat a most beautiful young creature. Turning to a man beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' was the answer, 'not to know the reigning toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!' Lord March lost no time in going to the box and introducing himself to his bride, with whom he ever after lived so affectionately that their devotion to one another became proverbial."

Cruelty to Women.

We wonder what death the man will die or what tortured life he will be caused to lead who discovered the little "trick" by which a woman's age can be ascertained beyond a doubt—that is to say, while her health is normal. The only instrument required is an ordinary watch. The wrist of the lady whose age is in question is the telltale, for when you count her pulse and it registers sixty-nine beats per minute you know that she is between twenty and twenty-five years old. During the next five years seventy-one beats go to the minute, and the "femme de trente ans" and over is entitled to seventy throbs. It is a pity the man of science who established these facts is not more exact when dealing with the women of riper age, for, according to rumor and tradition, it is only after she is thirty that a woman begins to leave off having birthdays.—Westminster Gazette.

Dropping Coaches on the Run.

The ingenious means by which one of the great railroad systems of England drops passenger coaches off at intermediate stations without slowing up the locomotive, even for a fraction of a second, in its speed of sixty or more miles an hour is called the "slip coach" system and is described in Popular Mechanics. It is a system never tried in America and consists in dropping, or "slipping," one or more of the rear coaches just before the station is reached. Undoubtedly many American tourists in England after alighting at their destination have been amazed to discover that the coach which they occupied was still beside them, while the locomotive and the remainder of the train were no where to be seen.

As George Sees the Peers.

"David Lloyd George," said the miner from Wales, "is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon. Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the house of lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself at family prayers he always made one well known passage run:

"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of lords forever.'"—London Globe.

His Wish.

"Life is something of a game after all," said the cynical person.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I wish Henrietta wouldn't regard it as bridge, with me forever playing opposite as dummy." — Washington Star.

A Girl's Idea.

A girl's idea of a trousseau is to have enough clothes to wear without buying anything new for at least three weeks.—New York Times.

He is a friend who in dubious circumstances aids in deeds when deeds are necessary.—Plautus.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Beecher.

FIRST SUBMARINE.

The American Turtle Was Tried Out at New York in 1776.

GAVE THE BRITISH A SCARE.

Her Attempt to Blow Up the English Frigate Asia Didn't Succeed, but the Enemy's Ships Fled In Terror—Her Second Escapade Sealed Her Fate.

The American Turtle deserved a better fate. It was the first submarine war vessel of the United States. It was tried out in 1776 in New York harbor. Its inventor and builder was David Bushnell of Connecticut, of whom little is known. The man who went under water with it and in New York bay tried to blow up the British frigate Asia, under General Washington's orders, was Colonel Ezra Lee.

The Turtle was built at Saybrook, Conn. After its vicissitudes of being captured, sunk and resting for years at the bottom of the East river it was raised and taken back to its birthplace. There, after more years, it was taken to pieces. Its metal went into grandfather's clocks, which are still ticking in the hallways of New York and New England homes. Its oaken, pitch smeared timbers were put to structural uses and all trace of them lost. Bushnell did not get even a tardy reward for his inventiveness. The council of safety of Connecticut in 1777 directed that he be paid £200 for his services in "annoying ships," but there is no record that he ever got the money.

Here is the story of the American Turtle's first exploit as it is told in the quaint phraseology of the yellowing manuscript where it was set down long ago:

"When the British fleet lay in the North river, opposite the city of New York, and while General Washington had possession of the city he was very anxious to be rid of such neighbors. David Bushnell of Saybrook invented a submarine curiosity called the American Turtle, which received General Washington's approval for that purpose. A brother of the inventor was to operate the machine, but on trial he declined to hazard his service. Colonel Lee, distinguished for his courage and patriotism, volunteered his services, and after practicing with the machine to discover its powers a night was fixed upon for the attempt.

"General Washington and his associates in the secret took their stations upon the roof of a house on Broadway, anxiously awaiting the result. Morning came, but no intelligence of the bold navigator. While the anxious spectators were about to give him up as lost several barges were seen to start suddenly from Governors island, then in possession of the British, and move toward some object near the Asia, ship of the line, and as suddenly they were seen to put about and steer for the island with springing oars. In two or three minutes an explosion took place from the surface of the water, resembling a waterspout, which aroused the whole city. The enemy's ships took the alarm, cut their cables and proceeded to the Hook with all possible dispatch, sweeping their bottoms with chains and with difficulty preventing their affrighted crews from leaping overboard.

"Colonel Lee, coming to the surface during this scene of consternation, was obliged again to descend to avoid the enemy's shot from the island. After forcing his machine against a strong current under water he landed safe at the Battery amid a great crowd, General Washington expressing himself as much pleased that the object was effected without the loss of life.

"Colonel Lee had been under the Asia more than two hours endeavoring to penetrate her bottom, which, being sheathed with copper, resisted all attempts to attach the magazine to the ship."

Apparently the American Turtle made one more attempt to "annoy the enemy's shipping" before she ended her career. Another old diary preserved by a Connecticut family mentions this incident. It seems that the Turtle, manned by some nameless hero, perhaps again by Colonel Lee, though the chronicler does not state, made an attempt to blow up a British ship in the East river. By this time the British appear to have discovered what nature of craft it was that had essayed to destroy the Asia and so were on the lookout for anything suspicious that disturbed the surface of the water. At any rate, the American submarine was discovered before she had made any progress on her second mission of destruction.

The British boats gave chase. Considering that the maximum speed of the Turtle was three miles an hour, the pursuit could not have been a very long one. At any rate, an American vessel, probably some small schooner, was waiting for the submarine, and the Turtle fled thither for protection. Hastily the odd looking craft was hoisted aboard, sail was set, and the American boat tried to show a clean pair of heels to her pursuer, but it was in vain. She was sunk by the English guns.

For a long time the Turtle lay in the submerged vessel's hold. After the war was over, however, the ship was raised and the Turtle was recovered and carried back to Saybrook. If every one else had forgotten her and her achievements by that time the people of her inventor's native town still held the Turtle in affectionate remembrance.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Boston Post.

Hope.

"Hope," said William Dean Howells, "is not really an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before a donkey's nose to make him go."

A Red L tter Day.

The Hon. Bertie Anything unusual happen while I w.. out, Charles? His Man Charles—Y.., sir; your tailor did not call.—London Opinion.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1910.

A GOOD BOOK.

Reviewers tell us that the contents of a large share of the 300 or 400 books that are annually issued from the American press is worthless trash. That, however, is not true, neither would the Reviewers say it, of "Field Trips in the Boston Basin," written by Everett Lamont Getchell, and issued by Little, Brown and Company, the old Boston publishing house. It is a book worth reading. It contains historical information of deep interest concerning the City of Boston and its Environs, a region richer in such learning than any other in America, that no citizen should be without a good store of. The design of this finely executed volume of 186 pages is more particularly set forth in the announcement of the publishers as follows: "Field Lessons in Geography and History of the Boston Basin: A Handbook for Teachers." It should be remarked that the "Boston Basin," a name many people never heard of before, is included in a boundary line running from Swampscott through Lynn, Malden, Medford, Arlington, Belmont, Waverly, Waltham, Neponset, Milton, Quincy, Braintree, Nantasket, and from Nantasket, on a straight line back to Swampscott. This territory constitutes a part of Greater Boston, or Metropolitan District, and is said by President Eliot of Harvard University to be "one of the most interesting historical regions in the United States, and one of the most beautiful to be found here or in Europe."

The "Outline of Field Lessons" is the fruit of long and earnest study by the Author of the problem of teaching Geography in the Grammar Grades of the public schools, and is of inestimable value as a guide to teachers in instructing their pupils, who are taken in "field trips" to the objects and scenes then being studied by the classes, and object lessons given more real and lasting than those obtained from the books alone.

Because of its great value to teachers and pupils unusual space is here given to a review of "Field Trips in the Boston Basin," the price of which is only 60 cents. It is a useful and entertaining work, of which every Grammar School teacher should procure and study a copy, and then put in practice its rules.

NOLICENSE.

It is gratifying and encouraging to observe the unmistakable signs of interest the people of this city are exhibiting in the cause of Antilicense, for they indicate a big victory for it at the ballotboxes on Tuesday, Dec. 13.

The interest is general and strong, and appears to be confined to no political party, religious sect, or society.

Experience has thoroughly instructed our people in the advantages of Nolicense over License, and they will not be likely to abandon this year a policy from which so much benefit has been derived. Woburn endured a long period of illegal liquor selling; but seeing at last the increasing havoc it was making among the people, a vigorous stand was made against the license system, and the city was redeemed. It has stayed redeemed ever since, and is likely to remain a "dry" city for many years to come.

A full Antilicense vote can be confidently counted on in this city on Dec. 13.

CITY ELECTION.

City Clerk Finn serves notice on the public through the columns of the JOURNAL that the City of Woburn will hold its annual election for the choice of a Mayor, Alderman, and other officers, and to do such other business as may legally come before the meeting," on Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1910, between the hours named in said notice. He, also, designates the several places whereat the voters may legally deposit their ballots on that day.

Of which said voters will please take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

And to ease their consciences they should vote the Republican ticket.

☞ At the regular meeting of the City Council last week orders were adopted increasing the salaries of permanent firemen, Auditor and Clerk of Committees. They were voted against by Aldermen Pollard, Johnson, Corrigan, Fox and Furbush. Ald. Johnson made a speech against the passage of the orders at the present time; what might be later done was another matter. The public will agree with him that time proper for deliberation on such questions should be allowed, which had not been done, he said, in this instance. He did not know exactly what ought to be done in the premises, and time ought to be given for investigation. Nobody should object to that.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.

We assume that it will be conceded on all hands that the Republican ticket for members of the School Board is composed of people of a caliber, experience and temperament much superior to their opponents and that in their hands the educational interests of this city would be served in a profitable and entirely satisfactory manner.

That the ticket will triumph at the polls next Tuesday by a large majority does not admit of a doubt; but while the voters are about it why not all hands turn in and make their election unanimous?

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Taft's Message last Monday was the longest ever submitted for Congressional consideration.

It used to be said that Grover Cleveland employed more and bigger words in his Messages than any other man, but he couldn't hold a candle to Taft.

One good thing about Taft's this week's Message is it opposes any more meddling with the Tariff for the present.

☞ Long ago, when he was considerably younger and knew much less about politics and kindred subjects than he does now, Jonathan C. Ela, Republican candidate for Alderman-at-large, was a Hardshell New Hampshire Democrat, one of the Frank Pierce, Isaac Hill, id genus, and soforth, kind, but he came to his political senses some years ago, and is now as sound a Republican as one would wish to see. The Elas were a prominent and honorable N. H. family, noted especially for their sound sense and personal integrity. One of them represented many years a N. H. District in Congress; another was a clergyman of high standing; and all of them were esteemed by their fellowmen. Mr. Jonathan C. Ela is one of Woburn's most highly respected citizens, and let us all turn in and elect him next Tuesday by a rousing majority.

☞ The antics which our esteemed Cotemporaries cut up in their strivings to induce the candidates of both parties to "come out into the liberty," as our good Baptist brethren used to say in olden times, and do liberal political advertising in their columns, is truly diverting. Our Esteemed Cotemporaries fairly yearn for more political advertising and some of the candidates, failing to see through the gauzy demands of our E. C. for "platforms" from nominees (to be printed in the columns of our Es. Co.) have actually complied with such demands and furnished copy for these greedy and conscienceless Editors. Platforms, for sooth! What do they amount to except to swell to still greater proportions the already plethoric purses of our Esteemed Contemporaries?

☞ The State Department has announced the candidates for appointment to the Consular service of the United States who had successfully passed the examination held in June. All of these candidates ultimately will receive appointments. The following were among the successful candidates: Elwood G. Babbitt, Massachusetts; Ely F. Palmer, Rhode Island; and Charles W. Fowle, Massachusetts. — *Boston Transcript.*

Charles W. Fowle above mentioned is a son of Rev. James L. Fowle, the Missionary of the First Church of Woburn in Turkey, and nephew of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle of this city. He is a talented young man, and the honor he has received from Uncle Sam is appreciated by his many friends.

☞ "Since Halley's went back on it the Boston *Globe* has had no use for comets, eclipses and such exhibitions," says the Woburn JOURNAL. We own that we have been disappointed in the past, but we are looking forward eagerly to the occultation of Saturn by the moon on the afternoon of Dec. 12, which the astronomers assure us may be seen through a small telescope. We have a dandy little telescope.—*Boston Globe.*

Good enough!

☞ The Blackstone Savings Bank of Boston, of which Arthur E. Roberts, former Representative in the Legislature from this District is Treasurer, pays its depositors 4 percent interest. Its last report showed the deposits to be $609,484.17, a gain in one year of $86,456.56. Hon. James Wilson Grimes, ex-Senator, is one of the Trustees of this prosperous Savings institution, and Lt. Gov. Frothingham is President.

☞ Mr. Albert B. Grimes, City Editor of Haggerty's *Times*, and as fine a man as ever trod shoeleather, wouldn't stand to be voted on for Alderman and so had his name taken from the Republican ticket. He would have been elected all right had he stuck.

☞ Stump speeches and blanket advertisements make no converts; automobiles, horse teams, and trolleys, are what will tell the story next Tuesday in this city instead of Antielection oratory, and printer's ink.

GO AND VOTE.

Years and years ago it was officially determined that one of the duties of the party newspaper organ was to urge members of its party to go to the polls and vote on election day.

In conformity to this wise and wholesome law the JOURNAL again urges the Republicans of Woburn to go to their respective Ward pollingplaces next Tuesday and cast their ballots for the straight Republican ticket.

The women are, also, urged to come out strong and vote for the Republican School Board.

☞ We hereby gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet copy of "Golden New England" from Messrs. N. W. Harris & Co., Bankers of Boston, which has for its frontispiece an old style cut profile of Colonel Loammi Baldwin, the Woburn Patriot and distinguished officer in the War of the Revolution, whose mansion still stands at North Woburn, and for whom the Woburn Chapter of D. A. R. was named. The JOURNAL printed extracts from "Golden New England" three weeks ago.

☞ The following array of Republican speaking talent were heard with interest at a spirited Republican Rally in Headquarters last Saturday evening: Harold P. Johnson, Esq., candidate for Mayor; Hon. William F. Davis, former Mayor of Woburn; Jonathan C. Ela, Republican candidate for Alderman-at-large; Henry B. Williams, D. D., Antilicense advocate; William W. Crosby, candidate for reelection to School Board; ex-Ald. Samuel Highley.

☞ The present expectation is that Harold P. Johnson will be inaugurated Mayor of Woburn on Monday afternoon, Jan. 2, 1911, and with him a Republican city administration from top to bottom. John C. Buck, Redmond E. Walsh and John Connolly are Life Members of the City Hall Officeholders Association and, of course, can't be removed; but what disposition will be made of the rest of the incumbents is more than we can tell.

☞ A copy of "Real Boston," issued by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, is received and will be commented on by the JOURNAL in due season. It treats of "Greater Boston."

☞ It is reported that the election of Mr. Charles E. Bertrand Strout of Montvale avenue, Republican candidate for Alderman, is a sure thing, which is as it should be.

☞ The JOURNAL returns thanks for a copy of the "Final Report of the Charles River Basin Commission," which is beautifully illustrated.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Land Court—Notice.
National Bank—Notice.
Mrs. Herrick—Wanted.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
City of Woburn—List of Candidates.
Wood, Putnam & Wood—Cash Registers.

— On Saturday at 7 30 A M the temperature here was only 20 above zero.

— If this weather keeps on, the boys and girls can have all the skating they will be able to attend to. Beware of thin ice.

— You ought to sample the Boston Branch Christmas plumpudding and mincepie raisins. And those layers of splendid table raisins.

— Wonder if there is any significance in the fact that flies are rampant at the dinnertable when it is only just a few degrees above zero outdoors?

— "Merry Christmas" is due to make its appearance here in two weeks from next Sunday. Is the goose taking on fat to your liking, good friend?

— Wednesday morning was a cold one, but as early as 11 A M. melted snow was running in rivulets from the roofs of buildings exposed to the sun's warm rays.

— President Charles G. Lund of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, who has been away several weeks on business, has returned and is at the Bank again.

— What is your Christmas dinner to be, tripe, liver, or simply goose? How would sausages do for a dessert? If goose, it is time to be looking around for one.

— There will be a Vesper Service in the Unitarian church, Sunday, Dec 11, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Rev. Elmer S. Forbes of Boston, will speak on the Housing Question.

— The present mission for men at St. Charles church is, as is always the case, well attended. The meeting-house was crowded at every session of the women's mission last week.

— The Democratic City Committee, at a meeting held on the evening of Dec. 2, in the Central House, endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Leon L. Dorr for member of the School Board.

— If long and heavy rains come and fill Horn Pond to its usual height, and the weather continues to grow colder, there will be an ice crop of good size, and harvesting it will not be long delayed.

— Last week Rev. George H. Young of Dedham, former pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church, recovered a verdict of $5,000 against the Taxi Service Co. of Boston for personal injuries.

— Lawyer Sam Mendum was "Mr Martin Dooley" at the D. A. R. Cafe Chantant last Wednesday night, and a good one too,—a genuine ribtickler. Hern's Orchestra made music for the dance.

— The Republican Candidates for School Board will be elected several to one.

— By their excellent and handsomely patronized entertainments the Dr. March Baraca Class are contributing material aid to the support of the Choate Memorial Hospital.

— Mayor Murray's "Publicity Committee" are milking their man for all there is out; and he "gives down" liberally, they tell us. He has to "grease their palms," or lose his election, he thinks.

— Present appearances indicate that there will be no opposition worth mentioning to the reelection of Mr M J Kennedy to the B. P. W., next Tuesday. His honesty and ability would take him through any opposition that might be brought against him.

— Please read carefully Clerk Finn's list of candidates to be voted for next Tuesday, and from it pick out the Republicans and cast your ballot for them instead of for the Democratic candidates. It will be the safest and best thing to do.

— The Woburn Lodge of Elks, 908, held Memorial exercises in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall last Sunday, at which the memorial rites of the Order were performed. The Alpine Quartet supplied music for the solemn occasion.

— Last Sunday, Dec. 4, Div. 18, A. O. H., elected the following officers: President, William McDonough; V. P., Bernard Hanley; Treasurer, Lawrence Byron; Fin. Sec., Andrew McGarry; Rec. Sec., Thomas Montague.

— Under the direction of Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown, assisted by Miss Adeline Hinckley and Mrs. Fannie Cotton, the study at the Woman's Missionary Society in First church parlor at 3 o'clock this afternoon is to be "Western Women in Eastern Lands."

— If there has ever been a season when Horn Pond was so short of water as it is now and has been continuously for months past, either the O. I. didn't know anything about it, or has forgotten it. Complaints of water shortage have been long and loud all over this part of the State for many months. The present drouth has been the hardest for a long time. Recent light rains have failed to bring relief.

— Numerous flocks of wild geese have been seen flying southward in the last fortnight, a sure sign that winter is here at last. Some of the flocks, harrow, or flatiron, shaped, with leaders at the sharp points, must have been made up of more than 100 birds each, thousands of which have lately passed over here on their way to winter homes in the "Sunny South."

— Preparations for "Merry Christmas" are doubtless going on in many families hereabouts, as everywhere else. The prudent and thoughtful ones begin early to plan for the holiday and, therefore, are never hurried or "all mixed up" when it gets here. It takes time and study to arrange properly and impartially for the distribution of Christmas presents and to succeed one must begin early.

— Next Tuesday will be a good time for the young men of this city to prove their loyalty to the temperance cause, for the promotion of which they profess to be earnestly solicitous, by helping to get to the election all the temperance voters they can. If so disposed and will bend themselves earnestly to the task the young men can contribute materially towards winning an Antilicense victory next Tuesday.

— Burbank Post 33, G. A. R. have elected officers for the coming year, and they are to be installed at the January meeting: J. F. Carr, Commander; W. C. C. Colgate, S. V. C.; Richard Carton, J. V. C.; A. H. Linscott, Chaplain; J. H. Knowlton, S. V.; Bernard Fletcher, O. D; William Arnold, O. G; J. F. Larkin, Quartermaster. Delegate to convention, J. F Larkin; Alternate, J. H Knowlton.

— Some 60 or 70 young people assembled in Odd Fellows Hall last Saturday evening, in merry mood, to pay their regards to Mr. Henry H. Leathe on his coming of age on Dec. 4, having been born on that day and month in 1889, in Woburn, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Leathe. The party was given by Mrs Leathe in honor of the 21st birthday anniversary of her son, and was one of the pleasant affairs of the season.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road is soon to close her residence and emigrate to Birmingham, Alabama, where she will visit with her son, Mr. Fred Dow, and wife during the remainder of the winter. In view of which fact, Mrs. Dow's sister, Miss Josephine Ellis, has taken a pleasant suite of rooms on Berkeley street at the Hub, which she expects to occupy until the arrival of warm weather next Spring.

— Mr. S. H. Davis of Westerly, R. I., as principal speaker, made an admirable address in behalf of the Antilicense cause at the Methodist church last Sunday evening. Several pastors of Woburn churches also made telling speeches in aid of the same good cause. Another Antilicense Rally is to be held in Lyceum Hall next Sunday evening, at which Hon. John T Shea of Cambridge is to be the chief speaker.

— At their annual meeting last week Div. 3, A. O. H., elected the following officers: President, Thomas E. Foley; Vice President, Patrick Feeney; Secretary, Patrick Costello; Financial Secretary, Michael H Burke; Treasurer, Patrick E Brown; Sergeant-at-arms, Michael T. Connolly; Sentinel, Patrick Flaherty; Standing Committee, Thomas Gorman, Frank Brennan, Frank Meehan, Henry Gray, Thomas Curran and John J. Connolly.

— Feed the birds! A snowfall, however light, cuts off their food supply and they suffer from hunger as well as from cold. When the late lamented Eli Cooper was here on earth the birds fared better than they have since his deeply mourned decease several years ago, for he had neat little houses built and put among the branches of the elms around the Common, in which, with their crops full of Mr. Cooper's liberal donations, they were jolly through the short winter days, and comfortable of nights. They seemed to appreciate his kindness and flocked constantly in force about his door.

— Everybody says that Antilicense will beat License all to pieces at the election next Tuesday, and what everybody says must be true according to the ancientbut highly respectable and entirely trustworthy saw.

— Speaking in a general way, it is safe to say that there is as much difference in men as in anybody, especially, if they happen to be voting men. One will get out of a sickbed, wrap up, board an auto, and rain or shine, go to the polls; while another, ablebodied, equal to three square meals a day, will excuse himself for failure to vote because he "wasn't feeling very well" that day. We hope that, for the credit of our city and humanity, the latter will be, like angels' visits, few and far between here next Tuesday.

— The change of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company's carbarns from North Woburn to the spacious and fine new barn on North Warren street was successfully accomplished last Sunday night, and now the Company's cars on the Woburn Division depart from and arrive at the new headquarters instead of N W. The office of Supt. Myers is no longer in the *Times* Building but was removed to the new station, where Supt. Myers now presides. The move involved but little change in the timetable.

— The Lowell *Courier-Citizen* of recent date contained a long and interesting Editorial article concerning the locomotive engines that drew trains on the Boston & Lowell railroad 50 or 60 years ago, which was illustrated with pictures of some of them furnished by Mr. James M Kimball, formerly of this city, but now a respected resident of Hingham. Mr. Kimball has been all taken up with locomotives for some time past, and probably has histories and photographs of more of them than any other person in this part of the State.

— A view from the chamber window on getting out of bed last Wednesday morning was enough to set chills to work all over one's nervous system, for a cheerless wintry scene presented itself to view. An inch or two of snow had fallen during the night, in the cold embrace of which everything was wrapped in the morning; the sunbeams were pale and shivery; and boreal airs penetrated to the marrow. It was worse, however, farther south. In New York, Washington, Baltimore, and other cities 5 inches of snow fell, and the weather was very cold. It was the first real snowstorm in Boston this winter—Dec. 7.

Good News From The Youth's Companion.

We have had to make The Youth's Companion larger to get in all the good things that Companion readers ought to have. The added amount would make four hundred pages of standard magazine size and print; but we have kept the price just the same—$1 75 for the fifty-two weeks of 1911, and all the issues for the rest of this year free from the time you send in your subscription.

We would like to tell you what is in store for Companion readers next year. We cannot do it here, though; there is not room. But send us your address on a postal card, and we will send you the beautiful Prospectus of the Companion for 1911, announcing many new features, together with sample copies of the paper.

We think you will agree, when you have read them, that there is no other paper that gives quite so much of such a high quality as The Companion.

The new subscriber receives a gift of The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, reproducing in twelve colors and gold a beautiful water-color garden scene.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass

Mrs. Eddy Dead.

Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, founder and head of the Christian Science sect, died at her splendid residence on Chestnut Hill, Boston, at 11 o'clock Saturday night, Dec 3, 1910, after an ill ness of about 10 days. She was in the 90th year of her age, and passed away under the weight of accumulated years.

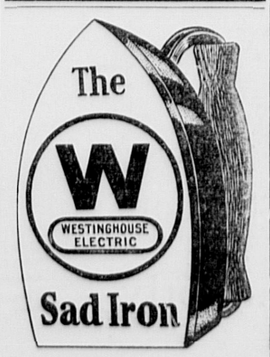
The death of this famous woman was not publicly announced until the close of the services at the Temple in Boston on Sunday, when it occasioned only small surprise, but a great deal of heartfelt sorrow. She had an immense following of faithful and zealous deciples, among whom she was an object of worship. With them all it was truly "Mother" Eddy.

There are many mourners of the death of Mrs. Eddy in this city. The Woburn Church of Christ, Scientist, was organized several years ago by Mr Reade, a devout worshiper of the Founder, and is still growing and prospering. Mr. Henry A Henshaw is the present Reader, and their regular Sunday services are well attended.

A Weak Climax.

A newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste and overturned a haystack."

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.



Price $4.25
FOR SALE BY
F. G. DAVIS, Electrician,
WOBURN. Tel. 493M
Repair Work a specialty.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

One of the most imposing shows announced this season for B. F. Keith's Theatre, will be presented next week, a leading feature being a very pretentious musical comedy entitled "Tom Walker on Mars," in which John B. Hymer and company will appear. This is a production big enough for a legitimate stage, and the light and scenic effects surpass anything previously presented in vaudeville. Another big feature will by Mason-Keeler and company, in a comedy called "In and Out," which is one of the greatest novelties offered this season.

HOLLIS STREET.

"The Bachelor's Baby," at the Hollis Street Theatre, which presents Francis Wilson both as author and star, is said to be the longest, loudest, cleanest, healthiest, heartiest and merriest laugh in Boston. This merry comedy farce, with Mr. Wilson in his original role of Thomas Beach, the child hating bachelor, goes into the third and last week of its engagement at the Hollis next Monday night. Bostonians and those who attend the theatre from nearby towns, have taken a great fancy to Mr. Wilson's play and he, himself, has long been recognized as the foremost of America's laugh makers. No one has ever purchased a ticket at the box office to see Mr. Wilson in anything he has ever done who has not received more value in amusement—in laughter, than they exchange for their admission.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Love Route," which will be the play at the Castle Square next week, is the work of Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap" and "The Spitfire," the last being one of the successes of last season at that house. It is a stirring drama of life in the Southwest, its title being derived from a railroad which the hero is commissioned to build. A spur of the line will have to cross the ranch of Allene Houston, a young woman whom Ashley loves, but she refuses to give permission, and shows herself the cleverest of maidens in her attempts to thwart the efforts of her adversaries in their efforts to dispossess her.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Men."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6.7 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

At Boston, Mass., Dec. 3, by Rev. Charles F. Johansson, Fred Hermanson and Amanda Hilton, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 1, Mrs. Frances G. Clark, aged 62 years, 9 months, 11 days.
In this city, Dec. 4, Nicholas Lynch, aged 48 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation having a usual place of business in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Amanda Sevrens, Mary Etta Sevrens, Martha Jane Sevrens, Patrick P. Dobbins, George White, Lizzie White and Loammi F. Baldwin of said Woburn; Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, and Frederick Phinney of Wallace, in the State of Idaho; William Alexander Griffith of Quebec, Canada; any heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Mary Jane Mitchell, late of Somerville in said County of Middlesex; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Hattie May Fowle of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded northerly by West street on two lines one hundred eighty-four and 45-100 (184.45) feet; westerly partly by land of Amanda Sevrens, Marietta Sevrens and Martha Jane Sevrens one hundred thirty-eight and 35-100 (138.35) feet and partly by land of Patrick P. Dobbins, George White and Lizzie White four hundred eighty two and 45-100 (482.45) feet; southerly by land of Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin one hundred seventy-four and 4-10 (174.4) feet; easterly by other land of said Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin on three lines as the stone wall now stands four hundred forty-six and 25-100 (446 25) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the ninth day of January, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.
[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th accounts of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2-9-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms, 397 Main street, Woburn, on TUESDAY, January 10, 1911, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 8, 1910.

WANTED

Maid for general housework in a family of two. Apply to Mrs Herrick, corner of Prospect Street and Highland Avenue, Winchester.

900,000



MERCHANTS MAKE MORE MONEY
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HARDWARE
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H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

CITY OF WOBURN

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,

November 17, 1910.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1910,

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1. Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.

Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.

Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.

Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.

Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.

Ward 6. Vidette Hose House Main St.

Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several Wards, in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-large, one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also for one member of the Board of Public Works for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes, "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall Licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city.

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid questions must be upon one ballot.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL,
Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina Warland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lydia A. Webber of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2-9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.



Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT

WILL RESUME TEACHING

October 10, 1910

12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Frank McMahon to Lewis W. Thompson dated August 24th, 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2766, Page 130, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G. Maguire by assignment dated November 29th, 1910, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on Tuesday, December 27th, A. D. 1910, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Scott street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southerly line of said Scott street at land of John Wheeler, thence southerly by land of said Wheeler sixty five and one-half (65½) feet to land of Mrs. Tidd; thence westerly by Mrs. Tidd's land fifty-one (51) feet to land of Lewis W. Thompson; thence northerly by said land of Lewis W. Thompson seventy-seven (77) feet to the southerly line of Scott street; thence easterly by said Scott street, fifty-one (51) feet to the point of beginning. Containing thirty-six hundred (3600) square feet, more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any thereon. A deposit of One Hundred Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 429 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., Nov. 30th, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Israel Putnam late of Milford in the County of Hillsborough and State of New Hampshire, deceased, or in the personal property hereinafter described, and to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth.

WHEREAS Arthur L. Keyes appointed executor of the will of said deceased, by the Probate Court for the County of Hillsboro in the State of New Hampshire, has presented to said Court his petition representing that as such executor he is entitled to certain personal property situated in said Commonwealth, to wit: Deposit and interest in Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at Woburn, Mass. and praying that he may be licensed to receive or to sell by public or private sale on such terms and to such person or persons as he shall think fit—or otherwise to dispose of, and to transfer and convey such shares and estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth fourteen days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2-9-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson the administrator of the estate not already administered of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

2-9-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Daniel H. Richards, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Daniel H. Richards, Jr., one of the executors of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Daniel H. Richards, Jr., is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

25-2-9 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MRS. L. L. GERRY,
TEACHER OF
China and Water Color Painting
STUDIO: 20 Gerry St. cor. Main St.
STONEHAM, MASS.



Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE
Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9 57, 10 27, and 10 57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6 27, 6 57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.)

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17 32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10 02, 10 17, 10 32, 11 02, 11 32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 6.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12 00 M., 1 30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8 15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

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Holiday Goods

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Boston Branch

New Victoria Seeded Raisins 10c. package.
New Victoria Seedless Raisins, 13c. package.
New Citron 20c. lb.
New Orange and Lemon Peel 18c. lb.
New Table Raisins 30c. package.
Also a full assortment of New Dates, Figs. Nuts, Seasonings, Poultry Dressing, Spices, Extracts &c. Everything needed for Holiday cooking.

Boston Branch

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Kodaks from $1 to $25.



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is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,

BUY BEEF

and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

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406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

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Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Clerk's Office.
Dec. 6, 1910.

I certify that the following is a true list of all candidates duly nominated to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held on Tuesday, December 13th, 1910, also the question to be voted upon at said election.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.
Vote for one.

Harold P. Johnson,.....Republican
2 Fairmont street.
Hugh D. Murray,.....Democratic
78 Montvale Avenue.

Aldermen-at-Large.
Vote for eight.

Jeu J. S. Andreason,.....Democratic
42 Montvale Road, Ward 5.
Dennis P. Blake,.....Democratic
35 Houghton street, Ward 7.
James Boyle.....Democratic
154 Washington street, Ward 5.
Charles H. Cadwell,.....Republican
23 Holton street, Ward 2.
Thomas E. Callahan,.....Democratic
64 Eastern Avenue, Ward 2.
Thomas H. Cannon,.....Democratic
146 Montvale Avenue, Ward 4.
William F. Davis, Jr.,.....Republican
11 Arlington Road, Ward 1.
Charles S. Dean,.....Republican.
727 Main street, Ward 6.
Jonathan C. Ela,.....Republican
20 Fairview Road, Ward 6.
Harry A. Jones,.....Republican
27 Salem street, Ward 4.
Frederick C. Kean,.....Republican
55 Arlington Road, Ward 1.
C. Walter Marion,.....Republican
25 Green street, Ward 2.
Andrew McHugh,.....Democratic
1 Foster street, Ward 3.
John Joseph McHugh,.....Democratic
16 Eaton Avenue, Ward 6.
Charles P. Pollard,.....Republican
59 Montvale Avenue, Ward 4.
Frank D. Sullivan,.....Democratic
40 Union street, Ward 4.

Aldermen from Wards.
WARD 1.
Vote for one.

R. Carlyle Duncan,.....Republican
39 Warren Avenue.
Frank McDevitt,.....Democratic
6 Buckman street.

WARD 2.
Vote for one.

Charles A. Greenleaf,.....Republican
11 South street.
J. Fred Maloney,.....Democratic
105 Montvale Avenue.

WARD 3.
Vote for one.

James C. Hearn,.....Republican
51 Harrison Avenue.
William H. Henchey,.....Democratic
122 Winn street.

WARD 4.
Vote for one.

William G. Kelley,.....Democratic
78 Broad street.
C. E. Bertrand Srrout,.....Republican
53 Montvale Avenue.

WARD 5.
Vote for one.

James Corrigan,.....Democratic
101 Pine street.
Edward P. Mock,.....Republican
Munroe Avenue.

WARD 6.
Vote for one.

Walter R. Merchant,.....Republican
33 School street.

WARD 7.
Vote for one.

John W. Cummings,.....Republican
35 Cambridge street.
John J. Geary,.....Democratic
135 Bedford street.

Board of Public Works.
For four (4) years. Vote for one.

Michael J. Kennedy,.....Republican
53 Mt. Pleasant street.
Michael J. Meagher,.....Democratic
18 Mann's Court.

School Committee.
For Three (3) years. Vote for three.

Charles C. Clarke,.....Democratic
46 Mishawum Road.
William W. Crosby,.....Republican
41 Arlington Road.
Leon L. Dorr,.....
Independent Citizens—Democratic.
6 Cleveland Avenue.
H. Josephine Hayward.....Republican
4 Fairmount street.
Elizabeth Lane Keleher,.....Democratic
48 Pleasant street.
A. Wilbur Parker,.....Republican
694 Main street.

To vote on the following mark a cross (X) in the square at the right of "YES" or "NO" as you desire to vote.

	YES	
Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city?		
	NO	

Boston & Northern Street R.R.
CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.
ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Malden Sq at 5 45 AM., then half hourly until 9 45 then hourly until 2 45 PM., then half hourly until 11 15. SUNDAYS at ¶8 15, ¶8.45, 9 15 AM., then half hourly until 11 15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq for Stoneham Sq at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15, ¶9 45, 10.15, then hourly until 8.15 PM., then half hourly until 11 45 Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11 45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 PM, ¶10 30 ¶11 00, ¶11 30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8 30 AM., then half hourly until 10 00 P. M., ¶10 30, ¶11 00, ¶11 30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 P M., *11 00 Sunday at 8 15 AM., then half hourly until 9 15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9 00 AM., then half hourly until 10 30 PM., *11 00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not upon your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Money Saved
Health Gained

Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
Florida Georgia Alabama
In Comfort and Luxury
By Sea Send for Green Folder

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Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Soon there will be fine skating on beautiful Mystic Lake.

I understand that Mr. W. Tuck regards Mr Eugene Foss's idiotic speaking campaign against Senator Lodge with great favor.

Wonder if Dr. Ben Church has gone to the West Indias again this winter? I haven't seen anything of him lately; but he may be at home, for all that.

The Congregational church go to Des Moines, Iowa, for a new pastor. They have given Rev. Frank W. Hodgdon of that city a call.

I notice that our people are beginning to enquire about the sum per pound they will have to pay for the Christmas Goose. It is a healthy sign

Fishing in the Reservoirs has become almost a dry and a tedious a theme for newspaper discussion as the Grade Crossing question. Hope it will be settled soon.

Tenpins is now expected to reach its maximum height in this villiage somewhere between Christmas and New Year's. It is a great game, at which Winchester has many experts

The lately elected officers of the Loyal Temperance Legion are as follows: President, Olney Dodge; Vice President, Alice Hamilton; Secretary, Donald Cole; Treasurer, Harold Lutes; Collector, Helen Brownell.

The funeral of Mr. Edwin Robinson which was held at his late home yesterday, Dec. 8, was attended by a large number of people from here and out of town. He was formerly President of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange; a prominent citizen, and highly esteemed.

Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird Island, in South Africa, for the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

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For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00; all druggists. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

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75 Summer St. Boston
and 1252 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Looby, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Patrick H. Lendrigan, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

9-16-23 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

IDOLATRY IN MEXICO.

The Natives Still Sacrifice Animals to Their Favorite Gods.

It may not be as apparent, but as a matter of fact idolatry has a strong a hold on the natives of the Mexican hot lands as when Cortes and his soldiers marched through them on their way to Honduras 400 years ago.

In the state of Oaxaca, in which is Tehuantepec, there is near every village some secluded spot—be it a cave, the top of a mountain or a forest encircled pool—whither the people clandestinely repair in order to make sacrifices to their gods. The favorite sacrifice is a goat, a turkey or other fowl, the head of which is cut off and buried, while the soil and the other offerings, consisting of dishes of food and a gourd filled with an intoxicating drink, are sprinkled with the blood. The place where these sacrifices are made determines their effect. If a Tehuana bears a grudge against a neighbor he will bury the head of a chicken or the bones of a dog at dead of night outside of his victim's house, though, on the other hand, if the ceremony is performed within it can bring nothing but good luck.

The natives of the Isthmus firmly believe that every child at birth becomes intimately connected with some beast of the jungle, and the grownup man will never hurt that particular kind of animal. If the animal dies, the child dies too. The question is to determine just what kind of an animal it is, and in order to reassure himself the father sprinkles ashes or dust on the ground outside the house at the child's birth and watches for a spoor.—Everybody's Magazine.

TORRICELLI'S VACUUM.

Experiment That Led to the Invention of the Barometer.

The barometer was invented by Torricelli, a pupil of Galilei, in 1643. In attempting to pump water from a very deep well near Florence he found that in spite of all his efforts the liquid would not rise higher in the pump stock than thirty-two feet. This set the young scientist to thinking, and as he could not account for the phenomenon in any other way he was not slow in attributing it to atmospheric pressure. He argued that water would rise in a vacuum only to such a height as would render the downward pressure or weight of the column of water just equal to the atmospheric pressure and, further, that should a heavier fluid be used the height of the column could be much reduced. To prove this he selected a glass tube four feet long and after sealing one end filled it with mercury and then inverted it in a basin containing a quantity of the same peculiar liquid. The column in the tube quickly fell to a height of nearly thirty inches above the mercury in the basin, leaving in the top of the tube a vacuum which is the most perfect that has ever been obtained and which is to this day called the Torricelli vacuum in honor of its discoverer. The name of the instrument means "air measure," and its fundamental principles cannot be better illustrated than by the above described experiment.

Good Hunting.

It was at St. Andrews, in Scotland, the home of golf, where the links stretch away over the moors by the sea, and dear, quiet Aunt Mary had gone up from London to visit a golfing family of nephews and nieces. At tea the first afternoon some one managed to stop talking golf long enough to ask, "Well, Aunt Mary, and how did you spend the morning?"

"Oh, I enjoyed myself immensely, my dear. I went for a walk on the moor.

"A good many people seemed to be about, and some of them called out to me in a most eccentric manner, but I didn't take any notice of them. And, oh, my dear, I found such a number of curious little round things! I brought them home to ask you what they are."

Hereupon Aunt Mary opened her workbag and produced twenty-four golf balls.

Surveying Land.

The art of land surveying owes its origin to the fact that the Egyptians were unable to keep permanent monuments on land which was overflowed every year by the Nile. Under such circumstances it became necessary to have some means of redentifying the various pieces of land. The instruments and mathematical methods of astronomy, with suitable modifications, were used by the Egyptians for land surveying.

An Unsatisfactory Method.

"Been walking the floor because of your debts, eh?" said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes," replied the improvident person.

"Any results?"

"Not worth mentioning. I walked till I wore out the carpet and had to go further in debt for a new one."—Washington Star.

A Sure Method.

Landlord—Here, now, you needn't be afraid you will oversleep. And if the alarm clock should by any chance fail to awaken you just give the little hammer a poke with your finger, then she'll go off.—Heitere Welt.

Settled Out of Court.

Maud—Are you going to prosecute that horrid Jack Dare for stealing a kiss? Ethel—No; the property has been returned.—Boston Transcript.

Do not praise the fairness of the day till evening.—Solon.

There is nothing against which human ingenuity will not be able to find something to say.—Jefferson.

THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

He Told Her She Would Return to Him, and She Did.

She entered the room hastily.

He was awaiting her.

"I was afraid you would be thinking I had forgotten," she said.

"No," he responded calmly, in the tone of one who is master of himself. "An engagement is an engagement with me."

She was a beautiful girl. A wealth of chestnut hair rippled below the wide brim of her bonnet. Her close fitting tailored gown yielded to every movement of her supple form.

He was a bit above the average height, a clean cut, square chinned chap, whose every expression bespoke self reliance. As he looked at her his glance was deferential, yet not timid.

"It has been a long while since we saw each other," he remarked.

"Yes, nearly a year," she replied. "But do you remember when I left that time you said I would have to come back?"

"Yes. You should have come sooner than this."

"But I have been so busy—going and coming, dances, dinners, the theater and all."

"I know. And you were married too?

His voice did not tremble as he asked this, yet across her face there flashed a quick tinge of humiliation.

"I—I would rather not speak of that," she observed, almost coldly. "That is all over. We—we— It was to be expected. The truth is we were not meant for each other. So I—I got a divorce."

"It was better so, no doubt," he responded gently. "Won't you sit down?"

She took the chair he indicated, and as he looked down at her she flashed him a sudden smile.

"I was afraid of you the last time," she said merrily.

"But you are not afraid now?"

His voice seemed to give her assurance. She smiled again.

"No, indeed!"

He put his fingers beneath her dimpled chin and tilted her bonny head back, then gazed at her earnestly. Her limpid eyes looked up at him trustingly. The rose pink of her cheeks came and went fitfully. The white of her throat throbbed with each breath. He bent nearer to her, still with that fixed gaze. Her lips were parted.

He raised his head, and she looked out of the window silently.

There was a pause. At last she spoke.

"What are you studying about? What have you decided?"

"I think I'll have to fill two of your teeth," he said quietly. "The rest are all right. You have taken better care of them than most women do."—Life.

HELPED BY A HAMMER.

A Little Business Incident to Which Hangs a Moral.

Two blocks apart in a certain street are two stationery stores. The owner of one has abundant capital, has a wide, roomy place with a large stock of goods well displayed. The store of the other man is a mere hole in the wall in a dingy building, yet this dealer is getting most of the business.

The following incident may explain it. A woman who had just moved to the vicinity stopped in the larger store one evening to buy some picture nails, but was told that they were not sold there.

"Where can I buy them?" she asked politely.

"I don't know," said the proprietor. The woman went to the smaller store. This man had no picture nails either. "I have a box of old nails that I use myself," he explained. "Perhaps some of them might do."

The woman gratefully accepted his offer and found some nails that answered her purpose. She remembered then that she had no hammer. "I can lend you one," said the shopkeeper, "if you will bring it back in the morning."

Ever since that time that woman has walked the extra blocks to patronize the obliging merchant. She has told her friends of the incident and influenced them to become customers.

The lesson taught by this insignificant incident is one that is only too often neglected. It pays a small tradesman to be obliging—it pays all of us. Small favors bring large returns.—Chicago Tribune.

Dreaded Premature Burial.

Meyerbeer, like many other notable people, went in dread of premature burial and left the most elaborate directions with a view to preventing such a contingency. "My body is to remain untouched for a period of four days after my death is certified, with the face uncovered and in exactly the same position as at the time I am supposed to have passed away. On the fifth day incisions are to be made in the throat and in the feet." He also directed that two men should be appointed to watch over him day and night in case he should give any signs of life and that bells should be attached to his hands and feet.

He Remained One.

"It is true," said a woman lecturer, "that some girls, marrying men to reform them, succeed. Some girls, too, fail.

"The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful, sad eyed woman:

"'Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?'

"Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered:

"'Well, I suppose I ought to be. I married one.'"

Egypt and China.

In Egypt we dig and delve and year by year recover the treasures she holds. In China there is nothing to recover, nothing to dig for. All her past is huddled on the surface. Her music and her musical instruments of the past are here today the same as they ever were. There are no stages of development and no steps of ascent.—Hermann Smith.

Preventing a Waste.

"Why is Mrs. Jones standing bareheaded in the cold?"

"Oh, she's got a half bottle of cold cure left from last year, and she wants to use it up to get the bottle out of the way."—Lippincott's.

Had Done It Too.

Knicker—Banking interests sometimes buy what they don't want to avert a panic. Bocker—As I buy my wife a dress.—Harper's Bazar.

A Maxim.

To be candid, speak of the present as though they were absent. To be charitable, speak of the absent as though they were present.—Lippincott's.

LUCKY SWISS HOUSEWIFE.

She Lets the Rain Do All the Family Washing For Her.

Swiss methods of laundering are original, practical and labor saving. The women there have learned well how to make the best use of their opportunities with the least exertion. How they use the tourists every one who has traveled in the country of the Alps knows. They also know how to make nature do their housework.

In most of the towns everything that is washed or cleaned is washed or cleaned in one of the big watering troughs that stand at regular intervals along the main thoroughfares. Into it goes everything from potatoes to human beings, and the only sanitary regulation existent is that it must be cleaned out with a large broom made of bush or twigs after the potatoes have had their bath. But when it rains then everything else gives way to the family wash, no matter if it is Thursday or Sunday or Saturday or Wednesday, for in Switzerland they seek the rainy days for wash days, instead of deploring a cloudy Monday.

The steady downpour provides running water in the village washtub. Into the sweeping current the family linen goes, and there it is whirled and twirled about until every speck of dirt is thoroughly rinsed away. The scrubbing board is not put into commission at all. Occasionally the good housewife, protected under the family umbrella held over her head by one of her youngsters, who is allowed to enjoy the drips from that same umbrella, takes a look at her wash and encourages it with a gentle poke with her husband's best cane. But the rest of the day she enjoys to the full in her snug chalet, while the elements do her work. In fact, with her conscience at rest that her day's tasks will be done, she can spend her time gossiping with her neighbor, whose conscience is also at peace.

On the next day the wash goes through a process of bluing and starching—all in that same basin—and finally, when the sun shines, it is laid out on the wonderful green grass of the Swiss matten and is there bleached to a snowy whiteness. If the glaciers and the landslides were to accommodate her by rolling down over her wash and ironing it out without soiling the Swiss housewife would not be at all surprised. In fact, it is not to be doubted that she now regards as an oversight the failure of Dame Nature to provide an ironing board.—New York Post.

LOST HIS LINEN JOB.

The Salesman Who Made a Caricature of A. T. Stewart.

A. T. Stewart was shown one day by one of his confidential employees an amusing caricature of himself done in pencil.

"Good, good!" he laughed. "That's excellent. Who did it?"

"A young salesman at the linen counter. He scratched it off as you passed the other morning. I managed to get it from him, and now he's scared stiff for fear you'll see it," was the laughing reply.

"Scared stiff, is he?" said Mr. Stewart, with a twinkle in his eye. "Just sent him to me, will you?"

A little later a slim youth entered Mr. Stewart's private office and said he understood he had been sent for. "Yes," said Mr. Stewart gravely and, holding up the sketch asked, "Did you do this?"

The lad grew pale and stammered: "I beg your pardon, sir; it was only a bit of fun. I meant no offense."

"That's all very well, but you'll have to give up your job here."

The youth humbly protested, when Mr. Stewart burst out laughing and said: "Don't say any more, my boy. I'm only joking. Your sketch is excellent, and as it would be a sin to keep a man of your artistic talent behind a linen counter I propose to supply you with the means to study art."

Mr. Stewart's proposition was gratefully accepted, and it was thus that John R. Rogers, the sculptor, began his artistic career.—New York Press.

BANK CHECKS.

The Part They Play In the Payment of a Debt.

A young man had kept in his possession for several days a check from his uncle. His uncle died, and he hastened to the bank to cash the check. When he found the bank would not pay the check until it had orders from the heirs or from the courts he was surprised and observed to his father that he thought of a check as being so much money if the signature was good.

As a matter of fact, however, a check is merely an order from A. to B., who holds some of A.'s money, to pay a certain amount thereof to C. It is not money, even if the names on the check are good and well known and the bank is solid as the government. Although checks are given in payment of debt and a receipt usually is signed on the spot, yet the passing of a check does not constitute payment of indebtedness until it is paid by the bank.

Nor will the concurrent receipting of the debt for which it is given change this. If the check is not paid on presentation to the bank the original claim stands against the drawer or giver of the check. But a certified check constitutes payment on the part of the person who draws it.

Checks may be antedated or postdated—that is, dated before or after the date of delivery. If postdated checks are paid before the day specified the drawer can recover the money, for the bank has acted not in accordance with any order from him, but on its own responsibility.

If a blank is left for the date the holder is authorized to insert the true date of delivery, but no other date. The insertion of any other date or changing the date without the consent of the drawer makes the check void.—New York Herald.

Conditions Reversed.

One of the finest examples of "pawky" humor is placed to the credit of an old gardener who was in the service of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne. The admiral was a grand old man, full of goodness and kindness, but a strict disciplinarian. The gardener having omitted to do something which he had been told to do, his master said to him:

"When I was on board ship I would have had you put in irons for disobedience."

The old gardener was not much perturbed at the idea, but, leaning on his spade, replied:

"Aye, maybe, Sir Alexander, but when ye were on board ship ye had a hunder men tae dae ae job, an' noo ye hae ae man tae dae a hunder jobs."—London Tit-Bits.

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Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

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Unless it is cleaned frequently silver becomes dull and dark.

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A NARROW ESCAPE

It Is Effected For Another by an American Girl

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

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Miss Helen Armstrong, an American girl, traveling between London and Paris, having crossed the channel from Dover, entered a railway compartment at Calais. There were two other persons in the compartment, both of whom got out at the first station. A man came along looking into the compartments and, seeing that there was plenty of room in the one occupied by Miss Armstrong, entered and settled himself in a seat. The guard closed and locked the door, and the train steamed on.

An hour would elapse before the train would stop again, during which the girl must remain locked in with a strange man. The train had not been five minutes away from the station when the man said in French:

"Mademoiselle, I'll trouble you for your clothes."

Helen understood French, but did not understand what he meant by asking for her clothes.

"I'll trouble you for your clothes," he repeated and at the same time began to divest himself of his coat. By this time Helen comprehended what was wanting.

"Monsieur," she said, "in my suit case on the rack you will find a costume. Can you not use that?"

"It will simplify matters very much," he replied. "I intended not only to put on your clothes, but to compel you to put on mine. In that case there would have been many chances more of the discovery of my identity through the discovery of yours. Pardon me, mademoiselle."

He reached for the suit case. Helen handed him the key, and, removing a dress, he proceeded to put it on over his own clothes. There was also a felt hat in the case with a veil about the crown. The man put on the hat and arranged the veil so that it could be pulled down over his face.

"There," he said as he leaned back in his seat. "I think I will do."

Instead of being hard featured, as would be supposed from his action, he was refined looking and spoke with a voice as well modulated as if he were asking a lady to dance. He was about thirty years old, his eyes were a mild blue and his hair of that very light hue which bespeaks northern physical heritage. He was not a Frenchman, for he spoke the language with a foreign accent. But whatever prepossessing there was about him was lost on Helen, who was burning with indignation. Gradually she gathered courage to say:

"You may kill me, but I shall inform the guard of this as soon as he comes again."

"I will not kill you, and you will not inform upon me."

She looked at him for an explanation.

"On the end of your suit case are the letters H. A., Cincinnati. That is a city, if I mistake not, of the United States. You Americans are all liberty loving. I am concealing myself not from justice, but from injustice. My life work is to make my country as free as America."

This put an entirely different construction on the matter. Where Helen had seen the expression of a criminal she now saw that of a martyr.

"Tell me your story," she said.

"It is the story of all or at least the most of us. I am of the nobility of Russia. My father is one of those who are near to the czar and does his will. If I am taken it will be that father's duty to send his son to Siberia. You Americans know what that is, confinement, tyrannical treatment, in a frozen climate till the prisoner's only recourse is the terrible hunger strike or self starvation. From the time I was twenty I have been a revolutionist. It would take too long to catalogue the so called crimes for which I am hunted. I have treated you brusquely, I admit, but if you had the dreadful Siberian prospect before you in order to avert it you would not scruple to possess yourself of even a lady's clothes."

This was a new, a unique experience for Miss Armstrong. To hold the life of a martyr to liberty in her hand, and that martyr a refined, intellectual and handsome man, was immensely attractive to her. She at once entered into his cause with all her heart and soul.

"Tell me," she said, "how to act in case your identity is suspected."

"Treat me as your maid."

Helen shook her head. "I see I shall have to take the lead," she said. "You are not sufficiently versed in the affairs of women. No lady's maid would wear a dress like that."

The dress was too small for the man, too short, and it was impossible to look it over the back. Besides, it was not even a traveling dress, being more fitted for afternoon or evening.

"The only article," continued the girl, "that I have large enough to cover the misfit is this loose dressing sack. Put it on, then get down my rugs from the rack and with one of them conceal the shortness of the skirt. Now put this raincoat over your shoulders without attempting to get your arms in the sleeves. There; get back in the corner. Have you a ticket? Give it to me. When the guard comes I will do the talking."

Helen never forgot the look of gratitude the man gave her or the pressure of the hand as he grasped hers impulsively. Then he leaned back in his corner, where he could best prevent the incongruities of his costume from being seen.

"I see that your ticket is to Paris," she added. "I am going there. Do you remain there?"

"No, mademoiselle. I go to Marseilles, where I hope to get a ship to your country."

"That's right; America will harbor you."

When the train reached the next station the guard punched the tickets, while the nihilist pretended to doze in his corner. As soon as the two were again locked up and on their way Helen said:

"You can't leave the train at Paris in that costume. You would attract the attention of every one. Must you be disguised?"

"The Russian embassy at Paris has a list of all Russian political fugitives and keeps persons at all stations to note arrivals and departures. These detectives have my photograph and are instructed to procure my arrest."

"Then you must be carried. When we stop again I will telegraph my father to have an invalid's chair at the train on arrival and a carriage outside. You can slip into the chair from the car door and into the carriage from the chair. Where do you propose to go from the station—to the Marseilles train?"

"How can I do that in these ill fitting clothes?"

The girl turned her thoughts to devising further plans for her protege.

"I suppose I shall have to take you to our hotel with me. I don't know what father will say, or, rather, I do know. He'll say we'll all be arrested for complicity in some crime against the government. Well, I can't help it. I must make him do as I wish him to do. You'll never get through Paris without my assistance."

"Oh, mademoiselle, I have always heard that American women are wonderful, so superior to European women, much more self reliant. There is but one class who are more remarkable, our Russian revolutionist girls."

"For self immolation no women can equal them," replied Helen.

At the next station she telegraphed her father to have a chair at the train for an invalid friend, and when the train pulled up in the station she got out and found both the father and the chair on the platform. "Ask no questions yet," she whispered and without waiting for a reply directed the attendant to wheel the chair to the car door. The nihilist, holding on his covering as best he could, the veil concealing his features, shambled into the chair and, apparently exhausted, was wheeled to the carriage. Helen got in after him, and her father followed.

"For heaven's sake, Nell," exclaimed the old gentleman, "what does this mean?"

"S-s-h, papa! I've got a live nihilist."

"A nihilist! Thank heaven you haven't got an anaconda. What are you going to do with the lady?"

"She isn't a lady, papa; she's a man."

"Thunder and guns! Are you going to send us all to Siberia?"

"No, but I'm going to send him to America."

"Oh, good gracious, Nell, you'll be the death of us before we get you home! I should have known better than to bring you."

"There's no danger whatever, my dear popsy. We've just escaped that by getting safely away from the station. We'll get a room for the gentleman at our hotel and can send him to the train tomorrow for Marseilles, whence he expects to sail for the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

The nihilist understood no English, so he knew not a word of this dialogue except by the expression of the speakers. He knew by that of the father that the daughter had carried the day, but the old gentleman was trembling like a leaf.

The next morning the Moniteur contained an item stating that a Russian political prisoner who had been arrested in London and was being extradited had jumped off a train between Calais and Paris and escaped. He was tracked to a station where he was seen to board a train just starting. His follower took a rear car and endeavored to pick up the fugitive as he left the train, but the latter succeeded in eluding him.

When Mr. Armstrong read this at the breakfast table he turned pale.

"I must go to the American minister's at once," he said to his daughter, "confess and ask him to help us out of this dangerous position into which you have plunged us."

"Nonsense, papa. You'll do no such thing. The nihilist has gone. He took an early train."

"Did he wear the same clothes?"

"No; they were not big enough. He wore mamma's traveling suit."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Nell, if I ever get you home I'll never be such a fool again! When he is arrested the dress will implicate the whole family."

But the fugitive was not arrested. He succeeded in reaching a Mediterranean port, where he found a vessel going to America, and got to that country in safety. Helen received a letter from him giving her full credit for having saved him from an imprisonment worse than death. "Without your clever management," he said, "I should surely have been taken."

"There, papa," said Helen after reading her father the letter; "you see how much distress you have saved a fellow being by your noble effort."

"Humph!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I hope the thing's over. They may get on to us yet."

Imprisonment For Debt.

About the middle of the last century the power of imprisoning a debtor for life was taken from the creditor, and it fills one with amazement to think that a system so ridiculous should have continued as long as it did. The three principal debtors' prisons in England were the King's Bench, the Marshalsea and the Borough Compter. In the year 1759 there were 20,000 prisoners for debt in Great Britain and Ireland. The futility of the system was quite as great as its barbarity. More than half the prisoners in some of the prisons were kept there solely because they could not pay the attorneys' costs. Many prisoners had their wives and children with them. There was no infirmary, no resident surgeon and no bath. Imagine a place in these days containing 1,399 persons and no bath and no infirmary! We have indeed "progressed."—Dundee Advertiser.

How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure eighteen miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

Probably He Wouldn't.

A country rector, coming up to preach at Oxford in his turn, complained to Dr. Routh, the venerable principal, that the remuneration was very inadequate, considering the traveling expenses and the labor necessary for the composition of the discourse.

"How much did they give you?" inquired Dr. Routh.

"Only £5," was the reply.

"Only £5?' repeated the doctor. "Why, I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"—Bric-a-Brac.

HE LED THE CHARGE.

And Then the General Changed His Mind About the Colonel.

The French General Gallifet was a famous cavalry leader, a good liver, a fine soldier and a man of impetuosity, daring and bravery. It is said that Gallifet's pluck was in great measure owing to his extraordinary powers of digestion, he once undertaking and accomplishing the feat of eating a wineglass. In a biography of General Gallifet is the following story:

"During some maneuvers he was watching a charge of cavalry under his orders. Suddenly the leading squadron stopped dead. Gallifet roared, 'Send me the colonel!' And the colonel galloped up.

"'Now, colonel, what's wrong?'

"'We came upon a road at the bottom of an embankment which was too steep to ride down, sir.'

"'Nonsense, sir! You're not fit for your job. I will lead the charge. You go to the tail of the squadron.'

"Gallifet took the command, galloped to the road and rolled down the embankment with his horse. Lying on his back with a sprained muscle in his leg, he shouted to his men to stop, adding:

"'Send me the colonel!'

"The colonel came up from the tail of the squadron.

"'Colonel, you were right. I am a d——d fool! You may take the command of your regiment again.'"

FIRST TYPEWRITER.

It Was a Clumsy Machine and Practically Useless.

Most persons will be surprised to learn that the typewriting machine is not, as they imagine, a distinctly modern invention. So long ago as 1714 a patent was taken out in England by Henry Mill for "a machine for impressing letters singly and progressively as in writing, whereby all writings may be engrossed in paper so exact as not to be distinguished from print."

His machine was, however, a clumsy one and practically useless. It was not until over a century later (1829) that anything more in this line was attempted. Then the first American typewriter, called a "typographer," was patented by W. A. Burt.

In 1823 a machine was produced in France having a separate key lever for each letter, and between the years 1840 and 1860 Sir Charles Whetstone invented several machines which are now preserved in the South Kensington museum, London.

In 1873 C. L. Sholes, an American, after five or six years' work, succeeded in producing a machine sufficiently perfect to warrant extensive manufacture. He interested a firm of gun manufacturers in it, and in 1874 the first model of the modern typewriter was put upon the market.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Every Minute Counts.

A business man from a small southern town was visiting New York. A friend asked him what was the most impressive thing he had seen so far—the high buildings, the subway, the ocean liners or what.

"None of them," was the prompt reply. "The thing that impressed me most was the rush in everything. I was in an office one day, and a young woman, evidently a new hand, was opening the mail. There must have been several hundred letters. She cut one open, took out the letter and laid it in its proper basket.

"Here, that will never do," said the boss. "Every time you lay down that paper cutter and take it up again you are wasting time. Cut them all open first and then take them out. You will save at least ten minutes that way every day."—New York Sun.

A Different Idea.

A well known man had lectured upon color blindness, and at the conclusion of his remarks a collier, who had evidently not grasped his explanations, asked him if he would explain.

"Certainly," said the professor.

"Wot is this culler blindness, then?"

"Well," replied the learned gentleman, holding up a piece of red colored glass, "supposing that when you look at this you imagine it is green. That would be an instance."

"That's culler blindness, do yer say?" replied the man, with a look of contempt. "I should call it blessed ignerance!"—London Mail.

Saving Himself.

A little boy was asked by his mother to bring in some wood. Five minutes later his mother, looking out and seeing him sitting in the yard, asked why he did not fetch the wood.

"Oh, I am tired," he replied, "and if I use all my strength now, when I am a boy, what will I do when I'm a man?"—Omaha World Herald.

Courtesy to Strangers.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.—Bacon.

Hens' Teeth.

"Your composition, as a whole," said the professor of literature, "deserves a great deal of praise, but I must object to the expression, 'as fine as hens' teeth;' it is not merely uncouth, but also suggestive of nature faking, for it is common knowledge that hens' teeth do not exist."

"I do not see why they don't exist," muttered the composer. "Don't combs have teeth, and don't hens have combs?"—Chicago News.

A Dig at May.

"I thought you said May Nagget had married a good natured man?"

"So she did."

"Nonsense! I met him just now, and he's a beast."

"Well, he's been married to May nearly four months now, you know."—Illustrated Bits.

Precautionary.

The Millionaire—Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?

"Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—Life.

An Indication.

"Is your daughter getting on well with her music?"

"I guess so. The neighbors are getting so they speak to me civilly again."—Toledo Blade.

Welcome Joy.

Ef you ain't got manners ter tell Joy good mawnin' when you meets him, how does you expect him ter call roun' by de place you live at? You better be mighty keerful, fer whilst he is allus in a good humor he sho' do expect you ter meet him half way.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN OFFICIAL SNUB

Rudely Flung at Genial Robert Louis Stevenson.

A CONSUL WITH A GROUCH.

The Author Called on the Newly Appointed Official at Apia to Pay His Respects and Was Shown the Door With Few Words and No Ceremony.

When Robert Louis Stevenson lived in Samoa he dressed as the others there did. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests.

When Stevenson came into Apia he looked only half dressed. He always came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash round the waist.

On one occasion the genial author was cruelly snubbed by a newly appointed British consul at Apia, one Colonel De Coetlogon. The story is told in "With Stevenson In Samoa," by H. J. Moors, the author:

One Sunday morning while Stevenson and myself, barefoot and in pajamas, were discussing the various local celebrities, my friend suddenly jumped up and announced that he had neglected a bounden duty. Here he had been in Apia for some considerable time and had not yet called on her Britannic majesty's representative. Every Britisher of mark should attend to such a duty at the earliest possible moment! I must introduce him without one moment's further delay! "Come along, Moors," said he; "let's get it off our mind!"

I informed him that Colonel De Coetlogon was himself a new man in the place—he had been in Apia but a little while—and I had not yet met him. People who had met him had mostly declared him to be an exclusive, crusty old fellow, full of pomposity. I was therefore very loath to go until the new arrival had simmered down somewhat. It was rumored that he had been for years governor of some great jail in Britain, and people remarked that he treated many of his callers as ticket of leave men who had come in to report.

But Stevenson, feeling very sure of his powers to charm this Gorgon, would take no warning, but shouted gayly: "Come on, Moors! I'll attend to this case. He'll welcome us all right." I pointed out his attire and his lack of shoes, and, with a sigh, he compromised so far as to put on a clean shirt and a pair of trousers and shoes, but my best efforts would not induce him to wear a coat. In the rig he wore and under his little yachting cap he positively looked no more than twenty or twenty-five years of age. He bubbled with enthusiasm over everything new and strange that came within his view as we passed along the road to Matautu, where De Coetlogon lived. From the beginning I doubted if we would receive anything like an effusive welcome, and I took care to impart my fears to my friend, but he only laughed. Particularly did I point out that this was Sunday and that we should choose another day for our visit. He still laughed.

With pride and joy he threw open the consular gate and strode manfully across the lawn, I following close behind. A tall, soldierly person, with white mustachios and close cropped hair, was sitting peacefully on the veranda. He made no attempt to rise and welcome us. A whisky and soda had just then his rapt attention. We ascended the steps. The statue in the chair merely regarded us. We might as well have been a couple of distressed prisoners coming to pray for some amelioration.

Stevenson would have embraced this cold representative of his country's greatness, but the chill restrained him. "Good morning, sir."

A grunt. "Well, what do you want?"

"My name is Stevenson. I am well known in Britain by my works—in fact, I am a novelist. This is Mr. Moors."

"Well, what do you want?"

No friendly hand was stretched out to greet us. We noted a face as hard as stone, as uncompromising and as unsympathetic as a brick wall. Stevenson stood there as one petrified; I was quite appalled. My friend had not counted on such a start. There was no seam or crevice in which he might momentarily locate to reconnoiter before he should attack again. The consul's brow was sad to look upon. He had not even risen civilly to hear us.

"We have come, sir, to pay our respects."

"If you have any business and desire to see me I will listen to you on week days and in my office at the proper time. Good morning."

Stevenson quite lost the power of speech and looked appealingly at me. I cannot remember exactly what I said, but I know that I endeavored to depict to the consul the worth and honesty of my companion.

In return came this: "I don't care who you are—either of you! If you have any business at this consulate come and state it at the proper time."

Without more than a profound bow Stevenson turned and made his way out into the road again, I having preceded him. "By heavens, Moors, you were right! What a beast! What a g——d—well, I suppose he has a right to choose his own Sunday morning company. I had thought that I was one of the foremost men of letters of the day, but this fellow differs. What a situation for a man of my supposed eminence to find himself in! People will differ in their opinions, won't they?" And he burst out into a merry laugh.

The First Anthracite Coal.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were taken into Philadelphia in 1803 the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

Canine Rudders.

"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself with his tail."

"Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

The Ruling Passion.

He—I hear that your husband has taken to smoking again. I thought you insisted that he should give it up?

She—Yes, so I did, but I found such a pretty smoking jacket at a bargain sale!

FLYING IN DREAMS.

A Sensation Like That Which Sometimes Precedes Death.

The sensation of flying is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. It seems to become less frequent after middle age. Beaunis states that in his case it ceased at the age of fifty. It is sometimes the last sensation at the moment of death.

To rise, to fall, to glide away has often been the last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying, but have afterward been brought back to life. Pieron has noted this sensation at the moment of death in a number of cases, usually accompanied by a sense of well being. The cases he describes were mostly tuberculous and included individuals of both sexes and with atheistic as well as religious beliefs.

In all the last sensation to which expression was given was one of flying, of moving upward. In some death was peaceful, in others painful. In one case a girl died clasping the iron bars of the bed, in horror of being borne upward.

Pieron associates this sensation with the similar sensation of rising and floating in dreams and with that of moving upward and resting on the air experienced by persons in the ecstatic state. In all these cases alike life is being concentrated in the brain and central organs, while the outlying districts of the body are becoming numb and dead.

Dream flight, it is necessary to note, is not usually the sustained flight of a bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air. Hutchinson states that of all those whom he has asked about the matter hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians.

Beaunis—from his own experience—describes a typical kind of dream flight as a series of light bounds at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of ease and movement as well as a lively satisfaction at being able to solve the problem of aerial locomotion by virtue of superior organization alone.

Lafcadio Hearn somewhat similarly describes in his "Shadowings" a typical and frequent dream of his own as a series of bounds in long parabolic curves, rising to a height of some twenty-five feet and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed, which for the future would be a permanent possession.—Atlantic.

Won His Wager.

Mrs. Somerville, the great methematician and scientific writer, had to a great extent the power of concentration and became so absorbed in her task as to be unconscious of what was going on around her. Dr. Somerville told Harriet Martineau that he once laid a wager with a friend that he would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud voice to her face and she would take no notice, and he did so. Sitting close to her, he confided to his friend the most injurious things—that she rouged, that she wore a wig and other such nonsense, uttered in a very loud voice. Her daughters were in a roar of laughter, while the slandered lady sat placidly writing. At last her husband made a dead pause after her name, on which she looked up with an innocent "Did you speak to me?"

Earthquakes Bar Progress.

Japan has a great number of waterfalls which would be of material value in the development of the country, but the reason these valuable sources of power are not being developed is because of the danger of earthquakes which is constantly confronting the people. More than once within recent years have steps been taken with the view of constructing dams in order that these falls might be utilized when some demonstration of the earth has given warning of the danger of such a step and the promoters have been forced to abandon or greatly modify the proposed improvement.—New York Press.

Wedding Fees In New York.

Large wedding fees are rare even in New York. Fees of $50 and $100 are considered large. The $1,000 fee when it makes its appearance usually goes to the rector of a wealthy congregation who enjoys a salary of $10,000 or $12,000 a year. Larger fees are sometimes given. The man of wealth, actuated by a high regard for his pastor and friend, occasionally gives his check for $2,000 or $3,000 under the guise of a wedding fee. He wishes to help the minister and knows the money would not be accepted under any other circumstances. Such gifts, it is needless to say, are extremely rare. New York has a few clergymen whose marriage fees average $1,200 a year. The pastor of a large Presbyterian church on Broadway has estimated that his fees amount annually to $1,000. These are topnotch figures.—Christian Herald.

Ich Dien or Eich Dyn.

Which is accurate as the motto of the Prince of Wales—Ich Dien or Eich Dyn? The one is German and the other Welsh. The one means "I serve," the other "Behold the man" or "Behold your man."

"Ich Dien" was the motto of John, king of Bohemia, whom the Black Prince slew at Crecy. "Eich Dyn" are the words supposed to have been used by Edward I. when presenting his infant son to the Welsh assembly at Carnarvon.

Welsh tradition has adhered naturally to the Welsh form. The other has been more popularly accepted.—London Lady's Pictorial.

A Queer Ceremony.

A queer ceremony is performed every year on the 8th day of September in the Valle Maggio, Italy. The region abounds in vipers. The celebrants form into a weird procession, each person—man, woman and child—carrying a huge figure of a snake stuffed with cotton. As they pass along they weep and lament, believing that by the expiatory ceremony they will render themselves proof against snake bites during the grape gathering.

Wretched Man.

Algy—By Jove! Miss Clara, how sweet you look in white! Do you know when I saw you coming across the lawn you looked so nice I thought it was Miss Julia—Harper's Bazar.

Generous.

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" replied the poor but willing youth. "I'll give you mine."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 11, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvii, 15-50. Memory Verses, 41, 42—Golden Text, Isa. liii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We have come to the last scene in the greatest event in history, and we can scarcely do more than read it and write it. Yes, we can believe it firmly, and our hearts can say: "All for me—for my sins. He was wounded for my transgressions, bruised for my iniquities. He hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me." Since the death of Abel all that have lived on the earth and have passed off it have, with but two exceptions, gone by dying; but, of all the millions upon millions of deaths, there never was one like this. Of all the others each died because of sin, for there had been no death if there had been no sin. But this man had no sin. He knew no sin. He died for our sins. All others had to die—they could not help it. This man laid down his life of his own accord. No one could take it from Him (John x, 17, 18). All others were ordinary mortals, but this man lived before the world was. He talked with Adam and Eve, with Enoch and Noah and Abraham and the patriarchs, with Moses and Joshua and David. He made them all and all things. He was God manifest in the flesh. He still lives, and He will come again, and all who have ever lived must give account to Him. Let us remember these things as we meditate upon Him.

In the lesson of two weeks ago we left Him before Pilate, accused by the Jews as an evildoer and by them delivered to the Roman governor to be put to death. He had passed a sleepless night—a night of the most cruel abuse at the hands of His tormentors. It was now early morning, and Pilate, persuaded that he was an innocent man, had made five attempts to release Him, for he knew that for envy the chief priests had delivered Him (verse 18). It was the custom to release a prisoner at this feast, one whom they might select, and he suggested that he should release Jesus who is called Christ. His wife had sent him a message urging him to have nothing to do with that just man, for she had suffered many things in a dream because of Him. Meantime the chief priests and elders were perusading the people to ask for the release of a very wicked man, a notable prisoner called Barabbas, a murderer. So when Pilate made his seventh and last attempt to release Jesus and asked whether it should be Jesus or Barabbas they asked for Barabbas. Listen to Peter after Pentecost concerning this: "Ye delivered Him up and denied Him in the presence of Pilate when he was determined to let Him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the Just and desired a murderer to be granted unto you and killed the Prince of Life" (Acts iii, 13-15). When Pilate asked, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus who is called Christ?" their united and persistent cry was, "Let Him be crucified!" Pilate then took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it." Then they cried, "His blood be on us and on our children" (verses 24, 25). So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas, scourged Jesus and delivered Him to be crucified.

What can any follower of Jesus expect in a world whose highest civil and religious authorities so treated the Son of God? It is the same evil world. Religion, so called, has no more use for Jesus Christ than the Jews had. The civil authorities have no respect for Him beyond lifting their hats to Him for the sake of politeness, and the devil is the one who is really worshipped, and he is the father of lies and a murderer. Stay, if you can, and see what followed as the Holy One is delivered to their will. After being scourged the soldiers strip Him, put on Him a scarlet robe, crown Him with thorns, mock Him, smite Him on the head, spit upon Him, remove the robe, put His own clothes on Him and lead Him away to crucify Him. At first He bore the cross; then they compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear it. And so they go forth, two malefactors led with Him to be put to death, a great company following and some wailing women, to whom he spake some weighty words. They reach Golgotha, and quickly the cruel work is done. The Son of God is crucified and a title placed over his head in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." That was about 9 a. m. on the most awful day that earth ever saw. They reviled Him as He hung there bearing my sins. They railed on Him, they mocked Him, until about noon the sun shone no longer and there was darkness over all the land until about 3 p. m., when He cried with a loud voice and said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and He was gone. The earth quaked, the rocks rent, graves were opened, and in the temple in the city the veil which separated the holy place from the most holy was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. Consider all the Scriptures fulfilled by these events. Give heed to His seven sayings from the cross and in the first three see forgiveness and glory and all we need while here on earth waiting for His kingdom to come.

His Little Joke.

A well known German who is something of a wag walked into one of the public offices in Cincinnati the other day, and from the noise it was plain that he was wearing a pair of new shoes or ones that had recently been repaired.

One of the clerks remarked about the shoes, and the German said:

"I comes pretty near selling dese shoes the other day."

"How is that?" asked the clerk.

"I had 'em half soled," said the German as he walked out of the office.

A deep groan was heard as he slipped through the door.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Not His Fault.

Vicar's Wife—I'm sorry to see you coming away from the public house so often, Priggs.

Blacksmith—Yes'm. They won't let me stay there two minutes. As soon as I get set down comfortable-like somebody's sure to want a job done, and out I has to come again.—London Punch.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girth belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer at the point where he had the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slacking line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried cross swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trouting rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
26	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
29	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
59	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kiley Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 6.30, 7.00, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham and Northern via Winchester, 10.45 a. m., 2.00, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

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Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 4.30 p.m.

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Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
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AN ILLUSION

A Lady Believed That Her Dead Lover Always Attended Her

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON

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"Do you see that lady over there?" asked Ben Hollister at a social gathering.

"Yes. What about her?"

"Though she has never been married, she is known as Mrs. Warburton."

"Indeed!" I remarked, looking at her again. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate a scandal. On the contrary, there was that to refute one. "It cannot be used reproachfully?"

"Certainly not. She applies it to herself," replied Hollister.

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"She is my cousin. I know her story well. She is going out of the room. Observe her."

I did so, and as she walked she seemed to be looking up, as if at some one beside her. And yet there was no one there.

"She believes," added my companion, "that the man whom she considers her husband is attending her. He comes and goes. Whether his being or not being with her has anything to do with a greater or less degree of mental deflection I don't know. In society she is never seen without him. On all other subjects I consider her perfectly rational. She is respected and beloved and received everywhere. No one has told her that other people do not see her attendant and that she suffers under a hallucination. Nevertheless she knows others do not see him. Still, it is impossible for her to believe that she does not see him herself.

"This is her story: She is Miss Marion Beale. When the Spanish-American war broke out she was engaged to Sam Warburton, a captain in the —th United States infantry. She was very much in love with him, and the parting with him quite broke her down. He was with his regiment in all the fighting that occurred from the time the American troops landed till the last shot was fired. Indeed, it was one of these last shots that killed him.

"It seems that when he went to the war his betrothed had a presentiment that he would never come back to her. She scanned all the reports of the fighting, always dreading to see his name. There were a good many hot fights in that war, besides a lot of disease. Miss Beale suffered from the strain and received a terrible shock at last. News came that the Spanish forces at Santiago had surrendered and the war was over. The people of the United States were rejoicing at the victory, and hundreds whose relatives in the army had been spared to them were looking forward with delight to their return. Miss Beale shared in these rejoicings. There came a belated report that her lover was killed at the very last. She withdrew from the social world for a time, and when she reappeared was observed to act as if attended by Captain Warburton."

"And how do you know that he is not attending her?" I asked.

Hollister looked at me as if he had been suddenly struck with the belief that I was as daft as the lady.

Now, I am a physician, and a physician of the newest school. In other word, I believe in autosuggestion, which means that people suffering from certain ailments, especially of the so called nervous order, are producing the trouble themselves on themselves by believing they have the ailment in question. I was very much struck with the personnel of Miss Beale and was seized with a desire to cure her of her hallucination. I wished Hollister to tell her that he knew a man who did not share the opinion of most people that she suffered from hallucination, but that such a thing as the real presence of Captain Warburton was possible. My ultimate object was to gain her entire confidence.

"Do you really mean," asked Hollister, "that you have any idea whatever that a wraith is attending her?"

"My reply is the question I have just asked, How do you know there is not?"

"I don't know it, but I'll bet you $10 to 10 cents there isn't."

"What use in betting? Neither of us could win, since neither of us could prove his position. However, I wish you to introduce me to your cousin."

I received the introduction. I made no mention of what Hollister had told me, chatting on trivial subjects. I asked permission to call upon the lady and received it. When I called I saw at once by my reception that Hollister had told her what I had said to him. In me she had found some one to sympathize with her. We had not been together long before she regretted that Captain Warburton had gone out to his club, the Army and Navy, else she would have been pleased to have me make his acquaintance.

My theory was that Miss Beale's trouble was mental and had come from a shock; also that she would have recovered from that shock by natural process, or rather had recovered, but was keeping up the hallucination by autosuggestion. In other words, she made herself think that Captain Warburton was with her by believing he was with her. The problem before me —as I saw it—was to kill Captain Warburton. He was dead to all other persons, and it was my business to kill him in her mentality. How was I to do this?

One evening when calling on Miss Beale I said to her, "By the bye, I was introduced into the Army and Navy club the other day and met Captain Warburton."

I saw that the mention of him seemed to disturb her—that a pained expression passed across her face. So I made but one more remark about him—a remark conveying something I especially wished to convey. "He is not looking very well." Then, without waiting for a reply, I turned the subject.

Once or twice after that I mentioned having met Captain Warburton and never failed to remark that he seemed to be ill. My process or, rather, attempted process of cure was necessarily a slow one, and by hurrying I feared to spoil all. Indeed, I was not willing to take any risk by haste on my own account as well as the lady's. When I began my course of treatment I simply desired to enable her to get rid of the image she was creating of her former lover. Before I had known her a month I hoped to put myself in his place.

As soon as I dared act decidedly I wrote her a note stating that I had a very important communication to make to her and I hoped she would nerve herself to endure a separation. I would call the same evening.

I called and found her anxiously expecting me.

"Mrs. Warburton," I began at once, "your husband yesterday called at my office to consult me on the matter of his health. I found him suffering from a heart trouble which, should he receive the slightest shock, might carry him off. I have told him that absolute quiet is essential and have advised him to go away from the city, from every one he knows or who knows him, and to live absolutely alone, not communicating with any one. He has taken my advice and asked me to impart the news to you."

By this act I gave my patient a temporary backset, but this I expected. I saw that she was going through the strain she had suffered at receiving the news of Warburton's death. I did all I could to comfort her, but would not say that I believed the course I recommended would restore her husband to health. I left her, promising to return the next evening and give her more news.

When I saw her again she told me that the captain had been to see her before his departure—that he looked very badly, and she was very much troubled about him. This was an unwelcome surprise to me, for I feared the wraith would see her occasionally without my permission. I told her to tell him if he saw her again that the excitement attending the meeting might kill him.

It was evident that Miss Beale would not very long bear the strain I was giving her. She couldn't sleep, suffered from nervous paroxysms and was rapidly losing flesh. I must kill Captain Warburton as soon as possible. I dreaded to announce his death to her, but was forced to choose between doing so and restoring him to health. I chose the former course. Fortifying myself with restoratives, I went to see her one afternoon, and when she came into the room where I was I showed her by my sympathetic and melancholy expression that I had bad news for her.

"He is dead!" she wailed.

I took her hand and pressed it, but said nothing. I drew her to a sofa and, sitting by her side, told her as briefly as possible that one evening while the captain was sitting in his lonely abode some one had fired a shot outside. Even so slight a shock had arrested the beating of his heart.

I was greatly surprised at the resignation with which she received the melancholy news. She asked me about the funeral. But I had prepared myself for this. I told her that I had already directed that the captain be buried at his retreat. I confessed to have deceived her in many things about him for his and her good.

I left Miss Beale without having had occasion to use the restoratives. I had great hopes that I would restore her to health, and these hopes were fulfilled. She improved rapidly after this and, so far as I or others could discover, did not see the figure of her former lover, though she told me she dreamed of him, and sometimes these dreams were so realistic that she was not sure but that she was awake when she dreamed them. I told her that the vision was simply the result of a nervous strain.

As I hoped, even these symptoms in time faded away, and within six weeks after I had killed Captain Warburton I felt sure that I had put a quietus on him forever.

I believed now all that remained to be done was to give my patient a strong tonic. But instead of drugs I gave her a trip. I sent her abroad, and she remained abroad for six months. Shortly before she was to return I wrote her that I needed an outing and would meet her at Nice, where she was getting rid of the winter. I found a great change in her. She had gained twenty pounds in flesh and gave every indication of vigorous health.

But a surprise was in store for me. Grasping my hand with fervent gratitude, she said:

"Doctor, I know the obligation I am under to you for curing me of my hallucination. I myself at times suspected what it was, but I could never get rid of it."

A considerable part of my treatment I have not mentioned. It was interesting Miss Beale in myself. Before our return to America we were married.

SECRECY IN KRUPP'S.

Employees Bound by Oath and Nothing Left to Chance.

One of the first steps that a new employee at Krupp's (the famous gun and armor factory of Germany) has to take is to bind himself to absolute secrecy as to what he sees or hears in the firm. But, this oath notwithstanding, nothing is left to chance, for every precaution is taken to prevent the employee from knowing anything more than is required for his own immediate work. In the offices all correspondence passes in locked cases. One official forwarding such a case to another writes the name of the addressee on a slip of paper, which is inserted under a glass frame ingeniously mounted in the case. Only on opening the case with its special key can the address be removed, and it is therefore impossible for papers of importance to fall into wrong hands. In the drawing offices every scrap of paper is locked at night into fireproof and burglar proof safes, fitted with time locks. The employees have to change their clothes before entering and after leaving the office, and they take their meals in the works in the dining hall. In cases where the secrets of the firm are inevitably shared by employees Krupp's pays salaries such as would make any attempt at bribery ineffective. This reference is more particularly to the men in charge of the armor plate and steel manufacturing process.—Army and Navy Journal.

Queer Eyes of a Queer Spider.

The attus family of spiders, abounding in Java, have in addition to numerous smaller eyes a pair of large ones which have been called "gig lamp" eyes. A specimen of the spider, captured near Buitenzorg, exhibits a remarkable power of changing the color of its eyes. When taken the eyes were dark brown like the body, but suddenly they changed to bright grass green. Soon afterward they turned back from green to brown, and this change of color was repeated several times in succession, apparently at the will of the creature. Whether this action on the part of this curious species of spider is an effort to inspire terror in its enemy or whether it is an effect of its own terror is uncertain. Another singular fact is that the color of either one or both eyes could thus be changed at will.—Harper's Weekly.

Ancient Gardens.

The Egyptians were conversant with the art of landscape gardening, though they had to contend with the flatness of the land. Water, however, as an adjunct was often called into play, for there was the inexhaustible Nile. We have three plans of their gardens, as the one found in the tomb of Meryleat Tell el Amaron, which gives us the perfect idea of how a grand garden was laid out. We have, too, pictures of Egyptians reclining on chairs and fishing in these artificial lakes.

Useless Speculation.

"I often wonder," an elderly wife said sadly one day to her husband, "whether all those vows and protestations you made me during our courtship were really true?"

"Well, my dear," the husband answered mildly, "what's the difference whether they were true or not, since we both believed them?"—Washington Star.

Business Is Business.

Drummer—And so our friend your husband is gone! He dealt with me for twenty years. Weeping Widow—Yes, and if you had come a fortnight earlier you would have found him still among the living. Drummer—Do you think he left any order for me?—Fliegende Blatter.

Let us never forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man.—Daniel Webster.

Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.—De Tocqueville.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Wellington's Plea In Favor of the Thames Embankment Site.

Wellington once declared that the most exciting moment of his life was not in any of his great battles, but that in which he had to forbid William IV. to attend a public banquet in the city during a time of great national excitement. Of the millions of people who every year see the English houses of parliament how many imagine that their position was determined by strategic considerations? No one nowadays can think of the palace of Westminster in any other position than that which it occupies. But when the old houses were burned down and the task of rebuilding faced there was a proposition to establish them on or near the site of St. James' palace. Wellington resolutely put down his foot on the proposal.

The site suggested, its advocates pointed out, would be better as regards centrality and convenience than any other. But to the argument of the duke there could then be no answer. "With a vast and growing population, such as yours in London," he said, "you must never make it possible that you can be surrounded. You must build your houses of parliament upon the river, so that the means of ingress and egress are safe and that the populace cannot exact their demands by sitting down around you." Sir William Fraser, in whose memoirs the story is recalled, mentioned it to Napoleon III. just before the death of the latter. "What wisdom!" he said. "What wisdom!" And it set him musing upon the different turn which the history of France might have taken if in other ways as great precautions had been observed in his own case.—St. James' Gazette.

The Assembly of Notables.

The assembly of the notables at Versailles, Nov. 5, 1788, will ever stand as one of the great landmarks in human progress, not on account of itself, but in consequence of what it led to. Louis XVI., being in great financial straits, had already called together the big men of his realm, but it is with this second meeting of the great ones that history will ever be the most profoundly concerned. The "notables," made up of the nobility and aristocracy of the realm, listened to their own voices and displayed their gold lace and vanity for something over a month and adjourned without doing anything either for the king or the people. Disgusted with the stupidity and indifference of the notables, Louis convoked the states general, which was composed of representatives of the nobility, clergy and third estate, or plain people. Maddened by the contemptuous treatment they received at the hands of nobles, the delegates of the third estate organized themselves into the national assembly, which in turn organized the revolution.—New York American.

John Bright and the Carpet.

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M. P. whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum, which he put down upon the floor, and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up; "it is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation, and the dinner went on.

The Curious Electric Eel.

The electric eel, which is common in the streams of Brazil, is possessed of a natural electric battery—a tremendous one. Beneath the skin are two pairs of peculiar little bodies passing longitudinally along the muscles and near the tail. One pair is next to the back and the other near the lower fin. These bodies are made up of a great number of little cells, two or three hundred of them, and plentifully supplied with nerves. Examination of one of these electrical organs has shown that in action it is very much like a galvanic battery, with the anterior extremely positive, the posterior negative and the current only discharged at the point of contact with an object. This has been proved to be so powerful when complete that chemical compounds are decomposed by it and steel needles magnetized.

The Roman Forum.

The Forum was originally a market place and only by degrees became the center of Roman civic and political life. About B. C. 470 it became the place of assembly of the people in their tribes and was gradually adorned with temples and other great public buildings. The Roman Forum—the Acropolis at Athens alone excepted—is perhaps the most thrillingly interesting spot on earth to such as know and appreciate the teachings of history. From the Forum came the august laws which governed the then known world for more than a thousand years.

Raising Chickens.

The suburban man was all sympathy.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked as he came home and found his wife in tears.

"T-trouble enough," sobbed his young wife. "You k-know that five d-dollar incubator the man sold me? Well, it exploded today and blew all the chickens through the roof."

"Oh, well, cheer up, Martha. The man said it would raise chickens, and you see it did."—Chicago News.

If mere ideas are not truth they are at least the cloth of which it is made.—Moore.

GREAT SALT LAKE

Puzzling Aspects of Utah's Wonderful Saline Sea.

ONE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIES

Science Unable to Solve the Problem of Its Escaping Waters and Diminishing Area—The Maelstrom Near Antelope Island.

The Great Salt lake of Utah continues to be one of the greatest mysteries of nature. For sixty years its rise and fall have been studied by scientists in an effort to account for the changes, but as yet they have reached no satisfactory solution of the problem as to what is the principal cause of the decrease in its depth.

Those familiar with its depth and the shrinking in its size each year assert that at the end of twenty years or so the bed of the lake will be nearly all exposed, with the possible exception of a few shallow pools of water. Then perhaps the mystery connected with it will be solved.

In its dimensions the lake is really a sea, it being above seventy-five miles in length and fifty miles across at its greatest width, containing, therefore, over 2,000 square miles of surface. Near the shores the water is so shallow that there are places where one may wade out from the beach for a distance of a mile, yet will not be immersed up to his shoulders.

The buoyancy of the water is such that it is almost impossible for one to remain on his feet at a greater depth, his body being lifted up as a strip of wood thrown into the water in a vertical or oblique direction like a dart is returned to the surface in a horizontal position.

Indeed, it is believed the Great Salt lake will support more weight to a given volume of water than even the Dead sea, to which in many respects it bears a striking similarity.

The large quantity of salt in solution is the principal reason for the buoyancy. As the lake recedes its bottom is shown to be composed of a heavy crust of salt, which is almost pure, lying upon a stratum that consists chiefly of sand. In this respect the bed of the lake is similar to some of the deserts in the southwest which once contained bodies of water equal in size to that in Utah or even larger.

It is known that the Great Salt lake loses a large quantity of water yearly by evaporation, but estimates of this quantity indicate that it is far less than that annually poured into the lake from the rivers and creeks entering it.

So far as is known no natural outlet exists, but the lake supplies an irrigating system in the country adjacent that requires a quantity of water yearly equal to a depth of four inches of the present area. This is a very small proportion of the volume of water that enters it through its feeders, so the scientists know the water escapes in some other manner than by the irrigation canal or by evaporation.

This is proved by the fact that the increase in the quantity that enters the lake at a rainy season at times does not increase its depth, and the records show that actually it has fallen immediately after the Jordan and other streams have contributed a larger volume than usual.

Near what is called Antelope island is an indication that a subterranean opening exists. Frequently the waters near the island are so violently disturbed that people in the vicinity call this place the "maelstrom" and carefully avoid it when on the lake in boats.

A number of years ago, it is said, a sailing vessel loaded with sheep chanced to approach too near the "maelstrom," and despite the strong breeze that was blowing the force of the water was greater than the power of the sails, the vessel being drawn into the middle of the disturbance and capsized. Although sheep are naturally strong swimmers and land was but a few hundred feet away, not one of the animals escaped and most of the carcasses went under never to appear again.

While the buoyancy of the water is so great that it will support a person without aid, the boats designed for use upon the lake must be constructed especially to counteract this feature. The ordinary wooden vessel when empty is actually too light to be navigated with safety upon it, since such a small portion of it would be immersed. Care must therefore be taken, especially in the building of sailboats, lest they be top heavy. For this reason navigation is dangerous on the lake even when there is only a moderate wind, unless the sailing vessel is loaded heavily so that it sits deep enough in the water to counteract the buoyant tendency.—New York Press.

Domestic Science.

"Reginald, dear," said the young wife, who was trying to do her own cooking, "this recipe says 'first draw the fowl carefully.' How do you draw a chicken?"

"With a drawing knife, of course," said the young husband, yawning. "Didn't the grocer send one along with the bird?"—Exchange.

Reckless.

Madge—I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift. Marjorie—I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.—Puck.

The man of perfect virtue is cautious and slow of speech.—Confucius.

Looking Ahead.

Young Wife (in passion)—I'm going home to my mother! Husband (calmly)—Very good; here's money for your railway fare. Wife (after counting it)—But that isn't enough for a return ticket.—Every Woman's Magazine.

Early Intimations.

Fond Mother—I'm sure Horace will be a great astronomer when he grows up! This is the third time this week he has cried for the moon!—Bystander.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1910

"THAT SETTLES IT."

The Boston brewers and wholesale liquor dealers have never before made such determined and costly efforts to carry Woburn for License as they did in the campaign which ended in their rout, horse, foot and dragoons, last Tuesday. They sent to this city license orators from Chicago and Rhode Island, and loads of license printing; but what did they gain by it?

In 1910 the majority against license was 499:

In 1909, 295

204

A clear gain of Nollcense in a single year of 204!

"That settles it; on the license question "No" is to be the policy of Woburn for years to come—the Boston brewers aud rumsellers won't be likely to try it again very soon.

A large number of Democrats voted "No." An analysis of the returns showed this. While they proved true and loyal to Mayor Murray scores of them, mostly good levelheaded Hibernians, turned around and voted against license with a vengeance.

This was mainly due to the splendid work of Rev. James J. Keegan, pastor of St. Charles church, who preaches temperance in season and out of season from year end to year end, and prevails on his parishioners to practice it. His clerical associates give him efficient aid in his reform work.

The recent mission at St. Charles church, procured by Fr. Keegan, did yeoman's service for the cause of Nolicense.

The Woburn Nolicense League and the Clergy also, performed labor that told strong and contributed materially towards winning the glorious victory for te mperance and a good name for our city last Tuesday. The majority was 499, and

"That Settles It."

☞ Hon. William E. Blodgett, twice Mayor of Woburn, and Mrs. Blodgett are to sail on a trip to, and visit of 3 months, in Europe on Dec. 28. Only the two are going, the children are to be left in the care of Mrs. Blodgett's mother. Friends conceived the happy idea of giving the worthy and popular couple a farewell luncheon in Lyceum Hall this evening, Dec. 16, or a sendoff that will tend strongly to sweeten their absence and increase the delights of their journeyings in foreign parts. The plans for the affair were odd, but provided for pleasure in abundance for the large company of ladies and gentlemen who will participate in the execution of them this evening. The inventive minds and ready hands of the heads of Burdett College in Boston produced some unique and very artistic cards of invitation to this evening's refreshments, everyone of which, we are bound to believe, will be handsomely framed and hung conspicuously in the frontrooms of the fortunate owners. In addition to the repast, gladly provided by the numerous warm friends of the Blodgetts, there is to be dancing to fine music, social intercourse, merrymaking by the young people, and kindly goodbyes and wellwishes by everybody to the Guests of Honor. The projectors of the affair say it will be one not soon to be forgotten by the people present.

☞ Last Monday Mr. George Buchanan of 10 Bennett street, this city, 86 years old last March, experienced the surprise of his life. It came pretty near throwing him off his feet. He, however, soon recovered sufficiently to make a speech. The venerable gentleman, the esteemed President of the "Sons of '24," was at his clubrooms, the Mishawum at noon on the day above mentioned, Dec. 12, when Mr. Gilbert N. West, Recording Secretary of Powwow River Lodge No. 90, I. O. O. F., a special messenger from the Lodge at Amesbury, entered the Club and presented Mr. Buchanan with a handsome goldheaded ebony cane in behalf of said Lodge accompanied by a neat address, to which the grateful and highly honored recipient responded in a speech equally appropriate and felicitious. On the gold head of the cane were inscribed these words: "Presented to George Buchanan; sixty-five years a member of Powwow River Lodge, No. 90, I. O. O. F. of Amesbury, Mass." Mr. Buchanan is the oldest member of Powwow River Lodge, and it was in honor of the 65th anniversary of his membership that the elegant cane was presented to him.

☞ Lawyer and ex-Cashier of the Woburn National Bank Edward Johnson has been chosen by Uncle Sam's Treasury Department its Agent to handle the money to be spent in erecting the Federal Building in this city. His proper title is Disbursing Agent for the Government. U.S. will find it a safe **appointment.**

THE ELECTION.

Hon. Hugh D. Murray was reelected Mayor of Woburn on Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1910, at the close of a hot political contest by barely 28 plurality, which may be wholly wiped out by a recount.

Wisely declining the proffered aid of some officious parties in its management, Harold P. Johnson, Esq., conducted a great campaign for the office, and under his able management the normal Democratic majority of 400 was whittled down to almost the vanishing point. Although defeated for Mayor he won a brilliant victory for his party.

The only issue involved in the contest was License or Nolicense, and on this the Republicans, with Mr. Johnson as Bannerbearer, won a splendid victory.

The Republicans reelected Michael J. Kennedy to tne Board of Public Works, which was another important triumph; William W. Crosby to the School Board; and a minority of the Aldermen.

The Democrats elected their Mayor, and a majority of tle School Board and Aldermen.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It is our opinion, endorsed by a person of sound judgment, that a no more appropriate, useful or acceptable Christmas token of kind regards and good wishes could be presented to a friend than a copy of Rev. Dr. Norton's "The Call of the Heights" recently published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston and New York, and noticed in these columns. It is a handsome book mechanically, while its contents are entertaining and calculated to make the reader wiser, better, and, consequently, happier.

☞ On page 71 of the December number of *The Live Wire*, a publication issued monthly by the Buffalo, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce, is an article headed "A 10-Story Proof of the Buffalo Spirit" which is a description of an immense Y. M. C. A. hotel which was projected and caused to be built, at a cost of $225,000, by Alfred H. Whitford, General Secretary of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A., the article being embellished by a portrait of Mr. Whitford, who was born and bred in Woburn.

☞ "New England Farms" is a monthly Bulletin issued by the Industrial Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad at Concord, N. H., in aid of New England farming and worthy of support.

☞ Who knows but what that clam chowder that gave Eugene Foss a fit of acute indigestion the other day may save Senator Lodge's bacon by keeping the Governor-elect quiet?

☞ To the zeal activity and influence of St. Charles C. T. A. S. was due no small share of credit for the brilliant Nolicense victory last Tuesday.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
Woburn Choral Union—Concert.
Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Xmas Presents.

— Skating on Horn Pond is only just fair to middling. Beware of thin ice.

— The mercury in the thermometers was down so near zero that there was no fun in it.

— Smith & Varney have lovely gold and silver goods galore for Christmas presents. Nothing better or cheaper in Boston.

— Of course, the menfolks have already begun to formulate "resolutions" for use on Jan. 1, 1911. It is high time to do so.

— The Sunny Circle of the King's Daughters are to meet with Mrs. E. D. Hart, 17 Davis street, at 7 30 this evening, Dec. 16.

— Last week the Burlington Woman's Club held their annual meeting and reelected the old Board of Officers The Club are in a prosperous state.

— A picture is to be furnished and hung on the wall of the Hanson school by the teachers in memory of Miss Hovey, former Principal of the school.

— The Mishawum Road gentlemen who delivers milk every day to the families adjacent to Callahan's Crossing reported the weather at exactly zero last Saturday morning.

— Last Monday evening the Waltham Degree Team visited the Woburn Grange and gave to a large number of candidates the Fourth Degree There was a fine company present.

— The days are as short as they will get to be this winter, and along about Christmas time they will begin to stretch out again. And "when the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen."

— Mr. Fred A. Hartwell's son Herbert C. is getting to be quite a famous fox and coon hunter up among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire. He never returns from the woods with an empty gamebag.

— If the wife or the sweetheart would get a nice and appropriate Christmas present for the husband or lover, they should never think of passing the store of Gage & Co. nor see the fine things Fred Flint is ready to show them.

— Do you mind that the Woburn JOURNAL has made quite an advance on the 60th year of its earthly career? It passed its 59th milestone two months ago, and in less than a year hence it may, if it likes, assume the title of "Venerable."

— Last Sunday was a cold, cheerless, uncomfortable day, and yet the churches were fairly well filled.

— Pastor Williams of the First Calvinist Baptist church put in a heap of good work for temperance during the late campaign in this city.

— Next Friday evening, Dec. 23, the scholars of the Hanson school are to have a Christmas tree and give an entertainment for which preparations are in progress.

— The alarm from Box 41 last Wednesday evening called the department to a stubborn blaze in the stable on the Wiswald estate at Mishawum. The loss will be $200.

— Painters are changing the lettering on the cars and engine from "Boston and Maine," "N. Y., N. H. & H." It will seem odd, but people get used to almost anything after awhile.

— The birdscame to the doors and back stoops in flocks after the snow for the rations which they knew the JOURNAL'S advice to kind hearted people would fetch out for them, so there was no suffering among them from lack of food.

—Haue you picked out your Christmas trees and mistle toe and holly with which to decorate the homes and help inspire the Christmas spirit of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, Peace, Good Will toward men?" If not, go to Crovo's and do so.

— A careful perusal of "The House of Edison Light" published in another column of the JOURNAL is asked. The House and its furnishings constitute a striking and unique exhibition of the numerous and varied uses to which electricity can be and are put.

— Mr. Charles B. Bryant has the heartfelt sympathy of this community for the loss of his wife by death a few days ago. He is nearly 90 years old, and his companion was 83. They have been residents of Woburn many years, and public esteem for them has been general and sincere.

— A genuine spritual awakening was the happy result of the grand fortnight's work of the Missionaries from Brooklyn, N. Y at St. Charles church which closed early this week. The attendance was immense at all of the meetings of both the men's and women's missions, and great good was accomplished.

— We hope, for the credit of our fair municipality, that there was no electioneering, or hardly any, going on here last Sunday. Simple, unadulterated electioneering is bad enough, at the best, and never should be practiced on the Lord's Day. The JOURNAL forgot to mention this matter to the Democrats last Friday. Of course the Republicans did'nt need any warning.

— At the annual meeting of Burbank Corps 84, Woman's Relief Corps held last week the following officers were elected—all good women and true: President, Mrs. Lottie A. Greene; Senior Vice President, Miss Edith Douglass; Junior Vice President, Mrs. Isabelle Stevenson; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary F. Barrett; Chaplain, Mrs. Angie Whiting; Conductor, Mrs Susan Grothe; Guard, Mrs. Emma Taylor.

— The Charles H. Moloy Camp of S. W. V. elected the following officers last week: Commander, J. Elward Graham: Senior Vice Commander, Philip J. Shea; Junior Vice Commander, E B. Smith; Officer of the Day, James E. Mahoney; Officer of the Guard, James M. White; Chaplain, E C. Brown; Surgeon, Thomas Dunnigan; Trustee for three years, John N. Turner; Delegate to the State Convention, Philip Shea.

— The following are the new officers of Council 77, K. of C.: Grand Knight, Wm. H Henchey; Deputy Grand Knight, Thomas Harkins; Treasurer, James McGonagle; Financial Secretary, Augustus Ball; Recording Secretary, Frank Meehan; Advocate, John P. Feeney; Chancellor, John Mahoney; Warden, John Quinn; Inside Guard, Daniel Coughlin; Outside Guard, James McDonough; Trustees, John Hill and Aloysius Harney.

— At the annual election last week Mt. Horeb Lodge A. F. and A. M chose the following officers: Worshipfull Master, Richard T. Mack; Senior Warden, Charles H. Buss; Junior Warden, John M. Wallace; Treasurer, Abijah Thompson; Secretary, Charles H. Harrington. Mr A. Thompson, who is well along in the 88th year of his earthly pilgrimage, has been Treasurer of Mt. Horeb Lodge for about 25 years, and bids fair to keep on doing so for the next quarter of a century.

— The chirography of Mr C. B Leathe, an eminent Boston typographical artist, with residence at No. 1 Allston Terrace, West Medford, who, we suspicioned, had gone to his reward several years ago, is as clear, firm and smooth as a writingmaster's, and the composition of his epistles is of the English classical standard—the pure unadulterated stuff that the best books are made of. Last Tuesday we received the gratifying intelligence that Mr. Leathe is still on top of this mundane sphere, and happy.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis of Winn street, a venerable and highly respected member of "The Sons of '24," says he always did enjoy eating corned beef and cabbage about this time of year, and he can't see but what it tastes just as good now as it did 70 years ago when he was a wild rollicking lad at Waterville on the banks of the Kennebec. He has in his long and busy life taken all sorts of grub in all sorts of places from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Coast, but none of them are quite so fondly remembered as the corned beef, ("a streak of fat, and streak of lean,") cabbage and potatoes that Mother used to load the big pewter platter with and set on the table to the joy of the hungry ones waiting impatiently for it. Many and many a time has Uncle Alex enjoyed his "walnuts and wine with legs stretched under the mahogany," but he says give him the old Mother's corned beef and cabbage of long ago, the memory of which is so dear to his heart. Comrade Ellis has never held office in the "Sons of '24" simply because his modest and retiring disposition would not allow him to assume and wear the honors.

— Mr. James Darmody is in town on a visit to his home on Russell st.

— Speaking of Mr. George Buchanan in another column of the JOURNAL we doubt very much if it is generally known that he made the first shipment of apples ever sent from this country to England as a business venture. He did this many years ago, and from that first modest venture by him has grown an immense foreign trade in American apples, particularly in the Baldwin variety, which was discovered, and subsequently improved, in Woburn.

— For the benefit of the Choate Hospital the Woburn Choral Society are to give their first concert of the present season in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 19. The special artists engaged for it are Miss Maud Littlefield, violin soloist; and Mrs. Lilla Osgood Crocker, singing soloist Both are artists of high repute, and to listen to their production will be worth a good deal more than the price of admission. The Society deserve a liberal public patronage.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT

That fascinating little Boston girl who has been heard from during the last three years, sometimes in New York then in San Francisco again in London, must have experienced a most comfortable sensation when she returned to the home of her childhood last week and read the signs "Miss Christie MacDonald in 'The Spring Maid' at the Tremont Theatre." Such a legend on the flaring billboards would cheer the heart of any aspiring voice gifted girl. But how much greater must have been the delight of this little artiste when the morning following her first home appearance as a star she read the unanimous verdict on her performance.

HOLLIS STREET.

At the Hollis Street Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday evening, Dec. 19th, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees and special Christmas matinee Monday, Dec. 26th, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and Henry B Harris will present Ruth St. Denis in a a series of dances depicting the religion and customs of ancient Egypt in conjunction with the Imperial Russion Court Balalaika Orchestra, in selections from the folk songs and famous composers of their native land. Ruth St. Denis, who appeared last season in her Hindu dances, has selected for presentation this season four dances, founded on the religion and customs of ancient Egypt.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The annual musical production chosen by Mr Craig for the Christmas holiday season will be "Jack and the Beanstalk," and its first performance will be given Friday evening, Dec. 23 For the first four days of the coming week the Castle Square Theatre will be closed to the public in order that preparations may be made for a complete staging of this remarkable musical extravaganza. "Jack and the Beanstalk" was originally performed by the Boston Corps of Cadets some dozen years ago, and it was such a huge success that it was immediately put upon the professional stage, and it has ever since remained one of the most popular shows of its kind.

THE PARK.

This is the Merry Yuletide, the season of happiness and goodwill and all the rest of it Naturally you have been reminded of it, and perhaps it has put you out of sorts, for it isn't always easy to feel that Christmas spirit that song and story tells us should be rampant at this time. Christmas has worries for a lot of us Some of us don't find any fun in Christmas shopping, and we are afraid we'll overlook somebody who on Christmas morning sends us some nice gift, or that we'll spend money on a person who doesn't remember us, which is most annoying, or again it is pretty hard to make the money go around among all we wish to do something for, and so on through the whole list of Merry Yuletide miseries But there's a cure. It's a sure one, too, no matter how weighty your Christmas trials. It's "Seven Days," the comedy now at the Park Theatre in Boston.

A Christmas Present That Means Something.

There is one especially good thing about a Christmas present of The Youth's Companion. It shows that the giver thought enough of you to give you something worth while.

It is easy to choose something costing a great deal more which is absolutely useless, but to choose a present costing only $1 75 that will provide a long year's entertainment, and the uplifting companionship of the wise and great, is another matter. There is one present, however, which does just that —The Youth's Companion.

If you want to know whether it is appropriate or welcome, just visit the home of some Companion subscriber on Companion day.

Do not choose any Christmas present until you have examined The Companion. We will send you free sample copies and the beautiful Prospectus for 1911, telling something of how The Companion has recently been enlarged and improved.

The one to whom you give the subscription will receive free all the numbers of 1910 issued after the money is received; also The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, lithographed in twelve colors and gold. These will be sent to reach the subscriber Christmas morning, if desired.

You, too, as a giver of the subscription, will receive a copy of the Calendar.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass

Burlington.

We Burlington people feel proud of the election of Mr. Fred F. Walker, Chief of the Massachusetts Cattle Bureau, to the highly honorable position of Vice President of the United States Live Stock Sanitary Association at the annual convention of that Association in Chicago last week. We think it reflects great credit on our town Mr Walker is popular, at home and abroad, and is a fine man.

The House of Edison Light.

Nowhere else in the world has there before been seen a house like "The House of Edison Light," erected in Winchester by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. It has just been completed, was opened to the citizens of Winchester Monday noon, Dec. the 12, and will be open every day, except Sundays, from noon until 10 P M There will be from that time on for several months "open house" at the new residence, which is on Church street near Winchester Common, and if any citizen in Winchester misses the opportunity to see the attractive, modern and economical features of this electric home, it will be because he has not availed himself of every opportunity to do so.

"The House of Edison Light is, an electric development in domestic life. From the door bell, which rings by current from the electric lighting mains, through the hall, with its dim as well as brilliant lighting; the livingroom, with its comforts for happy evenings after busy business days; the diningroom, with its economical luxuries, within the reach of everyone who has electric service in his home; the chamber, that is a model of comfort and attractiveness; the kitchen, with its complete electrical equipment; the pantry, with its plate warmers and other practical conveniences, out through to the garage, which holds an electric vehicle, and many electric conveniences necessary to the autoist's uses—the house is a marvel of complete and efficient economy

The House stands a little back from the street with attractive approaches At the front and rear are pergolas 8 ft. by 10 ft. in size, which, in spring time, will be covered by beautiful climbing vines. The major portion of the house is 34 feet square, which provides for five spacious rooms within 14 ft. by 14 ft. in size. In addition to the rooms already mentioned there is a reception room in the centre of the cottage which makes a fitting entrance for the many guests who will be welcomed there

This House is by no means a "freak." It is a portable house, built by a well known firm in Dover, and transported from the factory on electric trucks to the place of its location in Winchestar. The electric wiring was installed in the sections of this House as it was being put together, so that a few months from now, when the Edison Electric Illuminating Company moves the House to some other of the suburban towns the transfer can be made easily and quickly. After the House was put together it was completely furnished with handsome and luxurious furniture in keeping with the surroundings. The excellent taste that has been shown in selecting the finishings and the furnishings would make this residence a most attractive place, even it there were not the additional features of the electric service.

Few of the appliances that have been installed in the home, and the methods by which electric service will be used, are unique or especially novel; most of them have been in practical use for years—the value of this House as a place of investigation for present and prospective householders lies in the fact that all of the various applications of electric service, and the appliances, are collected here so they can be studied, and their economy discovered in connection with other things. Most people know that electric fans are good, not only to cool a room in the summer, but to distribute the warm air from the radiators, but a great many have never tried the two ways of making an electric fan useful. Most people know that toast made on an electric toaster is the best that can be obtained, and is sweeter and crisper than can be made in any other way, but many people have yet to eat their first piece of electrically made toast. Many people know that dough mixers, meat cutters, egg beaters, ice cream freezers, dish washing machines, little polishing machines and knife sharpeners could be operated in the home electrically and with great convenience, but many have yet to have experience with these things. Most people know that an electric curlingiron heater can be always available in the dressingroom or chamber for the continual comfort and convenience of the hostess or her guests, but many ladies have yet to enjoy curling their hair with electrically heated curlingirons. Most people know the wonderful comfort, safety and convenience of the electric heatingpad It never leaks, will maintain a constant temperature and can be kept at the head of the bed, available for any emergency. A sudden attack of neuralgia, or any illness, even "cold feet," can be corrected promptly by simply putting the heatingpad against the spot where it will do the most good and turning on the current.

All of these things are brought into one delightful display in "The House of Edison Light," and their combined comforts will make those who visit the home happy in thought that the electric day, as well as electric night, is at hand.

The House is under the general supervision of Mr. T. Price Wilson, the well known news dealer, who will devote his entire time to making the people of Winchester welcome there There will be a competent demonstrator to show the practical applications and economies of all the electric appliances, and other attendants will do everything for the complete comfort of visitors.

Last Saturday evening, Dec. 10, 1910, in response to a cordial invitation from Mr. L. D. Gibbs, the courteous and wideawake Superintendent of the Advertising Department of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, the following newspaper men of this vicinity visited and examined, with lively interest, "The House of Edison Light" at Winchester, and listened to entertaining explanations and descriptions by Supt. Gibbs of the wonderful electrical appliances there exhibited

George H. Newcomb, Woburn JOURNAL; James D Haggerty and Albert B Grimes, Woburn *Times*; Charles Porter, Woburn *News*; Theodore P. Wilson, Winchester *Star*; Charles S. Parker, Arlington *Advocate*; John S. Lewis, Stoneham *Enterprise*.

At the close of a pleasant and instructive hour at the House, Supt. Gibbs took his select party of Scribes to Boston where he caused to be served for their delectation an admirable supper, which was keenly enjoyed

The excellent meal finished, Supt. Gibbs taxicabbed his guests to the North Station, where they boarded a B. & M. train and returned to their respective homes

The Editors declared that it was one of the pleasantest functions they ever attended, and that Supt. L. D. Gibbs is a gentleman.

WINCHESTER.

President Taft is seriously considering the appointment of Samuel J. Elder a member of the Common Court.

Mr. Fred B. Jordan's home was burglarized last Sunday afternoon Considerable silverware and jewelry was taken.

Skating on Mystic Lake is all that it is cracked up to be. And are'nt the boys and girls improving it these winter days?

I hear that some of our rich folks are planning to spend the winter in a warmer climate Fine thing to have plenty of money.

I don't suppose it would be possible to stop Arthur from writing for the press for love or money. But isn't he tedious, though!

Let our people keep the great subject of the Grade Crossing red hot. Don't let it die out, for Mercy's sake! It is a grand theme.

The Bachelor Club are preparing to stage in Town Hall, "A Man from Maine" on Jan. 12 It is a fine play, and will draw a crowd.

This town has nearly the requisite population for a city. But it ought'nt to become one very soon. A town government is good enough.

I suppose our people are getting their presents ready for distribution on Christmastide. The stores here are all full of fine Christmas goods.

The Calumet Club have decided to open their holiday series of entertainments on Dec. 20 The Ladies' Night will be held in January.

The Democratic writer of the *Star's* "Observations" don't want the suburban newspapers to say anything about politics Of course not! He's a Growler from Growlerville, and very conceited.

Samuel J. Elder was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Rev. Mrs. Eddy, the Mother or Founder, of the Christian Science Cult, on Dec. 8. He and ex Gov John L. Bates rode in the same carriage.

The Youth's Companion Calendar For 1911.

The publishers of the Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription ($1 75) is paid for 1911 a beautiful Calendar for the new year The picture panel reproduces a water color painting of an old time garden in a flood of summer sunshine, with a background of Lombardy poplars through which one catches a glimpse of distant hills. The picture being in 12 colors, the tones of the original are faithfully reproduced.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Saving Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 14, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Clarence Hill Boyce of Wilmington, Mass. and Gladys May Powell of Providence, R. I.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 11, Elizabeth S., wife of Charles B. Bryant, aged 83 years, 2 days.



Price $4.25
FOR SALE BY
F. G. DAVIS, Electrician,
WOBURN. Tel. 493M
Repair Work a speciality.

WOBURN
Choral Society
Season 1910–1911

FIRST CONCERT
Monday, Dec. 19. 1910
At 8.00 o'clock, P. M.
assisted by Lilla Osgood Crocker, Contralto; Maude H. Littlefield, Violinist.
Lyceum Hall, Woburn
TICKETS 50 Cents.
On sale at Whitcher's Drugstore.

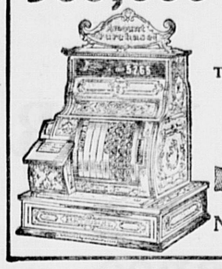
Holiday Gifts That Last

When you purchase a present, select something that will last, or the person receiving it is likely to soon forget the giver. Artistic designs, beautifully finished together with great wearing qualities are combined in the

"1847 Rogers Bros."
(REMEMBER 1847)
SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, Etc.

The "1847" brand has a world-wide reputation as "Silver Plate that Wears," and is sold by all leading dealers. Send to the makers for beautifully illustrated catalogue No. 34
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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Meriden, Conn.

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WHY NOT YOU?



This Register will ENFORCE Records of
CASH CREDIT SALES
AND MONEY PAID OUT
Price NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS
Others from $20 Up. Easy Payments if Desired.
National Cash Register Co. 112 Summer St. Boston, Mass.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue Giving Prices.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Daniel Y. Weldon to Sybil Shaw dated December 1st, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2708, Page 77, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Sybil Shaw Trull (formerly Sybil Shaw) to John G. Maguire by assignment dated December 8, 1910, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on SATURDAY, January 7th, A. D. 1911, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described substantially as follows:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of Plympton street containing five thousand (5000) square feet bounded and described as follows, namely: Beginning at a stake in the northerly side line of said Plympton street at a point where the easterly side line of Scott street intersects said line of Plympton street, from thence the line runs a little north of east by and with said Plympton street fifty (50) feet to a stake; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little west of north by land of Hannah A. P. Plympton et. al. one hundred (100) feet to a stake at the land of said Hannah A. P. Plympton et. al.; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little south of west by land last named fifty (50) feet to a stake at said Scott street; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little east of south by and with said Scott street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Daniel Y. Weldon by Hannah A. P. Plympton et. al., by deed dated October 23d, A. D. 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2320, Page 102.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens if any, thereon. $100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of the undersigned, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., December 14, 1910. 16-23-30

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Amanda Sevrens, Mary Ella Sevrens, Martha Jane Sevrens, Patrick P. Dobbins, George White, Lizzie White and Loammi F. Baldwin of said Woburn; Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, and Frederick Phinney of Wallace, in the State of Idaho; William Alexander Griffith of Quebec, Canada; any heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Mary Jane Mitchell, late of Somerville in the County of Middlesex; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Hattie May Fowle of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded northerly by West street on two lines one hundred eight-four and 45-100 (184.45) feet; westerly partly by land of Amanda Sevrens, Marietta Sevrens and Martha Jane Sevrens one hundred thirty-eight and 35-100 (138.35) feet and partly by land of Patrick P. Dobbins, George White and Lizzie White four hundred eighty two and 45-100 (482.45) feet; southerly by land of Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin one hundred seventy-four and 4-10 (174.4) feet; easterly by other land of said Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin on or near lines as the stone wall now stands four hundred forty-six and 25-100 (446.25) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston in the County of Suffolk, on the ninth day of January, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th accounts of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

29-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
Season opens October third.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.
MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RESUME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Frank McMahon to Lewis W. Thompson dated August 24th, 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2766, Page 100, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G. Maguire by deed dated November 29th, 1910, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on **Tuesday, December 27th, A. D. 1910,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Scott street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southerly line of said Scott street at land of John Wheeler, thence southerly by land of said Wheeler sixty-five and one-half (65½) feet to land of Mrs. Tidd; thence westerly by Mrs. Tidd's land fifty-one (51) feet to land of Lewis W. Thompson; thence northerly by said land of Lewis W. Thompson seventy-seven (77) feet to the southerly line of Scott street; thence easterly by said Scott street, fifty-one (51) feet to the point of beginning. Containing thirty-six hundred (3600) square feet, more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any thereon. A deposit of One Hundred Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., Nov. 30th, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Israel Putnam late of Milford in the County of Hillsborough and State of New Hampshire, deceased, or in the personal property hereinafter described, and to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth.

WHEREAS Arthur L. Keyes appointed executor of the will of said deceased, by the Probate Court for the County of Hillsboro in the State of New Hampshire, has presented to said Court his petition representing that as such executor he is entitled to certain personal property situated in said Commonwealth, to wit: Deposit and interest in Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at Woburn, Mass. and praying that he may be licensed to receive or to sell by public or private sale on such terms and to such person or persons as he shall think fit or otherwise to dispose of, and to transfer and convey such shares and estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at last before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the Tax Commissioner of said Commonwealth fourteen days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

29-16 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms, 397 Main street, Woburn, on TUESDAY, January 10, 1911, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 8, 1910.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9.12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18.32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—¶6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington**, 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m. SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return**—Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Christmas Goods

Broken Candy, 2 lb. boxes		25c.
New Castana Nuts,		15c. lb.
" Filbert "		15 "
" Pecan "		18 "
" Almond "		20 "
" Walnuts		22 "
" Mixed Nuts		18 "
" Dates	8c. lb. 2 lbs.	15c.
" "	1 lb. Pkg.	10c.
" Figs		15c. lb.
Popcorn in Pkg.		10c.
All Ready Plum Pudding		12c. Pkg.
R. & R. " "		25c. Can.
Cranberries		8 lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

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Brownie Camera
— FOR —
Xmas $12.00
Your boy has his eye on it now.

Whitcher's
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Kodaks from $1 to $25.



BEEF DIET
is always allowable. Prime roasts steaks, and beef stews never go out of fashion,
BUY BEEF
and you won't want the services of a doctor but seldom. Long lived people are beef eaters. Get beef of us and you'll have the best at least cost.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

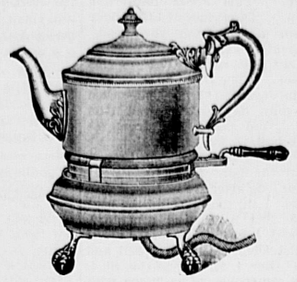
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Are Modern - Practical - Useful.

They Stand for the Latest and Best in Household Comfort.

Last a Life Time
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Cheap to Use
All Prices From $1 up



The Electric Stove and Water Heater or Tea Kettle is a wonderfully Practical Combination. The Stove connects to a Lamp Socket and it can be used with many other Cooking Utensils. The Tea Kettle is, everybody knows, always useful.

Electric Stove and Water Heater, Prices from $4.50 up:

Cost as little as 1-4 of a cent an Hour to Use.

For Sale by All Electrical Supply Dealers and at The Electrical Appliance Exchange, 39 Boylston Street.

No Smoke — No Ashes
Always Ready - Always Steady

EDISON LICHT

LLOYD'S OPERA GLASSES

IMPORTED

Black Moroco $4.50

Pearl 6.50

Catalogue on application

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315 Washington St. 310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St. Boston
and 1252 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge

Boston & Northern Street R.R.
CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Malden Sq at 5.45 AM, then half hourly until 9.45 then hourly until 2.45 PM, then half hourly until 11.15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9.15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return leave Malden Sq for Stoneham Sq at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15, ¶9.45, 10.15, then hourly until 3.15 PM., then half hourly until 11.45. Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11.45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 PM, ¶10.30 ¶11.00, ¶11.30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8.30 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 P M., ¶10.30, ¶11.00, ¶11.30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.30 P M., *11.00 Sunday at 8.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.30 PM., *11.00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Looby, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Patrick H. Lundrigan, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

9-16-23 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

ELECTION RETURNS.

The following is a correct report of the result of the Woburn City Election held on Dec. 13, 1910, for the choice of municipal officers for 1911:

MAYOR

Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Totals
HAROLD P JOHNSON, R	214	287	264	268	104	235	79	1451
HUGH D. MURRAY, D	304	280	263	243	157	122	110	1479

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS

Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Totals
**Michael J. Kennedy, Ward 2, R	290	355	334	322	128	289	108	1826
Michael J. Meagher, Ward 3, D	213	185	162	177	106	49	70	962

ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE

Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Totals
**Jen J. S. Andreason, Ward 5, D	325	337	295	258	174	115	96	1600
**Dennis P. Blake, Ward 7, D	318	270	267	224	142	93	120	1434
**James Boyle, Ward 5, D	285	269	239	199	158	92	90	1332
Chales H. Cadwell, Ward 2, R	172	241	210	223	78	225	80	1229
*Thomas E. Callahan, Ward 2,D	292	302	248	201	138	84	92	1357
**Thomas H. Cannon, Ward 4, D	323	308	278	252	146	86	95	1488
William F. Davis, Jr., Ward 1,R	181	222	213	225	68	229	79	1217
Charles S. Dean, Ward 6, R	172	225	202	225	63	221	76	1184
Jonathan C. Ela, Ward 6, R	157	212	210	216	61	223	68	1047
**Harry A. Jones, Ward 4, R	195	244	247	277	102	231	92	1388
Frederick C. Kean, Ward 1, R	187	231	226	247	72	232	74	1269
C. Walter Marion, Ward 2, R	185	244	205	238	63	217	80	1232
Andrew McHugh, Ward 3, D	279	251	232	181	108	75	74	1200
*John Joseph McHugh, Ward 6,D	295	274	264	226	139	117	90	1405
Charles P. Pollard, Ward 4, R	172	238	213	263	65	221	79	1251
**Frank D. Sullivan, Ward 4, D	329	317	276	257	158	113	103	1553

ALDERMEN FROM WARDS

WARD 1

R. Carlyle Duncan, R	228
*Frank McDevitt, D	274

WARD 2

Charles A. Greenleaf, R	232
*J. Fred Maloney, D	321

WARD 3

James C. Hearn, R	181
**William H. Henchey, D	335

WARD 4

*William G. Kelley, D	242
C. Bertrand Strout, R	241

WARD 5

**James H. Corrigan, D	142
Edwin P Mock, R	115

WARD 6

*Walter C. Merchant, R	273

WARD 7

John Cummings, R	48
*James J. Geary, D	136

SCHOOL COMMITTEE Women Votes		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Charles C. Clarke	Democratic	72	65	86	65	37	20	29	374
William W. Crosby	Republican	103	128	125	151	22	115	27	671
Leon L. Dorr	Ind. Cit.—Dem.	38	41	63	63	36	25	14	278
H. Josephine Hayward	Republican	92	117	123	135	23	111	27	628
Elizabeth Lane Keleher	Democratic	85	67	77	68	38	19	26	380
A. Wilbur Parker	Republican	95	120	120	154	21	117	26	653
Defective		3	1	0	3	0	3	1	11
Blanks		55	49	39	35	3	10	27	218

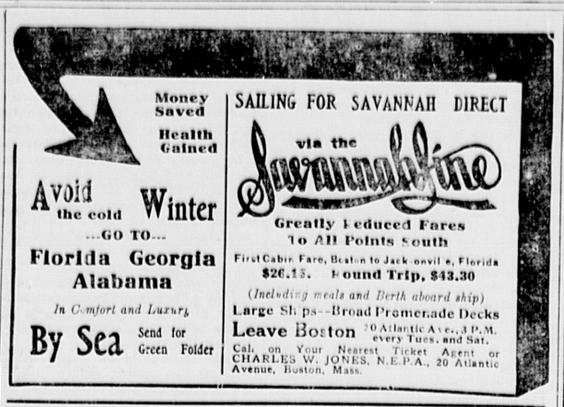
SCHOOL COMMITTEE Men Votes									
Charles C. Clarke	Democratic	345	327	313	256	178	125	104	1648
William W. Crosby	Republican	178	236	214	243	75	227	78	1251
Leon L. Dorr	Ind. Cit—Dem.	254	253	225	198	116	96	71	1213
H. Josephine Hayward	Republican	160	217	198	230	76	214	68	1163
Elizabeth Lane Keleher	Democratic	335	313	279	224	167	85	98	1501
A. Wilbur Parker	Republican	145	210	186	232	64	226	67	1130
Defective		0	9	0	6	0	3	1	19
Blanks		167	172	193	174	128	128	92	1054

SCHOOL COMMITTEE Total Votes									
Charles C. Clarke	Democratic	417	392	399	321	215	145	133	2022
William W. Crosby	Republican	281	364	339	394	97	342	105	1922
Leon L. Dorr	Ind. Cit,—Dem.	292	294	288	259	152	121	85	1491
H. Josephine Hayward	Republican	252	334	321	365	99	325	95	1791
Elizabeth Lane Keleher	Democratic	420	380	356	292	205	104	124	1881
A. Wilbur Parker	Republican	240	330	306	386	85	343	93	1783

LICENSE

Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Totals
Yes	239	239	205	182	135	113	83	1196
*No	270	321	318	327	120	241	98	1695

*Elected **Re-elected Majority for "NO" 499



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READING THE FLASHES.

Lighthouses Are Open Books to the Experienced Mariner.

Passengers are generally astonished when on a dark night they hear the ship's officer remark to another, "There's Egg rock," or "Crabtree ledge," or "Beaver Tail," as the case may be, naming some headland or shoal along the coast. The landlubber strains his eyes, and far away there appears from time to time a flash of light, red or white. As these flashes seem to the passenger exactly like those from hundreds of other lighthouses, he is astonished at the officer's assurance.

It is really a very easy matter to distinguish the American lighthouses and lightships, of which there are about 1,300 along the Atlantic and gulf coasts if one is possessed of a copy of the code issued by the lighthouse board. Every light is known by the fixed light, the duration of flash, the length of the eclipse or the number of flashes shown in groups. No lighthouses within a hundred miles of each other are ever similar in these particulars. For instance, one guidepost of the sea may flash a white light every fifteen seconds, never varying, while the next flashes a red light every five seconds. The third may be an alternate red and white flash, with intervals of ten seconds between the flashes, and so on. The audible fog signals are identified by the time between the blasts of the siren and the continuance of the blast.

Flashing lights are preferred to fixed lights for the reason that a fixed light might be confused with some other light on shore. Only white and red lights are considered desirable in lighthouses, since it has been found that the rays from lights of other colors cannot be seen at so great a distance. There is but one green light—a fixed one—on the Atlantic coast.—Harper's Weekly.

Something to Interest Him.

It was the evening when her weekly caller always made his appearance. "I wish I had something new and entertaining to show him," said the girl to her mother.

"If you'd only mentioned it in time," said her father, "I'd have brought home my account book with the dry goods, millinery, stationery and confectionery bills for the last three months all itemized and balanced. I'll venture to say that would entertain him."—Youth's Companion.

A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tail run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is sold as a pet, not for children, but to adults, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes $25 to $50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

Cleaned Them Out.

First Girl—Was your bazaar a great success? Second Girl—I should think so. All the gentlemen had to walk home. They hadn't even a penny in their pockets to pay their tram fares.—London Tit-Bits.

How It Is.

"How is it, if Love is blind, that we hear of love at first sight?"

"It is after love at first sight occurs that Love usually goes blind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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BURNT CORK.

The Paste Used by Minstrel Performers When "Blacking Up."

The popular impression as to the application of burnt cork by minstrel performers and actors in general is that it is rubbed on the face and hands of the player from a cork whose end is charred in a convenient gas jet. This impression is, however, incorrect. The burnt cork used by minstrels and others is the product of the theatrical "paint factories," just as is any other cosmetic or pigment employed by the profession.

One house makes it in the following manner: The corks are placed in three tin vessels, resembling wash boilers, with holes punched in their sides and bottom. Alcohol is sprinkled over the corks, and they are "fired." When the corks have been properly charred they are placed in muslin sacks, which are kneaded in barrels of water. This operation forces the powdered charcoal through the sacks into the water.

When all the charred corks have been worked through the sacks into the water in this way the water is drained through a close canvas sack, and what remains in that sack is ready for the performers. The stuff is put up in cans, from which, when the minstrel is ready to "black up," he takes a little of the black paste in his hands and applies it to his face, neck and sometimes his hands.—New York Herald.

A CURIOUS BIRD.

The Crested Hoactzin When Hatched Has Four Legs.

The crested hoactzin of British Guiana is the only survivor of a certain race of birds most of which are now known only as fossils. The hoactzin inhabits the most secluded forests of South America, and its survival beyond its congeners is doubtless owing to its retiring habits and to the fact that it feeds on wild arum leaves, which give its flesh a most offensive flavor, rendering it unfit for food.

The chief peculiarity of the hoactzin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well developed legs. The young birds leave the nest and climb about like monkeys over the adjoining limbs and look more like tree toads than birds.

The modification of the fore limbs begins at once after hatching, when the claws of the digits fall off and the whole clawlike hand begins to flatten and become wing shaped. Feathers soon appear, and before full growth is reached not a vestige remains of the original character.

The adult birds not only have no claws upon their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds.—London Tit-Bits.

Tung Po and Teamaking.

There is but one way of making tea, for—

Unless the water boiling be
To pour on water spoils the tea.

The teapot itself should be heated very hot before the tea is placed in it and the boiling water poured on. It should be scalding hot water or the leaves will float to the top.

No less authority than Tung Po, the Chinese poet, is quoted for a recipe for teamaking. He says: "Whenever tea is to be infused take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water, boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is said to be best and river water the next, while well water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear, bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion do not boil the water too hastily. At first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes, and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable springing and waving about. This is the way to boil water."

"Touch Not the Queen."

Under this title a Paris journal professes to give an account of the tragic death of the queen of Siam, who was as greatly loved as her consort. Some years ago her majesty was boating with ladies of the court in a lake in the gardens of the palace at Bangkok. The boat overturned, and the queen could not swim. She was surrounded by numerous personages who could have saved her life, but no one has the right to extend the hand upon the queen. The king alone could have held her up and prevented her from sinking, and he was nowhere at hand. Respectfully the court allowed the queen to drown.

Chippendale's Own.

"Is it genuine Chippendale?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"But this looks like a crack right across"—

"Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called the men out."—London Punch.

The Other Was Important.

"Two great desires of my life have been gratified. One was to go up in an airship."

"And the other?"

"To get safely back to earth."—Exchange.

A Real Pretty Excuse.

Bessie's Mother—Bessie, did you let that Mr. Snuggle have a kiss? Bessie—Yes, mamma. He said it would be a goodby kiss, and I was just dead anxious to have him go.—Puck.

The judicious reader of judicious advertisements always gets more than his money's worth.—Florida Times-Union.

If you wish for anything which belongs to another you lose that which is your own.—Epictetus.

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Was It a Wraith?

It Brought a Smell of the Sea and Seaweed With a Letter

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Kate Langdon was a character. Not especially pretty, she had a way with her that first attracted people's attention, then won them. Some said she was very deep, others that she was a simple child of nature. She was certainly reckless. She would flirt with several men at a time without heeding the consequences and when cornered would, if possible, dodge them all by flight, leaving them to settle the matter among themselves.

And so it was that some blamed her. Others defended her, but all were amused by her. It was very interesting to see a middy come upon the edge of the vortex, get drawn in, drop out, giving place perhaps to a fellow middy, perhaps to an officer. Whether the girl realized the wrong she was often doing, whether she was unconscious of it or whether she had no appreciation of the tenderness of men's hearts, certain it is that she never seemed either ashamed of her conquests or proud of them. Indeed, she gave every evidence that she regretted them.

A fine field for such girls is either the West Point or Annapolis academy, where young men are trained for the army or navy. Kate Langdon the year of the breaking out of the Spanish-American war visited the Naval academy as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lyall, the wife of one of the professors. She hadn't been there a week before she had half a dozen cadets "by the ears."

In the class to be graduated the following spring were two young men, Hector Peckham and Leslie Holt. Both met Kate Langdon, and both fell violently in love with her. In the government academies the standard of honor is very high. Neither of the cadets would take the slightest advantage of the other, but neither could find out which was really the favored one. Nor were they ever sure but that one of several other cadets might not after all carry off the prize.

Peckham finally won. Kate gave him her heart and, to the surprise of every one, gave him the whole of it. There were a number of disappointments in consequence of this victory, the most serious of which was Leslie Holt. Kate had given him a great deal of encouragement and for some time after she came to a decision hadn't the heart to break with him. When it finally came out that Peckham had won, Holt went to see her to ask if the news were true. She confessed, and he told her that she had wrecked his life.

Young men have said this before to young women, to marry some other and live happily. Some have remained single, cherishing their idol in their hearts, to meet that idol when past middle age and find it demolished. Holt so long as he lived—he did not live long—never recovered from his infatuation. The words he used at his last meeting with Kate Langdon made the first change in her. By them her light, gladsome nature received its first sobering.

Meanwhile the Cuban war was coming on, and ships and munitions were being hurriedly put in condition for war. And the cadets, too, were being hurried on in their academic course, to be graduated as soon as hostilities commenced.

The following spring Peckham and Holt were graduated and assigned to a war vessel sailing for Cuba. Peckham and Kate were married before he sailed. The wedding was notable from the number of disappointed young men in attendance. But every man of them swore by the bride and considered the groom the luckiest man that had ever wooed woman.

Kate, having joined the navy matrimonially, felt at home at a naval station, and her aunt, who adored her, invited her to remain with her indefinitely. So Kate stayed where she would be in touch with her husband far more than at home. That was an exciting summer. First came news of the fight in Manila bay, then the entrance of the Spanish Admiral Cervera's fleet into Cuban waters, its attempt to escape and its destruction.

Peckham and Holt went through this last fight, and when it was over the latter officer was ordered to the command of a small supply boat and directed to sail for the Brooklyn navy yard.

"Can I do anything for you at home?" he asked of Peckham.

"Nothing, unless you will take a letter for my wife. You can mail it as soon as you get to Brooklyn."

"With pleasure," replied Holt.

Peckham wrote a short note to his wife and gave it to Holt.

"The trap I'm to command is not very seaworthy," said the latter. "If I meet a big blow I may not get through. But I promise you, Hector, that your wife shall have the letter."

Peckham hoped that his friend would get through safely, and they parted.

One morning young Mrs. Peckham was sitting in her room at Annapolis reading accounts of the naval fight off Cuba—she had read them many times before—when a draft blew open the door and there came into the room a strong smell of the sea. Standing before the opening was Leslie Holt, pale and exhausted.

"Why, Mr. Holt!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham.

Without a word he handed her a letter. Thinking it to be from her husband or that it might bring her bad news from him, her attention was momentarily turned from its bearer to the letter. It bore evidence of having been wet. A dampness clung to it, and the letters of the superscription had run together. She tore it open and read it. It was simply an announcement that the writer was well, had suffered nothing in the recent engagement and hoped before many weeks to return to her. Having satisfied herself that it boded no harm to the man she loved, she turned to its bearer. He was not there.

Thinking that what had passed between them before her marriage had led him to go away without even having been thanked, she tossed the letter on a table and ran out into the hall to stop him. Not finding him in the hall, she went out on to the porch. He was not there nor was he anywhere to be seen, though there was nothing for some distance to obstruct her vision.

"Strange!" she said to herself and returned to her room, a fear coming over her that the affair was in some way connected with a misfortune to her husband. Going to the table, she was about to snatch up the letter when she saw that it was not where she had put it. Looking on the floor for it, she did not find it.

"I'm sure something has happened to Hector," she moaned. "Leslie Holt slipped away on purpose so that he wouldn't have to say anything to me about it. But how pale he looked and how exhausted."

Thinking a draft might have blown the letter off the table, she looked about until she saw something of a light brownish color in a corner. Sure that it was the letter, which had been discolored, she seized it. What was her surprise to find a seaweed.

There was something so uncanny in all this that she was now thoroughly frightened. Dropping the seaweed, she put both hands to her temples in an effort to regain her equanimity. Then, rushing out of the room, she ran into her aunt and sank in a swoon.

Ten minutes later Dr. Coggswell, medical officer at the academy, was called to Professor Lyall's quarters. He found Mrs. Peckham lying on a bed in a high state of nervous excitement. Mrs. Lyall told the doctor, before he saw the patient, the story her niece had told her, and he did not permit the invalid to go over it again. He said that the expectation for a long while that her husband would at any time participate in a naval engagement and the excitement attending the recent fight had been a strain upon her nerves that had produced hallucination. He prescribed a sedative and left directions that she was to be kept quiet.

But Mrs. Peckham did not recover from the strain as soon as was expected. And one morning something occurred to give her a terrible back set. A telegram from Key West appeared in a morning paper stating that a little naval tender, commanded by Leslie Holt, had been wrecked on one of the keys and all on board had been lost.

Mrs. Lyall kept this news from her niece as long as she dared, hoping the invalid would gain strength and there would be less danger in communicating it to her. Finally, fearing that Kate might hear it from others, she told her of young Holt's death.

If anything was needed to complete the conviction that the wraith of the man who had told her she had wrecked his life had visited her, the announcement of his death supplied it. A subsequent letter, however, from Peckham served to lighten the blow. Kate felt that the matter had no reference to her husband; it was between her and Leslie Holt. She considered it a punishment for having trifled with him and brooded and brooded, and all efforts on the part of her friends to convince her that there was nothing in it except a creation of her own brain under a nervous strain were fruitless.

In time Peckham came north, and it was hoped that his presence would lift the cloud that hung over his wife. It helped her, but did not cure her. She went about as before, but how changed! "What a sad sight is Mrs. Peckham," said one of the men with whom she had trifled—one of the older ones, an officer. The matter proves the innocence of her action when so many of us were attentive to her. Wicked people are not remorseful. The tender consciences are usually to be found in innocence. Had she been a heartless, a wicked flirt, the fact that she had wrecked a man's life would have pleased her. Instead of this, his telling her that she had wrecked his life wrecked hers. He should not have said such a thing to her, and he would not have said it had he been older and realized the effect it would have on her.

It is a decade since this shock came to Mrs. Peckham, and, although it has somewhat worn away, it has left its effects. She is still beloved, for at heart she is the same innocent woman, though very different from the days of her girlhood. Every one except herself refers the visit of the wraith to a shock coming from overstrained nerves. She would as soon doubt her existence as doubt the reality of the visit. After sufficiently recovering to talk about it she declared that she not only smelled the salt air of the sea, but saw Leslie Holt standing before her—not lifelike, it is true, because he was very pale, and he had the appearance of having been in the water. The only thing to prove her position was the letter she received and the seaweed, but that disappeared during her first shock and never was recovered.

A Pleasant Farewell.

A local minister had had a serious time in fighting the saloon element in his own town and had not been backed up in his efforts by the members of his own church. This, with other troubles, had led to his resignation, and in announcing his departure at his farewell sermon he said: "I am going to do something the devil has never done. I am going to leave C."—Argonaut.

Greatly Improved.

Mrs. Mater—Have you seen Mr. Dater's son since he got home from college? Daughter—Yes, ma; saw him last night. Mrs. M.—Has he improved much? Daughter—Awfully. He's got a mustache.

Did You?

Did you ever whistle merrily as you combed your hair on the morning after the night before?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Red Shirt.

The origin of the "red shirt"—worn as a blouse by English women in the sixties, when Garibaldi was a popular idol throughout Great Britain—is sufficiently curious. When the celebrated filibuster was warring in the South American republics he was anxious to obtain a distinctive and, above all, economical uniform for his followers. He learned that a local dry goods store had an immense "job lot" of these garments, worn by the "saladeros," or cattle slaughterers, of the great South American cities. The "bargain sale" appealed eloquently to the leader's purse, and he led his men to victory in the butchers' shirts, which are now the accepted emblem of the "risorgomiento" of United Italy.—London Globe.

Many Sided Kicks of the Camel.

A camel's hind legs will reach anywhere—over his head, round his chest and on to his hump. Even when lying down an evil disposed animal will shoot out his legs and bring you to a sitting posture if he wants to. Compared with a camel, a mule is really a most considerate kicker, so beware when the camel looks as if he is going to kick.—New York World.

Queer Skirts In Yap.

In the "Island of Stone Money," Dr. W. H. Furniss tells of the female fashions of the natives of Yap, the most westerly of the Caroline islands, and expresses wonder that the women are so rarely burned to death.

"In the first place, their skirts are composed of four or five layers of dried leaves and strips of bast and are so voluminous and distended that they stand out all around the body, outrivaling the old fashioned hoopskirts. Even when sitting down the women are surrounded by a mound of veritable tinder. In the second place, they are forever striking matches to light their cigarettes; nay, worse even, they carry about with them, for the sake of economy, the glowing husk of a cocoanut, and neither to matches nor husk do they give the slightest heed, striking the one recklessly over their own skirts or absentmindedly resting the other against the skirts of their neighbor. Yet in spite of this utter recklessness never did I see a skirt catch fire. One month at longest is the life of a woman's dress; then the old skirt is burned and a brand new one plaited, with no tedious fittings at the dressmaker's nor depressing bills to pay."

Use Short Words.

Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthermost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity.

Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoetic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage.—Life.

A Shock For Tennyson.

If any one asked Holman Hunt about persons he would tell delightful frank anecdotes concerning, maybe, the great men he knew and loved and measured exactly. He liked a spice of fun in everything, too, and his face beamed as he described a walk with Tennyson he had lately taken. They heard footsteps behind, and the great man frowned. "How they dog us, Hunt! How shall we escape them?"

"Just sit on the stile till they pass," said the matter of fact artist. They did so, and two lads in knickerbockers marched by swinging their sticks and not even turning their heads. Tennyson was chapfallen.

"Do you know, Hunt," he said, "I do not think they know who I am."

"Very likely, my dear Tennyson, and they would not even know if you told them!"—"Recollections of Holman Hunt" in London Academy.

Provided For In Advance.

A playwright in an interview in New York said that without attention to the minutest details theatrical success could rarely be attained.

"And yet," he added, smiling, "even this grand virtue of attention to details may be carried to excess. Thus a certain playwright said at rehearsal to his leading man:

"'Now, remember, John, after you speak this line, "Helen, I will save you though I perish," pause and wait for the applause.'

"But the leading man sneered and answered cynically:

"'How do you know there'll be any applause?'

"'That is my business, not yours, John,' the playwright answered with calm confidence." —Washington Star.

What the World Lost.

"It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartun.—Chicago Tribune.

Manners Versus Mannerism.

There's a vast difference between manners and mannerism. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gargles it. Manners says, "Parss the buttah, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters, "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Contest.

"All men," said the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"They are that," replied Mr. Rafferty. "But they don't stay equal after they're big enough to get together in the schoolyard."—Washington Star.

Commendable Caution.

"My son, remember this—marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man."

"I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—Cleveland Leader.

Dear at the Price.

McClubber—The footpad said "Money or your life!" so I gave him $2. Mrs. McClubber—Huh! You're always getting stuck, Billy!—Puck.

Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing.—Johnson.

An Accommodating Man.

"You see," said the old farmer as he measured out the green tomatoes to the grocer, "I brought along my spade by accident, but it was a good thing I did."

"Wagon get stuck in the road?" was asked.

"Oh, no! I was coming along about a mile back when I saw a feller in a field. He had a crooked stick in his hand, and a little boy with other crooked sticks was following him along. The man was knocking a wooden ball along the ground.

"'Hello,' says I as I stopped.

"'Hello yourself.'

"'What you doing?'

"'Holing a ball in the ninth.'

"'Hard work, hain't it?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then let me help you a little. Nothing mean about me.'

"And I grabbed the spade, climbed the fence and dug that ninth hole out till it was as big as a bar'l, and the feller laid right down and rolled over and over and laughed so much he couldn't find words to thank me."—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

THE WEREWOLVES.

Fantastic Story of a Sixteenth Century Tragedy.

John of Nuremberg relates how a man, lost at night in a strange country, directed his steps toward a fire that he saw before him. On reaching it he found a wolf sitting enjoying its warmth and was informed by him that he was really as human as himself, but that he was compelled for a certain number of years, like all his countrymen, to assume the shape of a wolf.

A strange country, indeed, where wolves when the evenings grow chilly light a fire and in the comfort of its ruddy glow are found ready to entertain the passing traveler with their conversation!

Olaus Magnus in the early part of the sixteenth century tells us a story of a nobleman and his retinue who lost their way in journeying through a wild forest and presently found themselves hopelessly foodless and shelterless. In the urgency of their need one of the servants disclosed to him in confidence that he had the power of turning himself at will into a wolf and doubted not but that, if his master would kindly excuse him for a while, he would be able to find the party some provision. Permission being given, the man disappeared into the forest under semblance of a wolf and very quickly returned with a lamb in his mouth and then, having fulfilled his mission, resumed his human form.

In Auvergne in 1588 a nobleman in returning from the chase was stopped by a stranger, who told him that he had been furiously attacked by a savage wolf, but had been fortunate enough to save himself by slashing off one of his fore paws. This he produced as a trophy, when, to the astonishment of both, it was found to have become the delicate hand of a lady. The nobleman felt so sure that he recognized a ring upon it that he hurried to the castle and there found his wife sitting with her arm tied up, and on removing the wrappers he hand was missing. She had to stand her trial as a loup-garou and, being convicted, perished at the stake.—Hulme's "Lore and Legend."

A TURBULENT VOLCANO.

The Boiling Hot Pools of Taal, In the Philippines.

The central or main crater of Taal is nearly round. Its diameter on an air line north and south is 6,233 feet and the east-west diameter 7,546 feet. The edge of this crater is somewhat irregular, but is nowhere broken through, its highest point standing at only 1,050 feet above sea level and its lowest at 426 feet.

Within the rim are two hot pools, known respectively as the yellow and the green lake, and a little active cone above fifty feet in height from which escape steam and sulphurous gas in varying quantities.

In the smaller lake every few minutes the water in the center is blown up like an immense bubble, which, rising above the surface, finally bursts, revealing a black orifice and causing the boiling and very turbulent water to assume all imaginable colors. The aqueous vapor escaping is sufficient to form a broad, smokelike column which is visible especially during the night and in the early morning.

At some distance and before reaching the edge of the crater, where a view of the bottom can be obtained, the rumbling sound produced by the escaping vapor, under the influence of the mysterious subterranean forces, can be heard like that of an immense boiling kettle.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754. The eruption began on May 13 and did not end till Dec. 1. During this dreadful time the intensity and aspect of the eruption were continually changing, and the four principal towns of the laguna of Bombon disappeared—viz, Sala, Lipa, Tanauan and Taal, with the numerous villages around them.—Manila Times.

Pasteur's Revenge.

In Vallery-Radot's "Life of Pasteur" we read the story of his misery. It is nothing to say that the war nearly broke his heart. But it broke neither his faith nor the straight line of his work. Only a sort of rage possessed him to redeem and console France by working for her. "Henceforth," he said, "every one of my books shall have written on it these words, 'Revenge, revenge, revenge.'" And this was his revenge, to set the name of France in the honors list of science higher than ever, to give the rest of his life to her service and to wear himself out for her sake.

After a Fashion.

Reporter—Senator, if I mistake not, your name has been mentioned once or twice in connection with the presidency.

Senator Lotsmun—Why, yes; a London journal, I believe, once remarked that if the office of president of the United States was for sale I would probably buy it.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Guarded.

"Wuz yew guarded in yore conduct while yew wuz in teown, son?" asked the old man.

"Shore thing, dad," replied the boy. "I wuz guarded by two perlicemen most uv th' time."—Chicago News.

Chorus Cowed the Cow.

"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."

"How did it work?"

"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Pittsburg Post.

Watch for opportunities. Things are best done in season.

When our hatred is too bitter it places us below those whom we hate. —Rochefoucauld.

A Great Cannibal Feast.

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in "The New Guinea:" "In 1858 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island, New Guinea. The officers escaped in boats, but were never afterward heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the mainland and every now and then carried away a few of them to eat until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 18, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxviii, 1-20. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text Matt. xxviii, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Those who know nothing of a risen Christ know nothing of faith or forgiveness of sins or life eternal and have no gospel to believe or preach (I Cor. xv, 14-19). It was the one great topic of Peter and Paul in all their preaching. "This Jesus hath God raised up." "The Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead." "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus." "Him God raised up the third day and showed Him openly." "God raised Him from the dead" (Acts ii, 24, 32; iii, 15, 26; iv, 10, 33; v, 30; x, 40; xiii, 23, 30, 33; Rom. i, 4). Hear the Lord Himself to John in Patmos long after He had ascended, "Fear not. I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, amen, and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i, 17, 18). In Col. iii, 1, believers are spoken of as "risen with Christ" and are exhorted to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

After He died Joseph of Arimathaea went to Pilate and asked for His body, and he and Nicodemus took it and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, with about 100 pounds weight of spices, and laid it in Joseph's new tomb and rolled a great stone to the door and departed. The women from Galilee, having seen where His body was laid, returned and prepared spices with which to anoint His body when the Sabbath should have passed and rested the Sabbath day. Was there ever a gloomier Sabbath to any believers? He in whom they had trusted as their Messiah, to whom they had lovingly ministered, for whom they had forsaken all, had been taken from them and crucified by the authorities as a wicked person, and now they were in great darkness, without any hope, for they looked not for His resurrection. "Having no hope and without God in the world" (Eph. ii, 12) is the condition of so many religious people today because they know not a risen Christ.

The first day of the week having come, they are found very early at the tomb to do what they had purposed for His dead body, but the tomb is open, the stone rolled away, and there is nobody to anoint, for as the angel from heaven said to the women: "Ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said." Mary Magdalene, who came with the other women, seems to have run to tell Peter and John as soon as she saw that the tomb was open and the body gone. While she was gone the other women saw the angels and heard their message and went to tell the other disciples. Peter and John ran to the tomb, and, having seen for themselves that it was empty, the linen clothes lying just as when the body was in them, they went away again unto their own home (John xx, 3-10). Mary Magdalene returned to the tomb and stood weeping; then, stooping down and looking in, she saw two angels and heard them say, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Even as they spoke to her I think that she saw them looking beyond her, and, turning around, she saw a man whom she supposed to be the gardener, who also said to her: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" But not until He called her by name did she recognize Him. Thus He appeared first to Mary Magdalene even before He had ascended to the Father (John xx, 16-17) in His resurrection body. As she went to tell that she had seen Him He, having ascended and returned, met the other women and allowed them to hold Him by the feet and worship Him (verse 9). Part of the angel's message to the women was, "Go your way; tell His disciples and Peter" (Mark xvi, 7), the only one mentioned specially by name. Some time, somewhere, on that day He appeared to Peter alone (Luke xxiv, 34). In the afternoon He appeared to the two who walked to Emmaus, and He walked with them and opened to them the Scriptures. In the evening He appeared to ten of them (Thomas being absent), comforted them, showed them His hands and His feet and ate a piece of broiled fish and honeycomb before them (Luke xxiv, 36-43). Thus He appeared five times on that day, and we know that He appeared on at least five other occasions during those forty days. "He shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts i, 3).

At the end of the forty days, having commanded them to wait in Jerusalem till He should send them the Holy Spirit, He visibly ascended from the Mount of Olives, and when He shall come again to that same mount, bringing His saints with Him, Israel shall receive Him, and He will set up His kingdom (Acts i, 10-12; Zech. xiv, 4, 5, 9). Our commission during His absence is to be His witnesses in the power of His Spirit, in all the world, in the consciousness of His presence and the manifestation of His power, that from all nations may be gathered His body, the church, that so He may come again (Acts i, 8; Matt. xxviii, 18-20; Acts iii, 19-21).

How to Eat Leather.

The infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places at Panama and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they once experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner by their own necessity, as the pirates did. For these first took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

THE TURKISH BATH

A Victim's Story of the Real Thing In Its Native Land.

WELL MAULED AND SCRAPED.

He Was Kneaded, Plucked, Turned Over and Walked Upon and Then Scrubbed as Though He Were a Kitchen Floor.

The tourist who wanders about Stamboul will from time to time come on domed buildings of all sizes which might be taken for mosques but that they seem to have no fountains and no minarets. From some place, such as the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Sulayman, where their roofs may be overlooked, it will be seen that the low domes are often of a peculiar salmon pink color and always covered with glass bullseyes. These are the real Turkish baths.

Quite apart from the ceremonial wash before prayer, Islam, which considers cleanliness not so much next to godliness as a part of godliness itself, ordains a periodical scrub all over. And the Turk, unlike the sodden west, never sits in hot water, but prefers a hot room, a tap and a basin as a minimum and a shampooer and a flesh glove if he can afford such luxuries.

One enters, as in the west, into the cooling room, generally a high domed room with many galleries around, a marble floor and a fountain, and before going to a private room or, if the bath is to be done on the cheap, to a place on the big common sofas one exchanges dirty boots for slipshod heeless slippers. Watch and valuables may be left under the care of the cooling room attendant, who superintends the process of undressing, winds a loin cloth around one and throws a primrose towel over one's shoulders. Before crossing the floor of the cooling room the slippers are again exchanged for wooden clogs, wherein the novice walks like Agag, delicately, in fear of a fall, till he learns to imitate the speed of the bath men by abandoning all attempts to walk and executing a fast shuffle.

The outer hot room, at about the temperature of an English shampooing room, is a very secondary affair. One stays there for a little, still clothed in the primrose towel, reclining on a distant imitation of a bed, drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette, perhaps watching a couple of shampooers amusing themselves by a wrestling bout. The customer and the shampooer wear the same type of loin cloth, an elaborate check of red and yellow that may be seen any day in the streets on an apron worn by the Albanian sellers of chestnuts or sweetmeats.

If that cigarette is finished come into the inner room, heavy with damp heat, the real bath. The attendant pulls off the shoulder towel and opens the door, a heavy wooden affair, kept shut by a counterweight, whose banging is not the least characteristic noise in the bath. Inside is a large square domed room. Innumerable bullseyes in the dome admit the light, which the whitewashed walls reflect, making a light and airy effect. On the great square slab in the middle they have placed a towel and a pillow, and here one lies, leaving the clogs on the floor.

Round the room, screened from one another by dwarf walls, are a row of marble basins, and here may be seen all classes—such is the democracy of Islam—from the army officer to the day laborer, whose shaved head oddly suggests a tonsure. The poorer classes do not indulge in the luxury of massage. They come for a wash only and often bring their own soap for economy's sake. It is not uncommon to see two of them scrubbing one another by turns.

Presently, unbidden, the shampooer mounts the slab and squats beside his victim. Most of his work consists in kneading the flesh rather than the long, heavy strokes of an English masseur. But when the customer is turned on his face the masseur becomes more energetic. He plucks the skin on each side of the spine, walks up and down on the back and strenuously gathers up arms and legs into curious bone breaking knots regardless of the grunts of the stiff jointed west. A final super-Gordian knot and the clapping of his hands show that it is over.

The customer, as soon as he can collect limbs which seem to have been pulled clean off him, adjourns to one of the basins and is rubbed with a rough glove to take off the old skin. Then the man brings a battered metal bowl ("old bowl, old bath," is the Turkish proverb for "the old, old story") with soap and a lather wisp of "lyf" (Mecca palm fiber, and scrubs conscientiously for some ten minutes, working with the abandon of a zealous housemaid on a floor, forgetful apparently that the object he is scrubbing is flesh and blood.

Finally he pours warm water from the bowl to wash away the last of the soapsuds and, if the bath is a large and up to date one, conducts his well scrubbed victim to a cold douche.

Drying takes place in the outer hot room, sundry loin cloths and towels are wrapped about the body, a small towel makes a turban for the head and clean clogs are produced for the feet, which have been dried with great—sometimes inconveniently great—care. A loud clapping of hands announces that the process is over, and the three or four Turks who seem always to be doing nothing zealously in the room crowd round to wish one good health. —London Globe.

Hopeless.

Pat—I say, Mick, I'm very hard up. Can you lind me the loan of a pound?

Mick—Sure, Pat, to tell yer the thruth, I haven't a bob on me. Every penny I get I give to my poor old mother.

Pat—Be jabers, Mick, I've just been talking to yer mother, and she tells me ye never give her a farthing.

Mick—Oh, well, Pat, if I don't give my poor old mother a farthing, what sort of a chance have you got of getting any?—London Mail.

Why They Got the Freedom of the City

Extracts from old records, showing how people had earned the honor in former days, were read at Canterbury by Alderman Mason when the mayor and ex-mayor were granted the freedom of the city. One citizen received the freedom for "undertaking to serve as cook at every mayor's Michaelmas feast," another "because he cured Nicholas Johnson's leg" and a third "because he married a widow with a large family."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.32, 6.52 a. m., and every 20 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 20 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 20 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 20 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.33 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 9.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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An Inquisitive Scot.

Scotchmen are fond of an argument and delight to find flaws in an opponent's logic. Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening and quoted from Genesis, "Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Aye, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade, "but wha made the spades?"

A Carlyle View.

Carlyle compared the advance of the world to the progress of some drunken man who, reeling from one side of the street to the other, slowly and at the expense of much wasted effort finally arrives at his destination.

Cutting.

Maud—Mr. Brownleigh tries to flirt with every pretty girl he sees. Ethel—I've seen him try to flirt with you too. —Boston Transcript.

Severe Punishment.

Belle—And did you make her eat her own words? Beulah—Eat 'em? I made her Fletcherize 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.—Syrus.

The power of applying attention to a single subject is the sure mark of a superior genius.—Chesterfield.

Anger is a stone cast into a wasps nest.—Malabar Proverb.

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24	City Almshouse.
2o	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
28	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
29	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
2b	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
3b	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
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46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
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59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.50, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 / 6.30 p.m.

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Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
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A Fight on The Eaglet

Story of an American Privateer

By LOUISE LA ROSS

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The American privateer Eaglet cruising off Nova Scotia captured a British merchantman, Ellen Boyne, but the Eaglet's captain, not finding her cargo of sufficient value to make it worth his while to tow her into port or being prevented from doing so by the proximity of British cruisers, decided to burn her. The crew of the Boyne were taken aboard the Eaglet and a few days later were put ashore not far from Halifax.

When it became known what was to be done with them one of the Englishmen stepped up to the Eaglet's captain and said to him:

"I would like to join your crew, captain. I don't care much what flag I sail under. I've been a soldier in the British army, but deserted to get rid of a sergeant's wife who wanted to get me tangled up with her. Thus I took to the sea, and here I am. If I go ashore I might be recognized, for the regiment I deserted from is at Halifax. Besides, I would rather remain afloat."

"You don't look rugged enough to breast ocean storms," replied the captain, eying the youthful figure of the man, whose eyes were blue, hair flaxen and on whose rosy cheeks not the slightest sign of a beard had yet appeared. "How old are you?"

The man hesitated, then said that he didn't know; he had never known his parents and never had been told his age. "I can fight, captain," he added. "In the army I learned sword and bayonet exercise."

"What's your name?"

"Ralph Bronson."

"Well, you may stay with us if you like."

Ralph Bronson, leaving the captain, went straight to one of the American sailors and, with a pleased expression, said to him:

"It's all right, Jack; I'm to be one of you."

"Well, Ralph," replied the other, "since you don't wish to go I'm glad you're permitted to join us."

From the moment Ralph Bronson had come aboard the Eaglet he had striven to make friends with Jack Drury. Drury had neither encouraged nor repulsed the youngster's proffered friendship. The two were very different, Ralph being delicately organized, while Jack was a stalwart fellow and something of a leader among his fellow tars. "I don't see what the boy wants of me," he said to them, "unless it is protection, and he seems quite able to take care of himself."

One morning a ship was espied on the horizon, and the Eaglet's captain stood over to investigate her. He had a breeze which the ship had not, and by noon was near enough to her to make her out. He judged she was British, but could not tell. He fired a shot across her bow, whereupon she broke the blood red banner of England and, opening ports, ran out several guns. The Eaglet responded by breaking a flag on which there were a palmetto tree and a snake—the stars and stripes had not yet been adopted—and the fight commenced. When it ended by the British vessel striking her colors Jack Drury had taking a leadership and covered himself with glory, but he had lost his right arm and an eye. Ralph Bronson had kept beside him and when the crew of the privateer boarded the Britisher parried a blow of a cutlass which would otherwise have split his friend's skull. But just then Bronson was knocked senseless by a blow from a musket, and before he had regained consciousness Drury received the wounds that cost him his arm and an eye.

But Ralph was only temporarily disabled and during the next few months devoted himself when not on watch to nursing the hero. When Drury was able to be about again he appeared a very different man from what he had been. At first he was honored by his fellows, but the enthusiasm attending war heroes after they have become useless is short lived. Drury could not do a seaman's work, nor was he, thus disabled, fitted for an officer. He was invited by his captain to remain on board as scullion in the galley, and in this unwarlike position his glory faded.

Among a crew made up of heterogeneous elements it was natural that there should be enmities. Notwithstanding the affection the Eaglet's crew bore Drury there were several of them who hated him and one who, no sooner had Jack got about again after being disabled, began to show his spleen toward him. It was the old story of the sick lion. This man, Parsons, had been thrashed by Drury and had suffered the ignominy of having his nose rubbed in the scuppers. Upon Jack's disability he had made up his mind secretly to get his revenge. But he knew that with the whole crew behind his enemy he must continue to throw the responsibility of a quarrel upon him. He began by casting a slur on everything Jack said. One day when Parsons had virtually given Drury the lie the latter turned on him and said:

"See here, Parsons; this has been going on long enough. You have been trying to pick a fight with me and have succeeded. But you must be handicapped to meet my conditions. Bandage your left eye and tie your right arm behind your back and we'll settle the matter with cutlasses."

Parsons agreed, but the crew objected on the ground that Drury since the infliction of his wounds had never regained his general health and strength. But Drury would not listen to their objection, and a meeting was arranged. It must take place when the captain was in his bunk. He would not allow fighting among the crew, since he considered that such liberty would eventually cost him every man jack of them. The junior officers were not so particular, and if the captain could be eliminated their interference was not to be feared. So it was agreed that the affair should take place an hour before the coming aft of the midwatch, or 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour in fair weather the captain was below asleep, and the second mate, who was in charge of the ship, had promised to accidentally fall asleep himself on the poop deck.

The night before the meeting was to take place Ralph Bronson stepped up to Parsons and said to him:

"Parsons, you're a dog to force a fight on a disabled man. Why don't you take a well one?"

"So you're going to chip into this affair, are you? We all know that you're tacked on to Drury and must be treated as he is treated. After I'm through with him I'll rub your nose in the scuppers."

"Just as Drury once served you."

Parsons, with a scowl, went off about his duties. Bronson was disappointed. He wished to pick a quarrel that he might take Drury's place. Going below, Ralph, who was to be his friend's backer in the fight, had a final talk with his principal, and it was arranged that he should awaken Jack in the morning.

At four bells Ralph went to Jack's bunk. Jack was sleeping quietly. Ralph stood looking at him for a few moments, then stole away on tiptoe, took up a cutlass and went on deck.

"What's the matter?" said Parsons as Ralph approached. "Has he backed out?"

"No; he's asleep. I've come in his stead."

"Oh, I don't want to fight a boy. I must have the man who challenged me."

"You'll fight me before you fight him, for I'm between you and him, and you can't get at him without going past me."

With that Bronson took up a position he had learned in the British army. Parsons went at him as he would attack a Malay pirate. Ralph stepped lightly aside. Parsons turned and brought his cutlass down over Ralph's head. Ralph received it on his own weapon. His arm was bared, his sleeve being rolled above the elbow. The arm was round, but there was a fair muscle on it. Parsons, angry at not being able to get at his enemy, thought little of caution and exposed his left side, and Ralph rammed his weapon clean through it. Parsons looked about him wildly for a few moments, the blood spouting out of his wound, then fell in a heap on the deck. Then Ralph Bronson toppled over too.

When Drury awoke and saw the sun shining in through a porthole he could not understand the situation. There was no one near him at the time of whom to ask questions. So, springing up, he got into his clothes and went on deck. Everything was peaceful. The crew were going about their duties, as usual. The only noticeable feature was a man on his knees swabbing a place on the deck. Drury went up to him and, seeing that the water in his bucket was red, became more mystified than ever.

"What are you doing?" he asked the man.

"Swabbing Parsons' blood."

"Parsons' blood!"

"Yes; he was killed in a fight this morning at three bells."

"Who fought him?" asked Jack, fairly aghast.

"Ralph Bronson."

"Then," said Drury, "I'm going to kill Bronson."

But Bronson knew what his friend's first emotions upon knowing that he had been tricked would be and had gone into hiding.

Drury sought the boy, half minded to carry out his threat, but could not find him. Then Ralph's devotion began to dawn upon him, and he sought him to take his hand and gulp out his thanks. Still not finding him, he waited till it was time for Ralph to go on watch. Ralph did not appear. Then for the first time it occurred to him that Bronson might have been killed or at least mortally wounded. But a member of the crew reassured him, telling him that the boy had not received a scratch.

"Then what's he hiding from me for?" asked Drury.

"Dunno. After the fight they tuk him to the captain's cabin. The captain gave 'im a bunk by hisself. That's all I knows about it."

Drury fretted and fumed. At four bells in the afternoon an American ship appeared, coming right on the Eaglet's course. When she drew near she was spoken, and the Eaglet's captain went aboard of her. He returned with a bundle.

At six bells Drury received word that the captain wished to see him in his cabin. Drury hurried there and found not the captain, but Ralph Bronson in woman's clothes.

That's the end of the story. In a few days the Eaglet stopped at Newport, where Drury and the woman—whatever her name might be—went ashore and were seen no more on the privateer. Later a sum of prize money was paid to John Drury and Emma Bronson Drury in equal shares.

What the Boys Thought.

A prominent educator, talking to a class in an elementary school he had visited, decided to illustrate a point he was making by a problem in long division, the intricacies of which the class had just mastered. He put down the necessary figures and then said:

"Now, let us see how many times this number will go into the other. Let us try six." He tried six, and, as he intended, six wouldn't do. "Well, let's try five, then," he said. Five was all right, and he went ahead with his talk.

On his way home that evening he overtook two small boys with book bags under their arms and heard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, did a long whiskered, baldheaded old feller come into your room today?"

"Yep," replied Bill.

"And did he talk to you?"

"Yep," said Bill.

"Well, so he did to us, but the funniest thing, by golly, was that the old chump stumped himself on an example in long division."—Philadelphia Times.

Most Beautiful Water In World.

Little restaurants are scattered along the cliff overlooking the bay of Capri, and here by the water's edge you can sit and sip and gaze at Vesuvius away off in the distance or perhaps at the water in the bay below.

The most beautiful water in the world! The blue water of the grotto is more mystical, perhaps, but the water of the bay of Capri is more exquisite. It is a wonderful pale green, with a greener, darker color streaked through it. There is no other water like it in all the world.

And here in the little restaurant you sit and sit, gazing at the water below, although you know in your heart you ought to be seeing the rest of the place. But the water is so green and beautiful that when the warning whistle of the Naples steamer blows you awake with a start and realize you have seen nothing of Capri at all—nothing but the emerald water, so enticing and beautiful.—Mary Sutley in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A "Primitive" Painter.

Henri Rousseau, a man who used to hold a minor government position in France, was for a quarter of a century the joke of artists and art students in Paris. For years in the independent salon he showed daubs which had not the most distant kinship with art. Some of his "famous" pictures were a "Lady on a Sofa In a Jungle," a "Tiger In a Jungle," a "Nigger In a Jungle." He affected jungles, which consisted of innumerable parallel green lines to represent grass; the tiger was a painted wooden toy; the lady looked as if she had come out of a Noah's ark. The unfortunate Rousseau went on exhibiting the same sort of work every year, and the painful thing was that he gradually became a celebrity. Sinister humorists told him he had genius, and he took himself quite seriously. "I am a real primitive," he would say. Some practical jokers even went the length of buying his pictures.

In Honor Bound.

"Here's 25 cents," said a tramp to a bartender in New York. "I want to pay it to you fer that free lunch, and then you can throw in five glasses of beer."

"Twenty-five cents will buy the beer," answered the bartender. "The lunch is free, you know."

"I don't want it that way," the tramp insisted. "I want ter pay a quarter fer the lunch and get the beer free."

"It's all the same price either way," the barman explained. "What difference can it make?"

"It's a matter o' personal honor, sir," was the tramp's reply. "I promised the old lady wot give me the quarter that I'd spend it fer something to eat! See?"

Considerate.

"The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

THE HESSIANS.

They Were Good Soldiers, and Some Became Good Americans.

There is a popular belief among some people that the Hessian mercenaries brought here by the British government to fight the Americans remained here after the war was over and that their descendants constitute a considerable element of the Pennsylvania Germans of today. Comparatively few remained here after the war, because the British government was under contract to return such as escaped the casualties of the war after it was over. The few that remained made good citizens, as they made the very best soldiers against the Americans, and whenever it was practical to do so they were put in the most responsible places by the British commanders.

The intense hatred at one time against the so called Hessian soldiers, some of which still lingers with the present generation, is very unjust, because they did not volunteer to fight against the Americans, but they were forced into the British service by the impecunious German princes who sold them to the British like so many slaves. The Hessian soldiers would sometimes take a notion to desert, and they invariably found refuge among some of the German colonists. A considerable number of them were left behind from time to time on marches, on account of sickness or wounds. These always found a ready welcome among German settlers; few of them ever found the way back to their native land.—"Pennsylvania Germans," by William Beidelman.

LIBERTY BELL.

Its Connection With the Declaration of Independence.

The famous Liberty bell was cast in London in 1752, brought to America and subsequently recast in Philadelphia. It bears the inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the World and to All the Inhabitants Thereof." It was cracked while being tolled after the death of Chief Justice John Marshall in 1835. It is kept on exhibition in Independence hall, Philadelphia. It has had a fictitious importance owing to the popular belief that its ringing proclaimed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Concerning this belief, however, Friedenwald in his "Declaration of Independence" (1904) says:

"There is no shadow of authority even for associating the ringing of the bell with the announcement of the agreement upon Independence. The mythical legend of the blue eyed boy waiting outside the door to give the signal to the man in the bell tower is the product of the fertile imagination of one of Philadelphia's early romancers, George Lippard, who first gave currency to it in his appropriately called 'Legends of the Revolution.' This book was published in 1847."—New York American.

His Experience.

"Jasper," said Mrs. Grigson, who was looking over the morning paper, "here's a story of a woman who was robbed on a street car in broad daylight, and yet the thief got away unsuspected."

Mr. Grigson said that he had seen the item, but that it was either a typographical error or else the story was pure invention.

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife.

"Look at the item again. It says her purse contained $100 in currency, does it not?"

"Yes."

"It says there was also a receipted bill for a five dollar hat, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, no woman with $100 in cash in her possession would buy a five dollar hat."—Youth's Companion.

His Critic.

"The greatest compliment that I ever received," says Opie Read, "was a criticism. Several years ago I went to Arkansas and visited the scene where one of my stories is laid. The landlord of the little hotel said to me:

"'Here comes a little old fellow to whom I loaned a copy of your book. He can't read, but his wife reads to him. Let's see what he says about the book.

"'Hello, Jason, did your wife read that book to you?'

"'Mawnin', sah. Yes, she done read it to me.'

"'Well, what do you think of it?'

"'Huh? That ain't no book at all. I done lived hear fo' fo'ty yeahs an' I done hearn folks talk that a-way all th' time.'"—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Love and the Laundry.

"The only thing I find to say against you is that your washing bill is far too extravagant. Last week you had six blouses in the wash. Why, Jane, my own daughter never sends more than two."

"Ah, that may be, mum," replied Jane, "but I 'ave to! Your daughter's sweetheart is a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep. It makes a difference, mum."—London Tit-Bits.

The Illusion.

"So you are going to get married, eh?"

"Yes, the longing for a little home where I can put my feet against the wall, brace my chair back and smoke my pipe in comfort got to be too much for me."

"That's a beautiful dream!"

"Isn't it?"

"So beautiful that it will be a shame for you to get married and spoil it."—Atlanta Constitution.

He Was a Veteran.

"He's a military looking young chap."

"Ought to be. He's a veteran of nine wars."

"Impossible! Why, he's only twenty-two years old."

"I know, but he once spent six months in South America."—Cleveland Leader.

No man who minds his own business ever complains of having nothing to do.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

OLD CRIMINAL LAW.

When Prisoner's Counsel Was Not Allowed to Address the Jury.

It seems hardly credible that less than a century ago counsel were not allowed to address a jury in defense of a prisoner. Sydney Smith first preached against this cruel law.

He pointed out that, while in any court where property was concerned counsel was heard on both sides, in a court where human life was trembling in the balance only the prosecuting counsel was heard, and it was unfair to match a prisoner, unaccustomed to marshal facts and unable to speak, against skilled counsel, whose sole purpose for its own reputation was to win a case. Sydney Smith's eloquent words led to the passing of the prisoner's defense act, 1820, which altered the practice.

Another unjust practice which was peculiar to the Old Bailey was that when an accused person was acquitted he was obliged to pay the fees of Newgate or go back for want of money. So many unfortunate prisoners died in Newgate through this that Alderman Brown, lord mayor in 1733, caused an order of the court to be made that when any accused persons were acquitted by their country they should instantly be discharged in court without paying any fees whatsoever, an order which has been strictly adhered to ever since.

Of the challenging of jurors one remembers a tale from Ireland. The prisoner was hard to satisfy, and juryman after juryman was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his solicitor. "The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered, "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him siviral times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."—London Chronicle.

OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

Always a Factor In the Building Up of a Man.

An athlete is like an aeronaut—safe enough while going, but in danger the moment he stops, especially if he stops suddenly.

If the first great danger of athletics for the professional or business man, the brain worker and man of sedentary habits generally is not getting enough of them the second is like unto it—stopping them too soon. No little of the bad after effects so frequently ascribed to athletics in college and school life is really due to their sudden discontinuance after graduation.

The building of man is never finished until he is dead. His life is all in one piece, and what is good for him at one stage of his existence is, mutatis mutandis, good for him in all. While man's mere stature and gross weight and even "horsepower" may have attained their maximum by twenty-two or twenty-three, the efficiency of both his mind and body for his particular life work ought to and under most circumstances does go on steadily increasing until he is fifty, fifty-five and even sixty years of age. And the same health giving agency—exercise in the open air—which has been the very life secret of his structural growth and development is equally indispensable to his further functional development and growth in efficiency. We not merely limit our growth, but actually shorten our lives, by taking it for granted that we have reached our limit at a certain age or stage and may therefore drop the means of further progress—play in the open air. When we stop playing we stop growing.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing.

His Mark.

Edmond Rostand, the famous French playwright, was once the hero of an amusing episode. During a visit to a friend in the country M. Rostand was requested to accompany him to a mairie in order to register the friend's newborn infant. The adjunct of the mairie, a conscientious little man, booked the infant and then turned to M. Rostand as the first witness. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French academy." "Very well," replied the official; "you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

"The O'Teck."

The late Prince Francis of Teck was known in royal circles as The O'Teck.

The story goes that when Prince Francis was making his arrangements for hunting in Ireland he wrote to a forage dealer in County Meath with reference to the necessary supplies for his stud.

The man was greatly puzzled by the signature and at length, after anxious consideration, addressed his reply to Francis O'Teck, Esquire.—London Graphic.

Her Auto Duster.

Mrs. Kean wasn't exactly satisfied with her new maid.

"Don't you ever use your duster, Pauline?" she sternly inquired.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pauline absently; "I always use it when my chauffeur beau takes me riding!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Proof of Her Ability.

The One—I can't understand why you imagine she has wonderful conversational powers, when, as a matter of fact, she talks extremely little.

The Other—That's just it. She shows remarkable discretion in the selection of things to be left unsaid.—Chicago News.

Suggested a Remedy.

Even medical gentlemen are not devoid of professional jealousy. Two doctors were bragging about the number of their patients.

"Why, last night I was wakened up half a dozen times," said the younger doctor.

"You were, eh?" replied the other. "Well, why don't you buy some insect powder?"

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1910.

CHRISTMAS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.—Luke Chap. 2; v. 14.

What Christmas means is understood by all Christian people. It is supposed to be the anniversary of the greatest event the world has ever known—the birth of Christ, the Savior of mankind. History tells of the origin and purpose of the celebration of Christmas, in a study of which the reader should feel interested.

Dec. 25 is the date for celebrating the event. Nobody knows whether Christ was born on Dec. 25, or not, but Christian authorities long ago decided on that date as his birthday, and so it stands.

Christmas for the current year comes next Sunday, and, we suppose, it will be observed in the usual way.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The date for the opening meeting and organization of the Great and General Court (Legislature) of this State is the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday of January each year, which brings it on January 4 this year if we read our "Old Farmer's" correctly.

On Thursday, Jan. 5, Eugene N. Foss will take his seat as Governor of the Commonwealth, and Eben S. Draper will retire from the chair of Chief Executive that day.

Immediately after the organization Henry Cabot Lodge is to be reelected Senator.

THE HELPERS.

Commenting on the Woburn City election last week the Boston *Transcript* made this truthful remark concerning the aid rendered by our city clergymen in securing the splendid victory for Anti-license:

"Woburn is to be congratulated on its saloonless condition, which is largely due to the persistent and courageous fight made by the clergy of the city, especially the Roman Catholic priests whose zeal on the winning side has been very great."

RETIRED IN DISGUST.

It is reported that Butler Ames M. C., of Lowell, after canvassing the members of the Massachusetts Legislature-elect and failing to find any of them hardly who would agree to vote for him, has retired from the Senatorial contest and left the field clear for Senator Lodge, who, from the start, was never in any danger from the Ames movement.

THE RECOUNT.

A recount of the ballots cast at the recent Woburn City election by the Board of Registrars of Voters, on petition, resulted in no change worth mentioning in the election of the candidates. The reports, or returns, of the several Election Boards proved eminently correct.

Of the 2,993 ballots cast only 60 failed to be thrown for Mayor.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

At his anti-Lodge meeting in Lynn the other night Governor-elect Eugene N. Foss declared that he is not a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

As the late lamented Horace Greeley of the N. Y. *Tribune* used to say of the Army reports from the front "important if true."

☞ Hon. S. W. McCall, Representative in Congress from this District, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Report of the Joint Congressional Committee on the famous Ballinger investigation case, of which he was a prominent member. Secretary Ballinger was cleared by the Committee on every charge. If called on for an opinion we could not say that in our judgment Ballinger is ideal material for a Cabinet portfolio; but, at the same time, we believe in "giving the devil his due."

☞ The other day the new protem Iowa U. S. Senator appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Dolliver, sized up Eugene N. Foss in a style not at all creditable to the next Governor of Massachusetts. It was a mighty severe speech that the new Hawkeye Senator delivered himself of, and it really startled the Senators out of their dignified repose. Some of those Western Congressmen are apt to speak right out in meeting.

☞ At the annual reunion and dinner of the 32d Regiment, M. V., Association held at the American House in Boston last Monday evening, Dec. 19, the speakers were Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Col. Cyrus Tay, and Miss Marian T. Hosmer, all of Woburn. It was a pleasant gathering of Veterans of the Civil War, and greatly enjoyed by all of them who were present.

☞ The Firemen's bill went through and was passed at the last meeting of the City Council by a working majority. Ald. Johnson made a speech in opposition, and other members joined with him in a vote against the measure, but it was of no use; the order was adopted as everybody knew it would be.

☞ Frank A. Hosmer, a native of Woburn and relative of Hon. E. E. and Veteran Abijah Thompson, of this city, was nominated a member of the Board of Trustees of the Masaschusetts Agricultural College at Amherst by the Governor a few days ago.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dauchy Co.—Readers.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— A "Merry Christmas" to everybody, and "Many Returns of the Same."

— The public schools will resume operations on Jan. 3, after the holiday vacation.

— The Hanson school are to give an entertainment and have a Christmas Tree this evening.

— The weather last Sunday was charming, and it is supposed that everybody went to meeting.

— Many college boys and girls and teachers are at home here for the enjoyment of the holiday vacation.

— Undertakers B. A. and C. E. Tripp had charge of the funeral of Harris N. Hunnewell last Sunday.

— After less than a year's service Mr. John F. Moloy resigned from the Board of Overseers of Poor a few days ago.

— Early last week the Kennebec River was frozen over from Skowhegan to Moosehead Lake. Think of that!

— Mrs. Parker's canary passed away one night last week, but she didn't know whether it died of old age or froze to death.

— The Blodgetts who sail for Europe next Wednesday, are to make their first stop in England to visit relatives of Mrs. Blodgett.

— The Burdetts got up a fine Order of Exercises for the Blodgett farewell supper. It was neat and artistic.

— The Boston Weather Observer reported that Friday last was the coldest Dec. 16 on record. It was close winter weather for a fact.

— The officers of Div. 3, A O H., and Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. 5, are to be jointly installed on Thursday evening, Jan. 5, in Div 3 Hall.

— Bishop Lawrence of Boston confirmed a number of candidates at Trinity church, Rev. W. H. Osmond Rector, last Sunday evening.

— A Democratic Club is to be formed here and a sub-committee of the City Committee are casting about for permanent headquarters.

— Whitcher always has something nice and pat for Christmas presents at his drugstore, and buyers have only two days more to go and get some of them.

— Tickets to the Lexington Winter Carnival in aid of the Minute Men's Memorial Armory may be obtained of Hon. A. S. Wood, No. 1 Warren avenue.

— Dame Arthur A. Fowle is a zealous and effective working friend and supporter of the Choate Hospital, which needs and deserves help from everybody.

— William Davis & Company whose store is opposite the JOURNAL office, are offering some neat and appropriate Christmas goods at remarkably low prices.

— The 2 or 3 inches of snow that fell last Tuesday night did not fetch good sledding, but there was enough of it to spoil the skating on Horn Pond, or come near it.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout has the disposal of the Christmas decorations of First church. Better see him about them right away, else, they may all be gone or bespoken.

— The First Baptist Church will hold their Christmas exercises Sunday morning at 10 30, consisting of songs by the chorus choir and numerous recitations by the children.

— The Boston & Maine railroad train that has hitherto left here for Boston at 3.04 P. M., now leaves at 3.01 P. M., and the 5.02 P. M. train for Boston has been discontinued.

— The First Congregational church of Woburn are to hold their annual meeting in the vestry of the meeting-house on Jan. 11, at which interesting reports of church work and progress will be read.

— On and after Monday, Dec. 27, the electrics now running from Woburn to Lynn and Salem on hour and half hour will leave Woburn quarter of and quarter past the hour and run to Malden Square only.

— It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Daniel N. Hood are to spend the winter here, and probably make their future home in this State. They returned lately from Rockford, Illinois, their former residence for 25 years.

— Monday morning's rain failed to carry off the thin patches of snow with which the ground was partially covered As a drouthbreaker it amounted to nothing, and to those suffering for water it was simply an aggravation.

— The store occupied by Smith & Varney has been selling jewelry for Christmas presents every year since 1871, and will keep on doing so, only more of it, right up to 10 30 tomorrow evening—the choicest kind of jewelry, too.

— To get firstclass ingredients for a big, fat, genuine English Christmas plumpudding, such as Dickens so often made mention of in his imcomparable stories of London life, it is high time to visit Stanley's Boston Branch and obtain them.

— Farmer Copp of the West Side has assumed and is acting the part of Santa Claus this week. West Side farmers away ahead in good words and works, the salt of the earth, and the backbone of Woburn. A "Merry Christmas" to all of them.

— Please don't forget what the JOURNAL told you about going to Mr. Fred Flint's for Christmas presents for hubby or lover.

— The Editor and Spouse return their hearty thanks to "Rie" (Catherine Marie) Conway of Philadelphia for a beautiful "Merry Christmas" token of her "kindest thoughts and heartiest wishes" for them at this joyous Yule tide season.

— Chairman Arthur E. Gage, Esq., of the Board of City Assessors, and Col James H. Connolly, were in attendance at the annual meeting and dinner of the Massachusetts Association of Assessors at the Revere House in Boston last Wednesday.

— Mr. W. H. Slater, who has been quite ill at the Choate Hospital for the last few weeks, is expected to return to his home tomorrow with health greatly improved. He is the well known glass sign and fancy painter, and a highly esteemed citizen.

—The following are the new officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I.O.O.F.:—Leon L Dorr, N.G.; A Turner, V. G; A. L. Perham, Recording Secretary; A. J. Foster, Financial Secretary; O. M. Brooks, Treasurer; M. Littlefield, Trustee for 3 years.

— A silver cardcase makes a neat and acceptable Christmas present, so does a silver matchbox or chain. Silver is a genteel metal, and Smith & Varney have many kinds of goods, eminently fitted for Christmas presents, made up in it. They are nice for New Years gifts, too.

— Mrs. Mary S. Logue was again elected a Vice President of the Middlesex County Branch of the Archdiocesan Federation of Catholic Societies at a meeting held last Sunday at the Cathedral in Boston. She has held that in the Federation several years, and is an active worker in it.

— The following officers were recently elected by the South End Social Club for the current year: President, Thomas J. Duffy; Vice President, Thomas Callahan; Recording Secretary, Philip J. Flaherty; Financial Secretary, Thomas Mulhern; Treasurer, James Murray.

— Mr. Daniel W. Kelley, Registered Pharmacist on the corner of Main street and Montvale avenue, takes the lead in distributing 1911 calendars to the public. This week he has been giving away lots of elegant ones, the picture being "One of the Stars of the American Stage." Thanks, Daniel.

— Mr. Thomas J Feeney, General Advertising Agent of the New England Tel. and Tel. Company of Boston and Mrs. Feeney, of Warren avenue, this city, were guests at the grand McCall-Lawson wedding at Scituate last week. "Copper King" Lawson and Mr. Feeney are close friends of long standing.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of Warren avenue lately returned from a vacation outing and hunting tour through the Jackman forests in Northern Maine with a couple of fine red deer to his credit, of which, of course, he was proud. Mr. Feeney and his Boston companion enjoyed the outing hugely.

— Last Wednesday morning we received with grateful emotions, from an estimable young lady, whose home is in the Middle West (if anybody knows where that is), the first letters of whose name are Julia Perley Lewis, an elegant 1911 calendar of wholly unique pattern, which we promise to consult frequently during the coming year.

— Christmas is on and Postmaster Wyer, Assistant P. M. Nellie Mc. Carthy, and the clerks and carriers are more than busy distributing Christmas presents at home and abroad. Christmas is a season of hard work at the postoffice, but it is got along with pleasantly here, and no growling on the part of patrons, to speak of, is heard.

— Our highly esteemed contiguous municipality, Burlington, we are delighted to announce, is about to don metropolitan style accompanied by appropriate airs. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston are about to install electric street lights in Burlington, the fair and beloved offspring of ancient Woburn. Woburn's child is prosperous.

— The regular meeting of the Woman's Club was held on Friday afternoon. The President Mrs. Alice Bond Winn, welcomed the little guests it being "Children's Day." An illustrated lecture was given by Ernest Harold Baynes, many of our wild birds and animals being pictured upon the screen to the delight of the children. A most interesting lecture and instructive to all.

— At the Unitarian Church, Sunday morning, Dec. 25, at 10 30, there will be Christmas music by the chorus choir and duetts by Miss Lillian V. Beatty and Mrs. Eva (Langill) Lister. At 12 o'clock Christmas exercises by the Sunday School; song by Myrtle Boutwell and Olive Gonld; song by the Kindergarten class; song by Mrs. Lewis's class, and numerous recitations by the children.

— We opine that Mr. Charles A. Nichols, the well known and estoemed carpet and rug manipulator of Buel's Court, is contemplating with pleasure the arrival of Christmas, for which holiday the Nickle Club of Nichols's Corner, it is fair to presume, are preparing a grand jollification, as is their wont. This ancient and honorable Club are fond of holidays and greatly given to celebrating them.

— "Christmas comes but once a year," and it comes on Sunday this time—next Sabbath Day. It will be celebrated on Monday, Dec 26, in the usual varied and "merry" fashion, no doubt; and here's "Many returns of the same" to everybody. Instead of Christmas Eve festivities many people will and everybody should, spend the "night before" the celebration at the city churches in religious exercises.

— Although the snowstorm that set in at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening was of the moderate and leisurly type and ended in clear skies and sunshine 12 hours later, the fall was of sufficient depth over everything to remind one of Whittier's "Snowbound," a poetical picture of a typical New England winter scene. The snow was uncommonly dry and light, and Wednesday's winds scattered it hither and yon.

— There is a wealth of mistletoe and holly in this city just now. The streets are alive with it.

— A traveler from the northern section of the city in pursuit of the choicest materials for a bangup Christmas dinner, would strike George Durward's market first; but if he was traveling north from the southern section, searching for the same thing, he would strike Joseph Linnell's market first, and find James on hand to do the agreeable. At both the very best Christmas meats, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, and vegetables are to be found.

— Fred Stanley of the Boston Branch and Santa Claus put their heads together to devise a plan to increase Christmas joys and what, do you think, they did? Guess! Reduced the price of kerosene oil 5 cents, a gallon or 40 cents for a 5 gallon canful! How was that for making people happy? Now all you have got to do to complete your Christmas delights is to go to Harry Blye's and buy one of his elegant oil stoves to heat your rooms with.

— In their decorations of green leaves and red berries, displayed in regulation styles of wreaths, garlands, rosettes, festoons, or in clusters pendent from branches of young forest trees, the stores and shops on Main street in this city are wearing a truly Christmas appearance, and a holiday air is prevalent among them. The dealers are selling Christmas gift goods by the cartload, and everything along the streets is as "merry" as marriage bells.

— From this date on for 10 days or so our city schools are to have their customary Christmas and New Year vacation, which the JOURNAL hopes teachers and scholars will greatly enjoy. May the skating on Horn Pond, Winter Pond, Mystic Lake and the raging Aberjona be all that juvenile hearts can reasonably ask for, and the sliding down hill on swift sleds all over town compare favorably with the skating. It looks now as though there might be holiday fun ahead for the boys and girls.

— One of the Hart & Co. Woburn and Boston Express teams was robbed of a whole load of parcels and packages principally for Woburn dealers on Kingston street, Boston, and the team stolen, between 4 and 5 o'clock last Friday evening. The team was subsequently found near the North Station, the horse giving proof of hard usage Frank Fuller, the driver for the past 26 years, went into a store for a bundle and when he returned the outfit had disappeared and no trace of the stolen goods could be discovered. It was the first time driver Fuller had been victimized by thieves.

— Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D D., pastor of Woburn First church, and Mrs. Norton went to York, Penn., early this week to attend the wedding of Mr. Paul Norton, son of the Pastor, and Miss Kathleen Tuttle. During his father's ministerial term Paul Norton has been a resident of this city by spells and has won a wide circle of good friends among all classes of people. The JOURNAL extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Norton on the matrimonial alliance consummated by them this week. The JOURNAL is especially interested in the bride, because the mother of its Editor was Phoebe Tuttle, one of the best women in the world.

— If all the stories going the rounds are reliable, there is much planning in this city just now for Christmas parties not loud fashionable society affairs chiefly for the display of "gowns," milinery, "swallowtails," and suchlike merchandize, but for family gatherings bearing Christmas presents and Christmas cheer, and "goodwill toward men." Unless all signs fail, such small but happy, gatherings are to be numerous here next Monday. In passing, please excuse the JOURNAL for "Editorial Points" of the Boston *Globe*, who appears to be authority for about everything eatable, decides that applepie, not mince, custard or punkin, is the proper caper to toppinoff of a Christmas dinner on. He says it rhymes with "goose" in Latin.

— The Woburn Choral Society gave a prime concert on last Monday evening, as those people who know the material of which the organization is composed expected it would be. Many of the most accomplished vocalists in this city are members, and the Leadership is in the hands of a gentleman who ranks among the very highest as a concert Director. The attendance was not large last Monday evening, owing no doubt, to the nearness of Christmas and the preparations that are being made to celebrate and enjoy the "Merry" season. But all the tickets had been previously sold, so there was no diminution in the receipts. The concert was generously given in aid of the Choate Hospital, in which all good people of Woburn are deeply interested and yielded a handsome purse for the attainment of that highly laudable end and benefit of a deserving object Another of the Society's fine and popular musical entertainments is being planned.

— Edward Everett Thompson was born in Woburn on Dec. 18, 1826, and last Sunday many people called at his home on Montvale avenue to express their high regards for him on the 84th anniversary of his birthday, on which date they found him in fair health and excellent spirits. He has lived a long life, and it has been a useful one to his native town and to other communities. He has filled many posts of honor and responsibility, in which he has always been noted for his ability, integrity and fidelity to public interests in discharge of his official duties. Although 84 years old Mr Thompson is by no means, a "back number," and his good friends hope for the privilege of celebrating a good many more of his birthday anniversaries. Mr. Thompson has been a member of the Board of County Commissioners 33 years and was elected again last November for another term of 3 years. He was Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank 21 years. In 1892 he was Mayor of this city and a ruling spirit in Woburn's great 250th birthday anniversary celebration that year. He was a member of the Legislature in 1871, and has held many other important offices.

— The teachers are preparing "Merry Christmas" presents of candy for the pupils of Goodyear, Morse and Highland schools.

— Miss Dora Buss entertained the Theonleigh Club at her home on Union street, last Monday evening where Miss Helen Ramsdell and Mrs. James Linnell were the winners at cards.

— The light snowfall of Tuesday night was followed on Wednesday by a real blizzard which increased in violence every hour and Wednesday night was a tough one. On yesterday morning it was only 6 degrees above zero, and the day was a genuine December one.

— Last Wednesday morning Byron Grimes, son of the popular City Editor of Haggerty's *Times*, left here to remain with his sister, who is a teacher in the Indianapolis, Indiana, High School, during "Merry Christmas," after which he will visit his college roommate at Toledo, Ohio,

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Beginning Christmas night at 8 and continuing for two short weeks with matinees Wednesday and Saturday the Boston Theatre will offer Adeline Genee, the world's greatest dancer, who is making a farewell tour of America in Klaw & Erlanger's gorgeous musical production "The Bachelor Belles," which has just concluded a highly successful engagement at the Globe Theatre, New York. During her engagement here Mlle. Genee will present three of the latest divertissements of her repertoire The first dance presents her as a kind of re-embodiment of the great Marie Tagoloni, past mistress of the style of Ballet dancing known as "The Ideal" which she created. Her school of dancing is pure and founded on charm.

THE COLONIAL

Bessie McCoy will make her first appearance as a star at the Colonial Theatre on Christmas Monday afternoon, when she begins a three weeks' engagement in Boston. This wonderfully graceful dancer will be seen in Charles Dillingham's singing and dancing comedy "The Echo," which comes with prestige of an extended engagement in New York. "The Echo" is in two acts, the first being laid at the Echo House, a New England hostelry famous because of an echo; the second in a mountain grotto. To the hotel wander many persons, some in search of quiet, others seeking amusement Among the guests is Rudolph W. Sylvester, a wealth soap maker, played by John E Hazzard.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The opening performances of "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Castle Square have been immediately triumphant. For the third year in succession, Mr. Craig has chosen a musical piece as his Christmas production, and for the third time he has succeeded. "Jack and the Beanstalk" bids fair to rival if not to excell "The Circus Girl" in popularity. It is made up of a great variety of things, singing, dancing, humor, specialties and spectacular effects, and it bids fair to have a longer run at the Castle Square than it has ever before received in Boston. Two large holiday audiences are promised at the Castle Square for Monday's performances of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and seats are now on sale for the two coming weeks.

The Greater Youth's Companion

Since its enlargement by the addition of an amount of reading in the year equal to four hundred ordinary magazine pages, The Youth's Companion can offer even a wider range of wholesome entertainment than ever before; but the character of the paper's contents remains the same, and the subscription price, $1.75, is unchanged.

Every boy will eagerly look for the articles on skill in sports and pastimes and how to develop it.

The girls will find many novel and practical suggestions which will be helpful in their daily life.

For the family in general, hints for the profitable occupation of winter evenings, for increasing the happiness and comfort of the household.

This reading is all in addition to the ordinary treasury of stories, articles by celebrated men and women, the unequalled miscellany, the invaluable doctor's article, the terse notes on what is going on in all fields of human activity.

It will cost you nothing to send for the beautiful Announcement of The Companion for 1911, and we will send with it sample copies of the paper.

Do not forget that the early subscriber for 1911 receives free all the remaining issues of 1910, including those containing the opening chapters of Grace Richmond's serial story, "Five Miles Out."

The new subscriber receives also The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, lithographed in twelve colors and gold

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

New Officers.

Last Monday evening, Dec 19, 1910, Quesaly Court, C. O. F., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Chief Ranger, Dennis J. Foley; Vice Chief Ranger, Abbie Roulo; Recording Secretary, Nellie L Sheehan; Financial Secretary, Frank E Tracey; Treasurer, William O'Brien; Senior Conductor Rose Kerwin; Junior Conductor, John Kogan; Inside Sentinel, William McGonigle; Outside Sentinel, Patrick McAweeney; Court Physician, Dr. William H Keleher; Trustees, Frank Meehan, Peter Hogan, Margaret Bonin; Pianist, Josephine Dwyer; Delegates to the Convention, John Maguire, Frank E Tracy, Edward E. Lynch, Margaret Bonin, John N Turner. Alternates, Lawrence Reade, Levi J. Armstrong, John T Martin, James Dolan.

WINCHESTER.

Last Friday was the coldest Dec 16 on record. It was zero weather good and strong.

The boys and girls are having great times skating on the ponds. I'm some afraid that we will have a "Green Christmas."

Grave and highly important political educational, moral and economic questions are being earnestly discussed by our learned people this winter.

The Fortnightly Civic Course aren't afraid to tackle the most abstruse philosophical subjects that can be conjured up by even the most fruitful intellects For instance, see "The Making of the City."

Last week the *Star* issued an elegant pictorial paper which Editor Wilson called the "Home Number—1850 1910," and it was well named. It contained pictures of many beautiful residences and portraits of prominent citizens of the town Winchester was set off from Woburn and incorporated as a town in 1850, and has since become one of the most attractive of Boston's delightful suburbs.

A wedding that took place on Thursday, Dec. 15, at Scituate, served to unite two distinguished Winchester families—McCall and Lawson. At the extensive and splendid estate and summer home in Scituate of Thomas W. Lawson, the famous millionaire "Copper King" of the world, on Thursday, P M Dec. 19, 1910, Mr. Hal McCall, son of Hon Samuel W. McCall, Congressman of this District and resident of Winchester, and Miss Dorothy Lawson, daughter of Thomas W. Lawson, also of this town, were united in the bonds of matrimony in the presence of a vast number of spectators, and in the midst of the most unique and brilliant spectacular surroundings ever seen in this part of the State. A special train from Boston conveyed a multitude of guests to the magnificently decorated scene of the grand wedding ceremonies.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

—In a tournament match between the St Charles C. T. A. Society and the Fr. Matthew Temperance Institute of Lowell last evening the St. Charles won.

MUZZLING THE PRESS.

A Much Favored Official Duty at One Time In England.

There was a time in England when government officially viewed the press as a hostile power, to be destroyed if possible—to be curbed at any cost. In 1633 Roger L'Estrange, "overseer of the press," brought out his "Considerations and Proposals In Order to the Regulation of the Press." He advocated the severest restrictions for authors and printers, as well as for "the letter founders and the smiths and joiners that work upon the premises" and "the stitchers, binders, stationers, hawkers, mercury women, peddlers, ballad singers, posts, carriers, hackney coachmen, boatmen and mariners."

A proposal of L'Estrange was that culprits convicted of having broken the law should be condemned "to wear some visible badge or mark of ignominy, as a halter instead of a hatband, one stocking blue and another red, a blue bonnet with a red letter T or S upon it." A few years later L'Estrange went one better by declaring that newspapers ought not be allowed at all.

He said that the reading of them "makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and councils of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the government." In 1685 L'Estrange was knighted.—Chicago News.

A Few Exceptions.

There was no love lost between Rufus and his teacher. Rufus thought the teacher was a severe and occasionally unjust person who had never known what it was to be young and full of fun, while the teacher considered the little darky both stupid and mischievous.

"You are not attending to what I say, Rufus," said the teacher one day in the midst of an address to her class.

"Yes, teacher, truly I is," said Rufus, with the reversion to the speech he had learned at home which often accompanied great earnestness.

"You should never say 'I is!'" commanded the teacher. "I have told you that a hundred times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples at once."

"Yas'm," said Rufus meekly. "I am one of de letters of de alphabet. I am a pronoun."—Youth's Companion.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 15 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

NOTICE
Lost Savings Bank Book

Woburn, December 21st, 1910.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Bernard J. Golden, executor of the will of Margaret J. Mayes, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 28078, issued by the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to Margaret J. Mayes has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Sec. 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

BERNARD J. GOLDEN, Executor.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consent that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
by A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer

The most popular of all
GIFTS

Articles not alone beautiful, but useful and durable, make the most sensible gift. These good features, together with a moderate price, make the genuine

"1847 Rogers Bros."

SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC.

an ideal Holiday gift. They are made in a great variety of shapes, sizes and designs, handsomely packed in lined cases, and vary in price from 25c. to $3.50. Your dealer can supply you. Ask for "1847" goods. Write us for our handsome catalogue No. 234 to aid you in making selections.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

Columbia Salad Fork

Columbia Salad Spoon

"1847 Rogers Bros."
"Silver Plate That Wears."

LLOYD'S
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

KRYPTOK BIFOCAL LENSES
Far and Near Glasses in a Single Pair.
KRYPTOK BIFOCALS have all the advantages of separate Far and Near Glasses, and none of the disadvantages.
Any of our Stores will be very glad to show them to you.

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
} BOSTON
1252 Massachusetts Ave. CAMBRIDGE
ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

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MERCHANTS MAKE MORE MONEY
WHY NOT YOU?
This Register will ENFORCE Records of
CASH CREDIT SALES
AND MONEY PAID OUT
Price NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS
Others from $20 Up. Easy Payments if Desired.
National Cash Register Co. 2-12 Summer St. Boston, Mass.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue Giving Prices.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Married.

In city, Dec. 19, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Mr. Arthur L. Teague and Mary Elizabeth Hammond, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 13, Abigail Blye, aged 66 years 6 months.

In this city, Dec. 19, Charles H. S. Newcomb, aged 66 years, 2 months, 21 days.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Daniel Y. Weldon to Sybil Shaw dated December 1st, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2768, Page 77, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Sybil Shaw Trull (formerly Sybil Shaw) to John G. Maguire by assignment dated December 8, 1910, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on SATURDAY, January 7th, A. D. 1911, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of Plympton street containing five thousand (5000) square feet bounded and described as follows: namely: Beginning at a stake in the northerly side line of said Plympton street at a point where the easterly side line of Scott street intersects said line of Plympton street, from thence the line runs a little north of east by and with said Plympton street fifty (50) feet to a stake; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little west of north by land of Hannah A. P. Plympton et. al. one hundred (100) feet to a stake still at land of said Hannah A. P. Plympton et. al.; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little south of west by land last named fifty (50) feet to a stake at said Scott street; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little east of south by and with said Scott street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Daniel Y. Weldon by Hannah A. P. Plympton et. als. by deed dated October 23d, A. D. 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2420, Page 162.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal liens if any, thereon. $100 00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of the undersigned, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., December 14, 1910. 16-23-30

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms, 397 Main street, Woburn, on TUESDAY, January 10, 1911, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 8, 1910

Musical.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

Season opens October third.

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.

MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RESUME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the Woburn Co-operative Bank, a duly existing corporation having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Amanda Severens, Mary Etta Severens, Martha Jane Severens, Patrick P. Dobbins, George White, Lizzie White and Loammi F. Baldwin of said Woburn; Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, and Frederick Phinney of Wallace, in the State of Idaho; William Alexander Tirrifh of Quebec, Canada; any heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Mary Jane Mitchell, late of Somerville in said County of Middlesex; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Hattie May Fowle of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded northerly by West street on two lines one hundred eighty-four and 45-100 (184.45) feet; westerly partly by land of Amanda Severens, Marcella Severens and Martha Jane Severens one hundred thirty-eight and 35-100 (138.35) feet and partly by land of Patrick P. Dobbins, George White and Lizzie White four hundred eighty two and 40-100 (482.40) feet; southerly by land of Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin one hundred seventy four and 4-10 (174.4) feet; easterly by other land of said Charlotte B. Phinney, James Phinney, Frederick Phinney and Loammi F. Baldwin on three lines as the stone wall now stands four hundred forty-six and 25-100 (446.25) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston in the County of Suffolk, on the ninth day of January, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL.]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for

Sullivan Square Terminal— 5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 27 a. m., then 1 57 p, m., and every 30 mins. until 7 27 p. m., then 9.27, 9 57, 10 27, and 10 57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivar Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6 27, 6 57, 7 27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 9 47 p, m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2 22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7 52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10 22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17 32, 18 02, 18 32, 19.02, 19 32, 110.02, 10 17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 47 p. m., then 10 02, 10 17, 10 32, 11 02, 11 32 p. m. and 12 02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—*6 22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9 52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m., SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre— 7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12 00 M., 1 30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8 15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.

Christmas Goods

Broken Candy,	2 lb. boxes	25c.
New Castana Nuts,		15c. lb.
" Filbert	"	15 "
" Pecan	"	18 "
" Almond	"	20 "
" Walnuts		22 "
" Mixed Nuts		18 "
" Dates	8c. lb. 2 lbs.	15c.
" "	1 lb. Pkg.	10c.
" Figs		15c. lb.
Popcorn in Pkg.		10c.
All Ready Plum Pudding		12c. Pkg.
R. & R. "	"	25c. Can.
Cranberries		10 qt.

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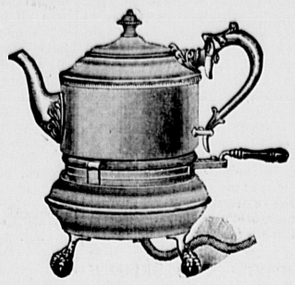
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TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Sept. 12, 1910.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Malden Sq. at 5.45 AM., then half hourly until 9.45 then hourly until 2.45 PM., then half hourly until 11.15. SUNDAYS at ¶8.15, ¶8.45, 9.15 AM., then half hourly until 11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham Sq. at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15, ¶9.45, 10.15, then hourly until 3.15 PM., then half hourly until 11.45. Sunday at 9.45 AM., then half hourly until 11.45 PM.

Leave Woburn Centre for Saugus, Lynn and Salem at 6.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 PM., ¶10.30 ¶11.00, ¶11.30 PM. SUNDAYS at 8.30 AM., then half hourly until 10.00 P. M., ¶10.30, ¶11.00, ¶11.30. Return, leave Salem for Lynn, Saugus and Woburn at 6.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 6.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.30 P.M., *11.00 Sunday at 8.15 AM., then half hourly until 9.15 PM. Cars due to leave Saugus Centre for Woburn at 9.00 AM., then half hourly until 10.30 PM., *11.00 PM.

¶ To Melrose Highlands Only
* To Stoneham Square Only

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Looby, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Patrick H. Lundrigan, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

9-16-23 W. E. ROGERS, Register.



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Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

A CARDINAL'S SALT CUP.

Monumental Work of Art Designed by Benvenuto Cellini.

At the same time that the cardinal gave me some other commissions to execute he employed me to make a model of a saltcellar, but desired it should be in a different taste from the common ones. * * * I designed an oval almost two-third of a cubit in size, and upon this oval as the sea appears to embrace the earth I made two figures about a hand high in a sitting posture, with the legs of one within those of the other, as some long branches of the sea are seen to enter the land. And in the hand of the male figure, representing the ocean, I put a ship, designed with great care, in which was deposited a great quantity of salt. Under this I represented four sea horses, and in the right hand of the ocean I put his trident. The earth I represented by the female figure, the most elegant and beautiful I could form an idea of, leaning with one hand against a grand and magnificent temple. This was to hold the pepper. In the other hand I put a cornucopia adorned with all the embellishments I could think of. To complete this idea in that part which appeared to be earth I represented all the most beautiful animals which so small a space was capable of containing. In the remainder of the oval I placed several grand and noble ornaments.—From Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography.

NOT A TRAMP.

The Tag That Rider Haggard Put on a Literary Hobo.

Rider Haggard was on one occasion traveling across the United States as the guest of John Hays Hammond in Hammond's private car.

"What I want to see," said Haggard, "is the real tramp. I haven't seen one since I reached this country. I can't believe you have as many as has been stated to be the case."

Harris Hammond, the eldest son of John Hays, promised:

"I'll show you one at the next stop."

He had seen one riding on the truck under the car, and at the next station he went down and called the hobo out. When the tramp entered the car he was covered with cinders and dust and looked like something from the lower regions.

Hammond shook hands with him and introduced him, saying:

"This is Mr. Rider Haggard."

"Rider Haggard!" exclaimed the hobo. "Why, I've read all of your books and loved every one of them!"

Then he sat down and discussed literature with Haggard for half an hour. At the end of the talk Harris took him back, let him get some of the dust and cinders off and handed him a good cigar.

"That fellow's not a tramp," said Haggard. "He's a gentleman in distress."—Popular Magazine.

DISLIKES INNOVATIONS.

Hence the Rhino Blindly Attacks Anything New to Him.

Sir Frederick Treves, the distinguished British surgeon, in his book "Uganda For a Holiday" has a word or two to say about the rhinoceros.

"The rhinoceros is the embodiment of blind conservatism," he writes. "Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has however, two marked qualities—combativeness and a sense of smell. It is aroused to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. This object need not be a thing that is aggressive or inconvenient. Its offensiveness depends upon the fact that it is unfamiliar, and the more unfamiliar the object is the worse the rhinoceros acts.

"When a rhinoceros smells a man he will charge him with maniacal violence, although the man may be merely sitting on a stool reading Milton. The massive beast will dash at him like a torpedo or a runaway locomotive simply because the smell of him is novel. Actuated by this insane hate of whatever savors of an innovation, the rhinoceros has charged an iron water tank on the outskirts of a camp and has crumpled it up as a blacksmith would an empty meat tin.

"A conservative rhinoceros with a senile dislike of anything new once charged a train on the Uganda railway, but with no more serious results than the tearing away of the footboard of a carriage. As regards the rhinoceros in this case, it appeared surprised that a thing composed, as it had imagined, of flesh and blood could be so [illegible] went off with an additional grievance and an increased swelling of the head."

A Burning Answer.

"An abstract noun is the name of something of which we can think, but which we cannot touch," said a teacher to a pupil. "Give me an example."

"A redhot poker, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY
For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00; all druggists Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

INCURABLE.

Some Interference Wireless Operators Cannot Overcome.

Few are the steamer passengers who fail to visit the wireless office aboard ship to watch the operation of the instruments and to question the operator. Needless to say, the technical understanding of the well meaning visitors is a variable quantity. The operator must listen to wondering exclamations, original suggestions for the improvement of the service, discourses on the relations between wireless telegraphy and spiritualism and other doubtful topics with uniform courtesy. At times, however, the strain is too great. It was a lady passenger with an eye for details who came to the wireless room and looked wonderingly in.

"Oh, here's the wireless! May I come in? Isn't it wonderful to think of sending those—those waves—you call them waves, don't you? How fascinating to work at this! Are those jars filled with water?"

"Those are condenser jars, madam, quite empty."

"Really? I don't believe I could ever understand it. That coil of wire looks like a birdcage."

"That is the inductance helix."

"What are those things over your ears?"

"The receiving telephones."

"Then you have telephone connection too. One can hardly keep up with the times these days. What does that coil do?"

"That is the receiving tuner and interference preventer."

"Wonderful! Does it keep out all interference?"

"Not all," replied the operator wearily. "Some kinds of interference can't be tuned out; we just have to stand it."—Youth's Companion.

EIGHT CENTS A DAY.

Workers' Pay In England When Board Was a Shilling a Week.

There was a time when a workman in England received 8 cents a day as an ordinary wage, when skilled artisans commanded 12 cents a day and when women worked in the field at such tasks as reaping straw, hoeing, planting beans and washing sheep for 2 cents a day, and a wise student of the subject has expressed the opinion that the British workman of that day was better off than he has ever been since then.

That sounds paradoxical. But the explanation is this: The workman who sold his services for 8 cents a day could buy good beef or mutton for 1½ cents a pound. Wheat cost him on the average only 18 cents a bushel. He could get board for 12 to 16 cents a week. The pay he would receive for fifteen weeks' services would suffice to purchase a supply of suitable foodstuffs, according to the standard of his time (consisting of wheat, malt and oatmeal), to maintain his family for an entire year.

Under these circumstances 8 cents a day—increased to 12 cents in harvest time—was a fair wage, and "times were good" for the average workman.—McClure's Magazine.

MOSCOW CATHEDRAL.

Fantastic Looking Edifice Erected by Ivan the Terrible.

One of the most extraordinary and fantastic Christian places of worship in the world is the Cathedral of Moscow, known as Vasili Blajenni, strange not only in outline and conception, but even stranger in its history. No one knows the architect's name, but the story goes that the czar ordered his eyes to be put out directly the church was completed, so that he should never be able to surpass his work. The idea of the building was inspired by the wickedest and maddest monarch who ever sat on a throne—Ivan the Terrible, czar of Muscovy.

The architecture is in every respect extravagant and barbaric, and the coloring is garish in the extreme. It has nine chapels, roofed by nine cupolas, each different and each stranger than the other. One resembles a pineapple, another a melon, a third is said to ape a hedgehog in its appearance, and the rest are more or less grotesque. Some are gilt; others are painted in brilliant hues. Indeed, the only description is that it is a nightmare of a church, the fitting legacy of a ruler who grilled his counselors in frying pans and clothed his subjects in bearskins in order that trained dogs might worry and tear them to pieces.—Strand Magazine.

A King's Hobby.

The late king of Siam had an extraordinary hobby—that of collecting empty matchboxes of all nations. In this connection an interesting story is related. During one of his visits to England the king while passing down Bond street one afternoon, accompanied by two members of his suit, espied an empty matchbox which had been discarded by its owner and thrown away into the middle of the thoroughfare. Without a moment's thought the monarch dashed into the middle of the crowded traffic, grasped the much coveted treasure and was nearly run over by a passing cab. The fact, however, that he was able to add a new specimen to his collection gathered under such circumstances more than compensated him for the risk which he had run.—London News.

Gothic Architecture.

Gothic architecture began about the ninth century after Christ and soon began to spread all over Europe. Its great feature is the pointed arch, and it was at first called the "pointed style." Most of the glorious old world cathedrals are in the Gothic, and it is generally conceded that for religious purposes no other style of architecture is so perfectly suited. It has been said that the first idea of the Gothic was suggested by the interlacing boughs and trunks of the great woods in which German Christianity was formed; hence the name Gothic.—New York American.

Still More Painful.

The Young Politician—I can assure you there is nothing more painful than having to make—er—er—one's first speech in public. Young Politician's Wife—Oh, yes, there is, dear! Young Politician (displeased)—Then what is it, pray? Young Politician's Wife (sweetly)—Having to listen to it, my dear.

He Was Considerate.

She—I should like that lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. He—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—Journal Amusant.

A CUP OF TEA.

It Plays a Curious Part In Chinese Business Etiquette.

When a salesman or person seeking a business interview presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he deports himself while awaiting the return of the card bearer. Should he be so indiscreet as to put one foot over the twelve inch railing that intervenes between the step and the doorway no manner of persuasion can prevail upon the merchant to grant him an interview.

In case he waits patiently in the space allotted to unknown callers this fact is noted, and he is usually ushered in.

Once in, there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the newcomer is ignorant of the custom he fares ill with his errand. Immediately upon the caller's entering and taking a seat a servant brings a serving of tea, which includes a small cup for each person present. The point of etiquette demands that this tea shall not be touched until the guest is ready to depart, in case the interview has been a pleasant one, in which case the caller is supposed to take up and drink his tea at parting, and at this signal all the others do likewise. However, should it so happen that the Chinaman is not pleased with his caller and is in any way annoyed by him the merchant takes up the tea and begins to drink at once, which act is a direct and decided hint that the interview is ended and has not been to the pleasure of the merchant. The caller is then expected to take his immediate departure.

When a caller has become well acquainted some of the formality is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way. But the "formal" tea is still to be observed and partaken of at parting, irrespective of the cup given to warm and greet the caller on his arrival. This, however, is done only after many visits, when the business dealings have been of such a nature as to warrant friendship and hospitality.—Youth's Companion.

FRENCH FISH STORY.

Three Days' Carnival of Marpignon's Intrepid Anglers.

Though their lakes and ponds are few and their rivers comparatively destitute of fish, the French people are extremely fond of angling. Indeed, nervous and excitable as the average Frenchman may be, he is content to sit by a stream with a pole and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far from Paris there existed a fishing club named the Intrepid Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty stream goes through Marpignon, but for many years not one fish had been seen in this stream, from which circumstance, it followed, the Intrepid Fishers had little to do, says Harper's Weekly.

The excitement may be imagined, therefore, when the word ran through Marpignon that a large barbel—a tough and gamy fish—had been seen in the stream. The Intrepid Fishers turned out and, having ascertained that there was indeed a barbel in the stream, immediately stopped the water some little distance above and below him with gratings so that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joyfully along the stream with hook and line, and all went to fishing for the one fish.

By and by one Intrepid Fisher caught him and immediately threw him back into the water. In the course of time another caught him and did the same.

For three days one veracious account has it the Intrepid Fishers kept at work catching this one barbel, and at the end of that time the fish died of exhaustion and loss of blood. Then the Intrepid Fishers counted up the notches that they had made on their fish poles, and the man who had caught the barbel the most times was declared the champion fisherman of Marpignon and received great honors.

Fishskin Tartars.

The skin of the fish does not suggest itself as a suitable material for the making of clothes, yet it is used for this purpose by a tribe of Tartars in Manchuria. They inhabit the banks of the Peouy river and live by fishing and hunting. During the past 100 years they have become nearly extinct owing to the invasion of their domain by agricultural Chinese. They are known as Fishskin Tartars. The fish they use is the tamara, a species of salmon. Both the flesh and the skin of the fish are supposed to possess wonderful heat giving properties.—Chicago Journal.

Cruel.

Two elderly belles were talking at the ball.

"What a flatterer Wooter von Twiller is!" said the first belle.

"Why, did he tell you you looked nice?" said the second.

"No," was the reply; "he told me you did!"—Exchange.

Sure to Get It.

"There is one kind of game that no one has to carry a gun to hit when he is hunting it."

"What game is that?"

"Trouble."—Baltimore American.

An Enjoyable Occasion.

"Was your chafing dish party a success?"

"Great. We spoiled all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant."—Exchange.

Attractive Title.

The difficulty of using a foreign language was amusingly illustrated when a certain mission started work in China. They were in some perplexity, says Rev. Lord Gascoyne-Cecil in "Changing China," as to the title they should choose for their society. They wanted to convey to the Chinese that their denomination claimed especially to feed the souls of men. They explained all this to an educated Chinaman and quoted well known texts. He immediately wrote down two characters and assured them that they represented what they had said about the spiritual food that they provided and would also be very popular with the Chinese, as indeed it proved. The moment they opened the door of the chapel they were besieged by hundreds of Chinese of the poorer class, who, after listening for a short time, went away discontentedly. The missionaries found out afterward that the title given to them, literally translated, was "health giving free restaurant"—a most attractive title to the hungry Chinese!

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INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

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To insure early delivery, Garments should be ordered at once.
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A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

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His Way of Showing His Love.

"You wrong him, papa. He does not love me for my money. He scoffs at the world's sordid eagerness for wealth."

"What proof have you, child?"

"Why, only last night he told me he didn't care if he never was able to make a penny in his life if he only had me!"

Getting to It.

Anxious Mother—Has Mr. Bashful proposed yet? Daughter—Not exactly, but last evening when I was holding little Dick in my lap Mr. Bashful went to the piano and sang, "Would I Were a Boy Again."

Took His Advice.

"He told his wife she ought to take cooking lessons."

"Did she?"

"Well, yes. She sent for her mother to come and give her a three months' course."



Get Your Printing Done At This Office.

Omnium

A Story of the Year 1985

By F. A. MITCHEL

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It was at the beginning of the present century that one of the gatherers of those colossal fortunes quite common at the time founded an institution for original scientific investigation. Soon after the corps of scientists employed there began their work they made the discovery that living parts of a body might be substituted for decaying parts of another body. For instance, a knee might be replaced by a knee taken from a different person, serving the purpose of a new knee. From this starting point the experimenters proceeded step by step till there was no part of the human body that they could not supply.

Nearly half a century elapsed, however, before these gentlemen succeeded in replacing all the parts in a single human body by similar parts from other bodies.

The first perfect combination man was completed at the institute last year. There was not an organ or a part of an organ in him that had not been taken from another person. The man whose parts had been all removed and replaced had been named Peter Sykes, a criminal condemned for murder. He was given the choice of being executed or turned over to the professors to lose his identity by becoming another person. He shuddered at the immolition of his own personality, but consented rather than die the death of a felon.

The case was the first that was successful in producing an altogether new being. The operators who made or, rather, combined him considered that their first duty toward him was to name him. They chose the Latin word omnium, meaning "of all"—that is, Mr. Omnium was made up of all kinds of persons. It was expected by the unscientific laity that he might be opposed to giving up the name of Sykes, but as there was nothing of Sykes left in him he made no objection whatever. Indeed, he did not remember ever having been Sykes. The life Sykes had led was not in him at all.

Since Omnium was entirely experimental, the professors who had manufactured him gave orders that he was not to be permitted—at least for some time—to leave the institution. But a certain part of his brain and his right hand had been taken from a burglar. The consequence was that though locked in by a guard he found no trouble in picking the lock with such implements as he found lying about and walked forth into the world the first man born of a great many mothers and just as many fathers.

As might have been expected, this fragmentary though entire individual followed the strongest of all the natural laws—the law which unites the sexes. His component parts had been taken from persons between twenty and thirty. His average age was therefore twenty-five, a time of life when a man's fancy turns to love. He had been well dressed by the professors, and as they feared he might get out into the world without funds they had placed a roll of bills in his pocket. Feeling hungry, he went into a restaurant, where he ate a good meal and took a desperate fancy to the cashier, who was a very attractive young woman of twenty. Having scraped an acquaintance with her, he invited her to go to the theater with him that evening, an invitation she accepted.

It should be noted here that Omnium on entering the world as a combination man obeyed the two most important natural laws. The first thing he did was to satisfy his hunger, the second to make love.

Miss Mabel Thompson, the young lady to whom Omnium paid his addresses, found him a very puzzling person. Instead of having a few characteristic traits he had a hundred. The first clashing of idiosyncrasies she noticed was between those of a spendthrift and a miser, a portion of whose brains had been engrafted within his cranium. Instead of engaging seats at the theater he took a whole box. This was embarrassing to Miss Thompson, who was a very modest person. What was her surprise when after the play he took her to supper and ordered one herring for the two.

This episode, though neither of them knew it, showed from the first that, though it was possible to produce a perfect physical combination man, the matter of those elements that are to be classed as mental opened up a new field for the scientists. It demonstrated that to place in the same skull two such discordant elements as the brains of a miser and a spendthrift is to make a bad combination.

But Miss Thompson was doomed to further surprise and disappointment. While going home after the apology for a supper—half a herring for each of them—suddenly the strokes of a bell fell upon their ears. At the first stroke Omnium stopped stock still. There were three strokes, then nine. On the ninth stroke a hook and ladder truck passed. Omnium left the lady standing on the sidewalk, dashed to the truck, stood on the footboard and was whirled away.

Can it be wondered that the poor girl was astonished, disappointed, in the man who had so recently come to her to kindle those hopes of marriage and home which are born in every woman? Omnium called upon her the next day and was coldly received. Had the two heard a remark of Professor Sweigler when Omnium was being put together they would have understood the strange action. "This is a portion of the brain," the profcasor had said, "of Sam Tucker, the most daring fireman in the department. He has taken twenty medals for bravery at fires." And the professor inserted some gray matter in the cranium before him.

Omnium explained to Miss Thompson that when he heard the fire alarm and saw the truck dash by he felt an unconquerable impulse to get on the truck and go to the fire. He regretted leaving her alone, but could not help it. Whereupon she forgave him.

Reconciliations are always dangerous, and it proved so in this instance. Omnium told her that he loved her, clasped her in his arms and begged her to marry him.

Her answer was that, first, he must make known who he was; second, his means, and if these were satisfactory to her she would consent to a trial engagement.

Omnium after a few moments' thought told her that he would prepare a statement for her embodying the information she asked for. The truth is he knew nothing about himself and thought it necessary to do a job of thinking on the matter. He left her, promising to bring the facts the next evening. He had hired a room and went there from Miss Thompson. Throwing himself into an easy chair, he began to think.

The first person he remembered being was Evan Drake. He recalled working in a counting room as a man of that name. Then being addressed as Dr. Harwood came glimmering in his brain. Corporal Horgan was the next identity he felt, and this gave way to Julius, a colored man.

"Great heavens," he exclaimed, "is there negro blood in my veins?"

He examined his nails and the palms of his hands, but could see no traces of such an inheritance. This comforted him.

How it happened Omnium himself could never explain. He remembered jotting down the names as they occurred to him of persons he seemed to have been, and he recalled addressing a note to Miss Thompson beginning, "The information as to myself promised you is"— Then followed the name Omnium, after which he had written the word alias, adding six other names. He had evidently got confused at a consciousness of having been so many different persons and did not know what he was doing, for the next morning Miss Thompson received the list of his names through the mail.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was with her at the time, seeing her turn pale.

"Don't ask me!" moaned the poor girl.

"Do tell me."

"My lover confesses to six aliases. He's a crook."

Miss Thompson's friend after laboring with her for hours finally induced her to promise that she would never see her lover again and that she would send his note to the police.

The escape of Omnium from the institute occasioned consternation among the professors who had constructed him. They could not know what he would do and feared some trouble would result from his being at liberty for which they would be held responsible. One morning Dr. Tunshutter, Ph. D., while looking at the morning paper noticed that a man had been arrested with half a dozen aliases to his name. He was a puzzle to the police. Neither the name Omnium nor any of the aliases except that of a murderer who had been sentenced to be executed and of whose execution there was no record was known to the authorities. No one knew what to do with him.

Dr. Tunshutter threw down his paper, called a carriage and drove at once to the office of the superintendent of police. To his request that Omnium be returned at once to the institute, the superintendent said that the return must be made legally and asked for the man's identity.

"How can I tell you that?" cried the professor. "There are parts of more than fifty people in him."

"Do you mean that you can't give me his legal name?"

"He has none."

"Is he white or black?"

"I can't say; there is a faint trace of black in him."

"He is a man, isn't he?"

"Not entirely. There are cartilages of several dogs, the skins of two rats, and much sewing was done with catgut."

"For heaven's sake, take him away!" cried the superintendent. "I wouldn't have the responsibility of either holding or giving up such a monster for the world. I'll turn him loose, and you must have some one from your confounded institute here to take him. If he gets loose again he'll get into court, and it will require a United States supreme justice to establish his legal status."

Omnium was released from custody that afternoon and caged by the keepers of the institute. He managed to get hold of a lawyer, and his case came up before the court. Seven attorneys, three judges and a large number of jurymen lost their minds in the struggle to establish his legal identity. While these efforts were being made he one day became very much excited and fell dead. The professors made a postmortem examination and found some of the catgut with which the lobes of the brain had been sewed had decayed.

Then a law was passed forbidding the construction of any more combination men.

Letters and Postage Stamps.

"Strange ideas some people have about postage," said the clerk who opens the mail. "Yes. See this letter here with three one-cent stamps on it and stamped 1 cent due? That's a case in point. The writer of that letter thought that perhaps it weighed a little over an ounce, a little more than would go for 2 cents, and so he put on a little more postage—1 cent more—which he thought would cover it,when the fact is that it required an additional two cent stamp. Of course you know that letter postage is not fractional, but that it goes in multiples of two. If a letter weighs ever so little over an ounce it requires an additional two cent stamp. But not everybody seems to know this, and so we sometimes get letters like this one with a little more postage for a little more weight."—New York Sun.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blest if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

Force of the Imagination.

There is a story of a man who was tied up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

AN IDOL IN COURT

Made to Serve the Ends of Justice In a Case In Japan.

THE RUSE OF A WISE MAYOR.

This Solomon-like Official, to Whom an Innocent Man Accused of Theft Appealed, Devised a Simple Scheme That Disclosed the Real Culprits.

One day a servant employed by the proprietor of a big store near Japan bridge, in Yeddo, was sent with a heavy pack of valuable cotton goods on his back to a dyer in Honjo district. When the store's messenger reached Yokogawa street he was ready to seek rest. What more safe than the little grove of trees set about the stone statue of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless woman and children.

The somnolent porter awoke from a nap to find that his employer's cotton had disappeared. In great distress he went to the storekeeper and confessed that he had slept and that a robber had made off with the goods during his slumber. The master would not believe his story, saying that it would have been impossible for a robber to make off with so large a bundle in broad daylight. Unless the porter should pay for the lost goods he would have to go to prison, said the master. In despair the porter took counsel of Mayor O-oka.

"You are certainly to blame for having fallen asleep," reproved the mayor, "but Jizo is equally to blame, for he is a god bound to protect every one who trusts in him, and in this instance he has betrayed you. I will have him arrested and brought before me for trial."

O-oka gave immediate orders to his court officers to go and arrest the Jizo of Yokogawa street and bring him before the mayor's seat for trial. Three of the officers departed on their mission. They first bound the arms of the stone god with coils of rope; then they tried to lift him from his firm pedestal into a cart. A great crowd assembled before the Jizo, attracted by the unusual behavior of the court officers. When they were told that Jizo had to go before the mayor for trial the citizens marveled.

The task of unseating the god was too much for the three court officers, and they sought aid of those standing about. They promised that in return for assistance they would admit all volunteer workers into the courtroom to witness the extraordinary trial. Hundreds were spurred by curiosity to lend a hand, and when the stone god went through the streets strapped to a cart like an offender the crowd grew. It filled the great hall of justice when Jizo was placed before the platform upon which sat the mayor. O-oka addressed the god in stern words.

"You are a negligent fool, O Jizo!" he exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "You are supposed to protect every one who believes in you and who renders tribute, yet this trusting porter here made a prayer to you, then fell asleep at your feet, and he was robbed while he slept. You stand accused of being an accomplice in this robbery. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

Mayor O-oka waited for a few moments as if expecting the stony lips of Jizo to open in reply, but when no answer was made by the god he passed sentence immediately.

"Since you do not defend yourself I consider that you are guilty," said his honor, "and I shall imprison you."

At this remarkable spectacle of a mayor passing sentence upon a stone god there was a titter of laughter. O-oka thundered in a voice of brass.

"Who are all these people standing about here?" he inquired of his court officers. "Are they accomplices of Jizo or only plain thieves? They think this court is a penny show, and they laugh at the court's orders. Shut all the gates at once!"

The scared attendants hastened to shut the gates of the courtroom. Then Mayor O-oka adjudged every man in the great crowd in contempt of court and fined each of them one tan (a kimono length) of cotton cloth. The hundreds thus suddenly found in contempt were happy that their punishment had been so light at least, and under bonds they hurried to their homes to bring back the cloth fine. Before the day was done 700 pieces of cotton cloth had been presented before the mayor's court, the name of each culprit being set down upon the one tan of cotton cloth which he presented.

Before he would allow the 700 to go, however, O-oka retired with the porter who had been robbed to an inner chamber, and he asked the porter to look over the 700 pieces of cotton cloth and see if he could identify any of them as having been once in the pack he had carried. Since every manufacturer of cotton cloth in Yeddo always marked the selvage of each strip with a little red trademark stamp the porter searched the edges of the many strips of cloth for a stamp similar to that borne on the cloth of which he had been robbed. He found that two of the pieces of cloth brought to pay the mayor's fine bore the stamp of his plundered pack. Instantly Mayor O-oka gave orders for the arrest of the two men who had brought this cloth. They confessed to the robbery, and all of the cloth they had taken from the sleeping porter's pack was restored to him.—Japan Magazine.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

Dickens and His Wife.

Commenting on the unhappy relations between Dickens and his wife, Goldwin Smith wrote in one of his last papers: "It was a common case. Dickens had married at a low level, and his wife had not risen with him; otherwise there was no fault on her side. The matrimonial history of writers of works of imagination has often been unhappy. Their imagination turns the woman into an angel, and then they find that she is a woman."

Two Is Company.

"Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid.

"Yes," yawned the worldly young man, "but—never before a chaperon, two small brothers and a pet bulldog."

And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.—Chicago News.

A Sugar Coated Pill.

"How did you persuade your daughter to learn kitchen work?"

"By calling it domestic science."—Pittsburg Post.

LEST WE FORGET.

A Critic Reminds Us How Our People Have Bucked Progress.

We of this big republic complacently affirm the glory of our national achievements and are not without temptation to acclaim them as proof of superior craft and judgment.

But herein do we forget that we are on record as having cast our vote against every move that has contributed to the present century's development.

We raised our voices in contemptuous protest against the first projected railways. Had the locomotive waited its signal from the people it would not yet have started.

When the electric telegraph was shown to us we brushed it aside as a toy and laughed its inventor to scorn when he offered to sell us his rights for a few thousand dollars.

We put into jail as an impostor the first man who brought anthracite coal to market. We broke to pieces Howe's sewing machine as an invention calculated to ruin the working classes, and we did the same thing to the harvester and the binder. We scorned the typewriter as a plaything.

We gathered together in mass meetings of indignation at the first proposal to install electric trolley lines, and when Dr. Bell told us he had invented an instrument by means of which we might talk to one another across the town we responded with accustomed ridicule, and only the reckless among us contributed it its being.—Atlantic Monthly.

HUMAN DISSECTION.

Surgery and the Anatomists In the Olden Days.

For a long time Alexandria was the only medical center of the world, and the physician Galen, born about 130 A. D., had to journey from Rome to the African city even to see a skeleton. He sent his students to the German battlefields to dissect the bodies of the national enemies, while he himself used apes as most resembling human beings. Human dissection was revived in Bologna in the fourteenth century, where Madonna Manzolina later was professor of anatomy, undoubtedly one of the first women doctors, if not the very first. Leonardo da Vinci, painter of "The Last Supper," was a great anatomist, but dissection had fallen into disuse when Vesalius finally revived it about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Even in comparatively modern times anatomists have been the object of attacks by the populace. In 1765 Dr. John Shippen of Philadelphia was mobbed as a grave robber. Doctors' riots in New York occurred twenty-three years later and were due to the belief that the medical students robbed graves continually. It was the lack of opportunity to obtain subjects regularly that led to the practice of grave robbing and originated what Dr. Keene calls "a set of the lowest possible villains—the resurrectionists."—New York World.

Do You Help Others?

It has been tritely said that for every one who stands alone there are twelve to lean against him. How is it with you? Are you one of those against whom others lean for help and encouragement, or are you leaning against some one and drawing your inspiration and courage from him? It depends entirely on yourself whether you take a positive attitude in your work or whether your negative characteristic shall dominate. It is much easier to go through life making as little effort as possible, but it is a poor way if we are going to make life yield even a small modicum of what it holds for us. If you are working earnestly and hoping for success, there is only one way to attain it, and that is through your positive characteristics.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Julius Caesar.

Caesar was assassinated March 15, 44 B. C., and was at the time of his death fifty-six years old. It is not alone as a military genius that his fame endures. By almost common consent he was the most remarkable all round man of antiquity—masterfully great not only as general, but as writer, statesman and administrator. In addition to these high accomplishments he was a great mathematician, philologist, architect and jurist. His conversational powers were extraordinary, and from all accounts he was in his manner one of the most attractive of men.

Henry of Navarre and the Rod.

Henry IV. of France was a firm believer in the adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." In a letter to the governess of his son he wrote in October, 1607: "Madame—I have to complain that you have not informed me of having flogged my son. I desire and request that you will flog him whenever he is disobedient or otherwise troublesome, knowing as I do that nothing will do him more good. I speak from experience, as at his age I was frequently birched."—Paris Gaulois.

Just Made It.

Farmer Giles (who has just cashed a check)—I don't think this money's right. The Cashier—Would you mind counting it again, sir? I think you'll find it correct. Farmer Giles (having done so)—Yes, but you be careful, young man; it's only just right.—London Sketch.

The Happy Medium.

Squire's Daughter—By the way, do you spell your name with a large or a small N, Mrs. McNabe? Villager—Oh, middlin' large, miss.—London M. A. P.

Did Not Look Like It.

"What is it?" asked the visitor in the studio.

"An Italian sunset," replied the proud artist.

"Oh!"

"Didn't you ever see an Italian sunset?"

"Oh, yes. That is the reason I asked what it was."—Yonkers Statesman.

Accomplished.

Blobbs—I never knew such a liar as Longbow. Slobbs—Yes; that fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

By Contraries.

Things go by contraries in this world. People who have nothing to say are always talking.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anticipating.

"My wife and myself had another foolish quarrel."

"About what?"

"About where we would go if we had money enough to travel."—Washington Herald.

THE ELECTROSCOPE.

Instrument by Which the Presence of Electricity Is Detected.

The electroscope is an instrument for the detection of electricity. It depends for its action on the principle that bodies charged with like electricity repel, while those charged with unlike electricity attract each other. The ordinary pith ball suspended on a silk thread is the simplest form of the instrument.

The most common type of electroscope is that devised by Bennett in 1787 and known as the gold leaf electroscope. It consists of two strips of gold leaf or thin aluminium foil suspended from the lower extremity of a conductor within a glass bottle or jar. The upper end of the conductor terminates in a ball or a plate in case the instrument is to be used as a condensing electroscope. If a body charged with positive electricity is brought near the knob of the electroscope the negative electricity will be attracted to the knob and the positive repelled to the leaves, which diverge. If now the finger is touched to the knob the positive electricity is drawn off and the leaves collapse, while the negative electricity is held bound. Removing the charged body, the leaves will diverge again, charged with negative electricity. In this case the instrument can be used to determine the nature of a charge of a body brought near it, as with a positive charge the leaves will collapse and with a negative charge spread farther apart.—Exchange.

A STUDY IN FIGURES.

Calculations Necessary to Produce the Nautical Almanac.

It may safely be said that no one outside the publishing office has read the entire Nautical Almanac from beginning to end, but each figure of the printed almanac is in the office examined twice and read three times.

The total number of figures exceeds a million; but, great as that number is, it is trifling compared with the number of figures employed in the calculations, as the almanac figures represent "bare" results only. The moon, for instance, requires for its calculation more than a million and a half of figures, and similarly with other branches of the work, such as the sun, the planets, etc. Contrary to the general opinion, practically every figure in the book is fresh from year to year.

The tables from which nearly all the work is calculated have been originally constructed from the labors of the astronomical observer and to a large extent from the observations of the sun, moon and planets made at the Royal observatory, Greenwich. Telescopes and other astronomical appliances are conspicuously absent, as the work of the staff is purely mathematical and not observational.—London Telegraph.

A Legend of Mount Omi.

Mount Omi, on the border between western China and Tibet, has the longest staircase in the world. On top of the mountain there stands a Buddhist temple, around which gather some of the holiest traditions of that religion and which is made a Mecca to the Chinese. To facilitate the ascent of its slippery sides some 20,000 steps have been cut in the mountain, forming a single flight, up which the pilgrim toils. Because of its inaccessibility few Europeans have ever visited the spot, but a number of travelers have ascended the stairway and are positive that it is no legendary myth. There is a legend that in earlier times the pilgrim was forced to ascend the mountain without artificial aids until the monks conceived the plan of requiring every pilgrim who would gain especial benefit of his journey to cut a single step.

Some Consolation.

He was a frugal Scot and when the collection plate came round dropped in a florin in mistake for the humble copper. Speedily discovering his mistake, however, he stepped softly down the aisle and requested the oof gatherer to give him back the coin, which request was politely but firmly refused. A shade of disappointment flitted over the northerner's face as he walked slowly back to his pew.

"Aweel," he said, "it's a loss, but there's some sma' consolation in reflectin' it's a bad one. It might have got me into trouble anywhere else."—London Telegraph.

BIBLICAL TROUBLES.

Knotty Language Problems Translators Have to Solve.

Some of the riddles that have to be solved before the Bible can be translated into remote and barbaric tongues are cited in that annual wonder book, the popular illustrated report of the British and Foreign Bible society. How, for example, can you find a name for "lamb" among the inhabitants of some island where the only quadrupeds are pigs and rats? How can you render "whiter than snow" to the dialects of West Africa, where snow is utterly unknown?

Occasionally the difficulty is one of sheer space. Lengua, the speech of an Indian tribe in Paraguay, which has been furnished with the gospel according to St. Mark, is so unwieldy that the word eighteen can only be represented thus: "Sohogenick-wakthlamok-eminik-antanthlama." Literally translated, that means "finished my hands, pass to my other foot—three," for fingers and toes serve as units. The word for butter in Lengua is "waitky-guamankukingnink-ikpithnuk," which means literally "the grease of the juice of the udder of the cow."

In New Guinea the translator wanted the proper idiom for "far be it from me to do this thing," so he consulted an intelligent catechumen. "Yes," replied the catechumen, "I understand exactly. We have the precise idiom. We say, 'May I speak to my mother-in-law before I will do this thing?'" for in that land of strange taboos one of the unpardonable sins is for a man to open his lips to his wife's mother.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Without a friend the world is a wilderness.—Latin Proverb.

Expecting Too Much.

It was a cold, raw day, but the Neversweats and the Fearnoughts were playing a game of ball on the prairie just the same.

The pitcher for the Neversweats, his fingers half frozen, failed dismally in getting the balls over the plate.

"Aw," said the captain, "I t'ought ye wuz one o' dese cold weather pitchers!"

"I am," said the slab artist, blowing on his benumbed digits to warm them, "but I ain't a ice pitcher, blame ye!"—Chicago Tribune.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 25, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 6-20. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Luke ii, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As the review suggested for today is wholly concerning some events in the last week of His earthly sojourn, His death and His resurrection, we cannot do better than to take the Christmas lesson suggested, as He was made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law (Gal. iv, 4, 5). This was all in the fullness of time, and when another fullness of time shall have come He will come again to fulfill all that is written of His kingdom and glory as literally as at His first coming He fulfilled all that was written of His humiliation. All nations will be moved as far as need be to bring about the events connected with His return, as at the first Caesar was moved, he knew not why, to decree that all the world should be enrolled. A Jewish decree would require only the men to go (Ex. xxiii, 17), but it is evident that the Roman decree required women as well as men. Had He been put to death by the Jews it would have been by stoning, but the prediction required crucifixion (Ps. xxii, 16), and the Romans were in power at His death as well as at His birth, that all Scripture might be fulfiled. Dr. Pierson says that "all history is His story," and it must be true that all events in all nations are working out the eternal purpose which has been purposed in Christ Jesus.

Doubtless many a Jewish woman coveted to be the one of whom Isa. vii, 14, spake, but it was reserved for this humble maiden of Nazareth to be thus honored. It had to be some one of the tribe of Judah, and the birth had to be in Bethlehem (Gen. xlix, 10; Mic. v, 2). This had been decreed centuries before—yea, before the world was. So they came to Bethlehem, to the same city to which Ruth came with Naomi and where David afterward kept his father's sheep. But the guest chamber was not ready; there was no room for them in the inn. These words "inn" and "guest chamber" (verse 7 and xxii, 11) are the same words and, I think, used only in these two places. (Look it up. I have no Greek concordance at hand.) Can you truly say "There is room in my heart, Lord Jesus, room for Thee?"

From the story of Hagar in Gen. xvi all the way to Rev. xxii, 16, how fascinating is the record of heavenly ministry by those who hearken unto the voice of His word and do His pleasure (Ps. ciii, 20-21). How comforting the assurance of Heb. i, 14, that they are still ministering to us and have constant access to our Father in heaven (Matt. xviii, 10). In our last lesson, on his resurrection, I noticed (but, I think, did not write it) that He did not show Himself alike to the chief priests and to Pilate, but only to His own followers, who, as a rule, were the lowly ones of earth. So here the angels come, not to any great ones of earth, but to those who as to their occupation followed in the steps of Abel, Jacob, Moses, David and others. I often think of Zeph. iii, 12, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord," and also of Matt. v, 3, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." How precious are the "fear nots" of angels and of the Lord from Genesis to Revelation! But they are only precious as we appropriate them and in them hear His voice to us individually. Does the saying "good tidings of great joy" still hold good? If so, where are the joyful people who rejoice with joy unspeakable and live to make the tidings known to all people.

Then hear the multitude of the heavenly host as they praise God and say, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (verse 14). Note that "glory to God" must be first always, whether it be church or missionary work or individual service. The Lord alone must be exalted. We must cry, as the seraphim and cherubim do, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts!" "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" (Isa. vi, 3; Rev. iv, 8). That will sink our society, denomination or church completely out of sight if only the earth may be filled with His glory. All offerings, like those of the wise men, will then be unto Him rather than unto any particular work for the work's sake. All our service and even our eating and drinking should be to the end that God may in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ (I Pet. iv, 11; I Cor. x, 31). The angels went away into heaven (verse 15). It sounds easy, but who can do it? Men are being honored by nations today if they can stay a few hours in the air and move from place to place. The shepherds unquestioningly believed the angels' message, went and found as they had said and then made it known abroad, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen. The people wondered as they heard, but Mary kept all in her heart and pondered them. It is only as we keep in our hearts and ponder the things of God that we will be in any degree benefited. It is only as we muse that the fire will burn, and we will speak that we may be refreshed (Ps. xxxix, 3; Job xxxii, 20).

The Terrible Police.

When the scheme was first broached fierce opposition developed to the establishment of London's metropolitan police in September, 1829. Police to patrol the streets of London? Such a scheme was "repugnant to the spirit of English law and to the theory of free government," according to an editorial in the Standard of the day. "As a system of clandestine intelligence the thing is complete," it went on. "The low constable is instructed to make himself acquainted with the inhabitants of every house within his beat. And how is this information to be obtained but by the pumping of the servants?"

Among Highwaymen.

"What did that shady financier do when you stopped him and said, 'Your money or your life?'"

"He told me that if I didn't give him a half interest in my little enterprise he'd organize a competing enterprise and drive me out of business."—Washington Star.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *5.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 8.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 22 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m, then 11.00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Opera in Dumb Show.

The late Clara Novello in her reminiscences tells how Malibran once appeared in "Somnambula" without uttering a note. She had taken cold and was prevented from singing at the last moment, though crowds of early comers already filled the house. "On the manager telling her, in despair, that, besides loss of money, these disappointed people would be dangerous she said, 'I can't speak above my breath; I should have to do it in dumb show!' Bunn at once caught at this outburst as if seriously meant and on his knees begged her to try this, and she, fired by the novelty, did so. The grateful public raved in praise of this surprising tour de force, and the sensation it made filled the papers."

Bathing Machines.

Somebody has inquired why "bathing machines," the comfortable privacy of which for ocean bathing has never attracted bathers in this country, are called machines, remarking that there is nothing of a machine about them except the horse which draws them to the beach. The answer has been found in the new Oxford Dictionary. It appears that a "machine" was originally a "structure of any kind, material or immaterial," and has nothing to do with machinery, a later word. Ships were called machines, and it would have been proper to speak of a pulpit as a machine.—Argonaut.

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Woburn Journal.

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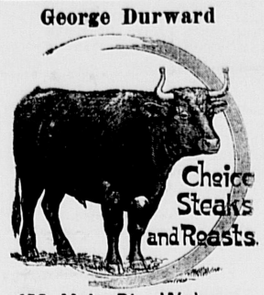
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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
22	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
25	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
413	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
613	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
913	Meggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.
On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.
From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 2.40, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 6.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.20, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 6.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.
House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 / 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—
Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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Down and Out

A New Year's Story

By AGNES B. COLDWELL

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It was the last day of the year, and Marcus Eldredge had determined that its closing hour would mark the end of his earthly career.

"I'll wait until midnight and go out with the old year," he muttered as he pressed the weapon tentatively against his head. As he stood there in the gaslight his unlatched door swung slowly open, and a girl's face appeared, startled and pale as her eyes met his reflection in the glass. His glance met hers defiantly.

"Coward!" she said sharply.

"How do you know that I am?" he demanded without turning around. His face slowly reddened as the contempt deepened on hers, and involuntarily his right arm was lowered and the revolver was placed on the bureau. "How do you know that I'm a coward?" he persisted.

"Because you were going to do that!" She nodded toward the weapon, and he could see that she was afraid of it. "No one but a coward would destroy himself."

"What do you know about it?" Eldredge flashed around and faced the stranger who had so unexpectedly meddled with his affairs. "Do you know what it is to try for years to reach a certain goal and then fail? Do you know what it is to work and wait and starve and suffer privation—and then fail in the end? Then, added to the failure, do you know what it is to tramp the streets looking for any sort of work without even a measure of success? What do you know about these things?"

"You are a coward, as I said before—the biggest craven I ever met. You're a 'fraid cat!" The girl ended with a childish angry sob.

"You don't understand," he said, a sullen look creeping into his face. "If a fellow can't get work and hasn't got a cent of money there's only one decent thing he can do, and that is to get off the earth!"

"The New Year holds no promise for you?" she asked softly, with a note of courage in her voice.

"Not a thing!"

"Is there anybody dependent upon you?" she asked.

"I haven't a relative or a friend in the world—nobody who cares a hang what becomes of me!"

"I wonder if you've thought about the trouble it would make if you—harmed yourself here—in this boarding house?" She shivered a little, and her eyes, evading the vicinity of the revolver, met his imploring glance.

"I suppose you mean it would make Mrs. Jones a lot of trouble—notoriety and what not."

"I wish you were not such a coward!" she cried scornfully. "If you only had the making of half a man in you!"

"I have the ingredients to make a successful man if I can have the chance," he retorted.

"What sort of a chance do you want?" she asked, with sudden eagerness. "What is your business?"

He hesitated an instant, and then he admitted half defiantly, "I'm an artist."

"An artist!" she echoed doubtfully. "Why have you not succeeded? What do the critics say?"

"The consensus of opinion was that I'd missed my vocation. One man said I did chairs and tables so well in my pictures of still life that I really ought to go into the furniture business. That's a sample of the knocks I've been getting."

"What do you really think about it?" she asked in a low tone.

"About my own work?" he said, looking up quickly.

She nodded.

"I know it's rank trash—no good," he said honestly.

"Now you've made a new beginning. You can eliminate art. Why don't you go into the furniture business—design chairs and tables or sell them—or anything? You've got to start somewhere, you know," she urged.

"You don't know the disappointments I've had," he objected uneasily. "A girl doesn't understand what it is to have to face a blank destiny—on an empty stomach."

"You haven't anybody but yourself to take care of, and I'm ashamed of you. So there!"

Marcus Eldredge looked down at the graceful form in his doorway. It was a strange situation. He who had been isolated in the midst of the great city, friendless and forsaken, seemed to have found a friend in this eager, gray eyed girl, who, passing his doorway, had chanced to see him rehearsing his cowardly part in the little tragedy he had determined to play that New Year's eve.

"I'm ashamed of myself," he said suddenly. "I don't know what has made me so blue unless"— He bit off the words and evaded the questioning of her eyes.

"It's getting late, and I must be going. I wonder if you'd sell me that revolver! I want it for a certain purpose," she said, ignoring his confusion.

He placed the weapon in her hand without a word, but as she dropped it into a little bag at her waist and drew out a purse he waved it away.

"Please do not. No, I shall get along all right. I understood why you bought the revolver and I appreciate your delicate kindness, only you must not let me act more like a cad than I have already done. I can get a job as waiter in some of the restaurants till after New Year's; then I'm going into the furniture business—going to butt right in. Wish me luck?"

"I do, most heartily," she said, hapily holding out a small gloved hand for his large clasp. "I know you'll succeed, and I hope you'll forgive my presumption in speaking to you as I have done. I opened your door by mistake for the one on the floor above. At the end of the new year I shall send for you to come to me, and if you want the revolver then you can have it."

"I shall never forget your coming," he said, bending low over her hand, "and I shall not fail to keep any appointment you may do me the honor to make." An instant later the door closed and she was gone.

"By Jove! Think of a little slender thing like that supporting herself!" ejaculated Marcus as he paced the narrow confines of his room. "Then look at a great hulking brute like me! I make myself tired. Guess I'll look up a waiter job this very night. No time like New Year's eve in Gotham!"

Filled with new courage for the future, even though his cherished castle of another life work had crumbled about his ears, Marcus dug out his suit case and left it with a convenient uncle in the district, who at the same time permitted him to don a rusty suit of evening clothes. At the first restaurant into which he dodged he met a distracted head waiter, who gladly set him to work, and there was not a happier fellow in New York city that night than the hungry young man who courageously started on his new career by carrying delicious viands to and fro for his less hungry patrons.

Two days afterward Marcus got a job with a furniture house. He sold chairs and tables and other furniture. He succeeded so well in the work that he was promoted to more responsible positions, and finally he was sent out on the road as a traveling salesman. When the year drew to a close he was drawing a good salary and saving money, for what purpose he did not admit to himself. He had had one great and bitter disappointment during the year—he had never been able to find any trace of the girl who had so mysteriously appeared at his door that New Year's eve and who had fairly stung him into a renewed interest in life and had challenged the dormant talent for money making that had been stifled by his dalliance with an art for which he had no real genius.

Mrs. Jones had disavowed any knowledge of such a young lady as he described. "It couldn't be Mamie Brooks from the room over yours," said the landlady indifferently, "for Miss Brooks has got hair as red as can be, and she ain't small and graceful. She's stout and tall."

With that Marcus had to be content. But it is needless to say he counted the months as they flew by, hoping for some word from the girl who had actually saved his life from his own destructive hand. She said she would send for him at the end of the year, and he was eager to meet her—to tell her he had cast aside his cowardly despair and had put his shoulder to the wheel of labor and was earning success. He had dreams, too, but these he hardly dared foster.

New Year's eve found him once more in New York and again domiciled in [illegible] his old room at Mrs. Jones' boarding house, although he really had his head quarters in a more fashionable section of the city. He sat on the edge of the little bed and tried to relive the scene of that other night a year ago and tried to bring up the same feeling of despair, but in vain. His heart sang of nothing save work well done and a hope that something greater might be his, for he had never ceased to think of the girl who had called him a coward.

There came a knock at his door, and it flew open to reveal a messenger boy. "Miss Danforth has asked me to fetch you to her," said the messenger. Eldredge grabbed his hat and went. "Danforth" must be the name of his mysterious friend.

He was scarcely prepared to be taken to a fashionable uptown street, where a trim maid admitted him to a charmingly furnished room. A slender form arose from a deep chair and came toward him. As their eyes met in that first eager glance there was much revealed of what a year's waiting had meant to both of them.

"You have come for the revolver?" she asked wistfully as she laid her hand in his.

Marcus shrugged his shoulders and laughed for pure happiness. "Not on your life. See what you've done for me, Miss Danforth! I owe everything to your heavenly sympathy. You've made a man out of me."

"I must explain how I happened to be there. I was on my way up to see Miss Brooks, a girl I had seen at the settlement house, and I opened your door by mistake," she explained. "I hope you have forgiven me."

"I'd forgive anybody tonight!" cried Marcus happily. "I thought last year was a bully one; but, Miss Danforth, I wonder if you'd go out with me tonight and join the crowd—and help me to usher in what I feel is going to be the happiest year of my life?"

As they stood together in the shadow of old Trinity and heard the chimes usher in the dawning year a new light came into Helen Danforth's eyes—the dawn of something that would make this New Year the happiest in her life as well as his.

No Place For His Talents.

At St. John's a man stowed away upon Harry Whitney's yacht, bound for an arctic hunting trip. He was discovered too late to return him to the little Newfoundland port, but Whitney determined to make him work his passage. He wasn't successful at this, however. The stowaway simply couldn't see any sort of work. Short of personal violence he couldn't be made to button his collar.

"By thunder," Whitney said one day, "I've a notion to leave you here at Etah." The stowaway seemed mournful.

"Bee-lieve muh, Mr. Whitney," he said emphatically, "you haven't made me so welcome on board your jiggered old yacht that I want to stay. But what could I do up here?" He swept his hand around at the Eskimo huts, half roof and the rest hole in the ground.

"What is your business, anyhow?" Whitney asked curiously.

"I," said the stowaway, "am a second story worker."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Pathetic Banquet.

Jacob A. Riis was discussing in New York his experience as a police reporter.

"They were intense experiences. The pathetic ones had, indeed, such an intensity that they couldn't be used in literature. They'd seem overdrawn. For example, one cold and dreary Thanksgiving evening as I passed a famous restaurant I saw a little urchin standing before the area. Through the area gratings the kitchen, brilliantly illuminated, could be seen. The cook, in his white dress, basted a half dozen great brown birds.

"'Hi, Timmy!' the urchin cried, and a second youngster turned toward him.

"'Hi, Timmy, come an' eat yer crust in the smell from this here kitchen. It makes it taste just like roast turkey.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Arab Steed.

An Arab steed of pure breed would probably be outpaced in a race by an English thoroughbred, but in other respects it outshines its western rival. It is so docile that it is treated by its owner as one of the family, and it has an iron constitution, for it sleeps out at night without covering or shelter. Nature protects the Arab horse with a thick, furry coat, which is never touched by brush or comb and which falls off at the approach of spring, when the body and legs, which had been shaggy as those of a bear, again resume their graceful beauty and glisten in the sun like polished marble.—London Chronicle.

A Woman's Letter.

Hailed as "the master of feminism," Marcel Prevost endeavors to make good his right to the title by the following bit of philosophy: "Is a woman's hat meant to cover her head? Is a woman's sunshade meant to shade her from the sun? Are a woman's shoes made for walking or her bejeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts?"—Exchange.

The Heirloom.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son and in some instances highly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—Everybody's.

Thought For Others.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward." "I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."—Exchange.

Her Preference.

Miss Smith—Now, Madge, tell me, which would you rather be—pretty or good? Madge (promptly)—I would rather be pretty, Miss Smith; I can easily be good whenever I like to try.—Puck.

FORGOT THE KEY.

Then the Locksmith Showed Him How to Open the Door.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eastend started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they paused on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query, "Have you got the key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No, I haven't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser."

"Well, here's a pretty how-de-do!" exclaimed Mrs. E. as her consort savagely but fruitlessly rummaged his pockets. "How are we going to get in to get it?"

Hubby first tried the lower windows, to find them all carefully locked. Neighbors awoke to the situation and began to be helpful.

"Get a ladder," said one.

"Get a jimmy," said another.

"Get an aeroplane," said a third.

Various other expedients, ranging from derricks to dynamite, were suggested. Finally one neighbor brought a ladder which wouldn't reach the second story windows by six feet. It was suggested that the fire department be summoned. Rejected.

By this time the engagement had to be called off, and the remarks Mrs. E. was making to the female contingent of the assemblage will not here be recorded. As a last resort a locksmith was suggested, and Mr. E. departed in search of one. At the end of an hour he returned with a stolid looking German bearing an armful of tools.

"Vich toor?" he inquired.

"This one," said Mrs. E., "and for goodness' sake don't jimmy it nor dynamite it unless you have to!"

"Dot's all righd," grunted the workman. Then he extended his hand and tried the knob. It turned. The catch had not caught. The door swung open. He turned and gave the assemblage an expressive glance.

And now when Mr. and Mrs. E. leave their little home of an evening some neighbor is sure to stick his head out of a window and kindly inquire, "Have you got the key?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

BLIND TO GOOD LUCK.

Fable of the Weary Farmer and the Golden Plow.

There was once a Benevolent Fairy who was accustomed to doing Good Deeds in Whimsical Ways. One day she was flying across the country to attend a meeting of the A. O. B. F. when she noticed a Farmer laboring in the Fields. His horse was Attenuated and Decepit, and his plow was Heavy and Old Fashioned. Often he would pause and wipe the sweat from his brow. Plainly he was having a Hard Time.

The Benevolent Fairy watched him a moment and observed his Haggard Look and his general air of Misery. Suddenly an Idea came to her—to make this man Rich, so that he would no longer have to delve and struggle to eke out a Bare Living. So she swooped down and touched the plow with her wand—she was, of course, invisible—and instantly it was changed to Solid Gold. Then with an amused but kindly backward glance the Benevolent Fairy went on her way.

A year later, remembering the occurrence, she flew over to see how the Farmer was enjoying his Good Fortune. She found him in the Fields, plowing laboriously, and if anything he and his surroundings looked Meaner and More Miserable than they had before. Much surprised, the Fairy flew closer, just in time to hear him murmur:

"I wish this ding-busted plow warn't so heavy!"

The Benevolent Fairy eyed him Pityingly; then she once more touched the plow with her wand, and it again became a thing of wood and iron. Then she flew away, and the Farmer resumed his Toil.

After all, are there not some folk who would die of thirst adrift on a river?—Clifton B. Dowd in Lippincott's.

A Duel In Undress.

Dueling, though not dead, was dying out even in Rogers' time and was not taken very seriously. The poet's biographer tells the quaint story of how Mr. Humphrey Howarth, a surgeon, when called out made his appearance in the field stark naked. The astonished challenger asked him what he meant. "I know," said Howarth, "that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound festering ensues, and therefore I have met you thus." His antagonist declared that fighting a man in puris naturalibus would be quite ridiculous, and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

Definite.

"Madam"—a census taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"

"Lemme see," she reflected; "lemme see. Waal, sir, thar be two over six an' two under twenty-one."—Everybody's.

Prepositions.

A correspondent of the New York Sun says he overheard the following: "The boys came out from over in between those houses." Here are five prepositions in a bunch. Can this "record" be broken?

Your Occupation.

Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of him who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no man really has a right to occupy himself about.—Phillips Brooks.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

CINNAMON TREE BARK.

It Curls Up Into Quills When Dried In the Sun.

The cinnamon tree grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet and is sometimes eighteen inches in thickness. The leaves are from four to six inches in length, oval shaped and marked with three principal nerves. They taste very much like cloves. Cinnamon flowers are of a beautiful silky gray on the outside and a light yellow on the inside. The fruit is a small acorn shaped drupe, and when ripe it is quite brown.

It is, however, the bark of the cinnamon tree that makes it valuable. The finest comes from the island of Ceylon, where they have two seasons of cinnamon harvest. The first season begins in April and the last in November. The branches of three to five years' growth are cut down, and the epidermis is carefully scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up lengthwise with a knife and gradually loosened until it may be easily removed.

The slices of bark are then placed in the sun to dry, and as they dry they curl up into quills. The next thing is to examine and arrange the cinnamon according to its quality. The persons whose work it is to examine the cinnamon are obliged for this purpose to taste and chew it, although in a short time it produces a very painful effect on their mouths and tongues.

As the cinnamon quills are examined the smaller ones are inserted into the larger, and the whole is then tied up in bundles weighing about eighty-eight pounds each.

In Ceylon the oil of cinnamon is usually prepared by grinding the coarsest pieces of bark, soaking this powder in sea water for two or three days and then distilling. Two oils pass over, one lighter, the other heavier, than water.

A LESSON FOR HIS WIFE.

The Husband Found That He, Too, Had Something to Learn.

All Paris is laughing at an adventure on the French frontier line which occurred the other day to a young dramatic author well known in Paris.

He is newly married, and part of the honeymoon was spent in Belgium. While there the bride was very anxious to buy lace, which is much cheaper in Belgium than it is in France. But the bridegroom objected to smuggling the lace through and told his wife at Feignies the customs examination was very severe. She laughed at him, and in the train she said, "I am quite sure that I could easily have smuggled any amount of lace under my dress."

To prove himself right and teach his wife caution for the future the bridegroom whispered to one of the custom house officers at Feignies and, pointing to his wife, who was not looking, said, "I think that lady has some lace."

The officer made a sign, and madame, protesting angrily, was taken off and searched, while the author smoked a cigarette and chuckled at the thought that the search—although he thought she had no lace—would cure her of the wish to smuggle in the future. He ceased chuckling, though, when the custom house officer came up to him and said:

"We are very much obliged to you. The lady had $200 worth of lace around her waist. But she says you will pay the fine."—Cor. Wichita Eagle.

The Ballot In Switzerland.

Swiss voters go to the polls on Sunday. In some districts the elections are also held for a few hours on Saturday evening. In a few of the cantons voting is obligatory, and returns of from 70 to 80 per cent of the voting population are the result. The obligatory measure is, however, not rigorously enforced. Small fines are imposed unless an adequate excuse for nonattendance is forthcoming. These include illness in the family, mourning, absence from the city, a birth in the family and, in St. Gallen, necessary attendance at a christening by a parent or godparent. "Official business" is also usually accepted.

Mixed Motives.

"Few motives in this world can be pure. That is our great trouble," said a lecturer. "A clerk wept bitterly on the beach one stormy day while out on a boiling sea tossed a cockleshell of a fishing boat wherein sat his employer. As the clerk watched with wild eyes the little boat, now buried under white foam, now shooting forward gallantly, now buried again, he clasped his hands and cried in great anguish, 'If that boat sinks I'll lose my job.'"

Tibetan "Demonolatry."

The religion of the Tibetans is literally saturated with demonolatry, and their festivals take the form of ceremonies intended to propitiate various evil spirits and demons. Their devil dances—in which each performer represents some particular malignant spirit—are extremely curious.—Wide World Magazine.

Logical Inference.

"Hello, Grimes! Neighbor of yours got a new dog, eh?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Saw that boy Bobble of yours going home with an old tin can and a string."—Browning's Magazine.

Mehemet's Parliament.

When Disraeli was in Egypt—the story is told in Mr. Monypenny's biography—he met Mehemet Ali, who desired to introduce parliamentary institutions into his country. "I will have a parliament," he said, "and I will have as many parliaments as the king of England himself." So saying, his highness produced two lists of names. "See here," he said. "Here are my parliaments. But I have made up my mind, to prevent inconvenience, to elect them myself."

So Funny of Him.

Mrs. Lazenbee—Here's the man come to fix our clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you? Mr. Lazenbee—It isn't upstairs, is it? Mrs. Lazenbee—Certainly. Where did you think it was? Mr. Lazenbee—I thought it had run down.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1910.

WANTS TO BE SENATOR.

The politicians in Boston say that Governor elect Foss is really a candidate for Senator Lodge's shoes, and that he and his blowers and strikers are leaving no stone unturned to get them.

After crowding Butler Ames off the track Foss turned on his half dozen other Democratic competitors and drove them from the field.

Foss's campaign against Lodge appears to have flaxed out a good deal in the last week or two; it is generally thought that the attack of acute indigestion which he suffered following a "hasty plate of soup," an expression which cost the late lamented General Winfield Scott the Presidency of the United States, coupled with the setback he got down in Essex County, may have discouraged and caused him to slacken his pace. The published statement made by a distinguished Democratic statesman in which the Governor-elect was severely "whipped around the stump," may have had a bad effect on his spirits.

However, Foss is still a candidate for the U. S. Senate, but the Democratic leaders of the Hub believe that Boss Lomasney of Ward 8 will "beat him to a raffle," as a certain distinguished citizen would put it.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

Congressman McCall believes that the people should have the right to vote for U. S. Senators and all other agents in the conduct of the government with the exception of Court Judges. On this proposition Senator Lodge and Congressman McCall are paired—*Boston Globe.*

We would go a step further and have the Judges of all the Courts, from Supreme to Trial Justice, elected by the people for fixed tenure of office, as they are in Illinois and several other States.

Can any sound reason be given for the election of a Representative to the National House by popular vote, and electing a U. S. Senator by the Legislature? We have never been able to find one.

On this subject Representative McCall is right, and Senator Lodge wrong, according to the JOURNAL's best judgment.

P. S. We would respectfully ask the *Globe* if a U. S. Senator is not a Congressman? Why, then, "Senator" Lodge, and "Congressman" McCall? What does the Constitution say about the composition of Congress?

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Murray will not attempt to deliver, or bore the people with the customary Inaugural Address when he takes his seat as Mayor next Monday. He should "cut out" that performance and slip into the Chair of State minus the usual fuss and feathers, or official display.

If the new Chief Magistrate feels constrained to say something—air his dignity, so to speak—and make an exhibition of himself and "magnify his office," let him tell the people at the Inaugural what his Administration has accomplished for the good of the city during 1910, and let it go at that.

But in the case of Mayor Murray such remarks as the above are not necessary. He has a plenty of good commonsense and there is no danger of his overdoing the Inaugural business this year any more than he did in January 1910.

☞ It is not true, as some folks pretend to believe, that the City Council of 1910 will pass into history next week "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The Board have done good work this year, and not a limited quantity of it, either. The members have labored well, generally harmoniously, intelligently, and for the best interests of the city. No lisp of "graft" has been heard. Woburn don't raise that kind of Aldermen.

☞ It is reported that Mayor Murray is pestered nearly out of his wits by officeseekers. He will have some juicy plums to distribute after he takes his seat next week and for each one of them there are a round dozen of beggars, so it is said. But Hugh D. Murray is a cool, levelheaded business man, and will give out his official favors to only those who will best serve public interests.

☞ Any Woburn citizen who is interested in knowing the truth about Senator Lodge's position on the tariff will do well to apply to Rep. Norman H. White, House Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of 2a Park Street, Boston, for a copy of his pamphlet entitled "Facts about 'the 105 Yea and Nay Votes' of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge on the Payne Bill."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The JOURNAL embraces this opportunity to wish its numerous patrons, all and singular, and everybody else, a "Happy New Year," and "many returns of the same."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

John G. Maguire—Citation.
Mrs. S. C. Phinney—Concert.
Boston Herald—New Management.

— New Year's Day next Sunday. Got your new resolutions ready?

— Misses Ruth and Josephine Hart spent Christmas at their home in this city.

— The Hearts sisters are with their parents on Bennett street this holiday vacation.

— The rain on Friday night and all day Saturday was a refreshing and much needed godsend.

— The fine skating on Horn Pond was badly interfered with by the snowfall on Monday evening.

— A few days ago Mayor Murray appointed George E. Shea of the South End a regular policeman.

— The Ladies' Sewing Circle met for work with Miss Mary McGovern on Church avenue a few afternoons ago.

— To have a holiday follow immediatly after a holy day, or vice versa, is confusing to minds naturally not very strong.

— The Knights of the Sacred Heart of St Charles church made Rev. Fr. Keegan, the Rector, a fine Christmas present.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Brigham of East Pepperell visited friends and former neighbors in this city last Monday.

— Wilde & Stevens, the well known Boston manufacturers of press rollers, remembered the JOURNAL in good season for a 1911 calendar.

— It is a great pleasure to have Miss Trecartin with us this Christmas Sunday, and to hear her voice in song. —*First Church Weekly Calendar, Dec. 25.* Yea, Verily!

— Dr. Frank Clarke, formerly Submaster of the Woburn High School, is to occupy the present Dr. S. W. Kelley residence on Winn street when the latter moves into his new home.

— The public schools of this city, at the close of a "merry," joyous and too brief, holiday vacation, will resume business operations on next Tuesday, Jan. 3. We hope the scholars will improve "each shining hour."

— Once on a time "turning over a new leaf" on Jan. 1, meant considerable, but it don't seem to nowadays. Some resolutions may possibly be made at the beginning of the New Year, but generally, they don't seem to be lasting.

— In order to put an end to the present drouth there is needed not less than 3 days of copious continuous rain, and it is pretty sure to come yet. It is seldom that the bogs freeze up in the fall and winter until filled full of water.

— According to all accounts Captain Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., Superintendent of the Forts and other Government defences in Boston Harbor, son of Mr. Alexander Grant of Woburn, is soon to be married to a Boston lady.

— Smith & Varney, the jewelers and silversmiths, had the biggest Christmas trade this year in all their business experience. They advertise. Smith & Varney are staple goods, warranted yard wide and not to fade.

— The length of the Christmas season is 12 days, and the weather on each of them "governs" that of the same numbered month of the year. For example: the weather during next month will be like that of last Sunday and so on.

— It will be learned from her announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL that Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney is to give a concert in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11, 1911, and that tickets for it can be obtained at Whitcher's drugstore.

— If the business was as big all over Uncle Sam's dominions according to population as it was in Woburn Postmaster General Hitchcock ought to have cleared enough last week from the sale of Postcards to enable him to reduce letter postage to 1 cent a half ounce, and pay off the National dept.

— The large, fat and handsome gray squirrels that have inhabited Bennett street several years past are still lively and making daily rounds to the homes of the people nearby for their victuals which they obtain in abundance. Bennett and neighboring streets think everything of the squirrels and treat them accordingly.

— At about 4 30 o'clock on last Monday afternoon snow began to fall gently and continued to do so for a couple of hours, or until the ground and trees were covered by a thin garment made of it. No sleighing followed, or none to amount to anything. If all the small storms could be bunched together and come at once, sledding would result.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 67 at 0 20 last Monday morning was for a slight fire on the roof of the Woods house on the corner of Main and Kilby streets. The alarm from 56 last Monday evening was false. The alarm from 53 at 3 20 Wednesday afternoon was for a fire that did considerable damage to a small barn on Fowle street owned by J. F. Scalley.

— For an extraordinary influx of Christmas Greetings—beautiful cards, elegant booklets, books, neat and useful products of needles and deft fingers, presents of fruits, flowers, and many other seasonable, handsome and useful things that cheered their hearts and strengthened a love of life and humanity—the JOURNAL people return hearty thanks to their hosts of good friends.

— Good Mistress Crovo, Superintendent of the Sales Department of Crovo's large and flourishing fruitstore on Main street, has never once in many years failed to kindly and generously remember the Editor of the JOURNAL with welcome gifts at Yuletide. The basket seemed larger than ever, if possible, this Christmas time, and its contents were delicious and satisfying beyond expression.

— The rain Wednesday night and Thursday didn't go far towards moistening things.

— Alice Bulfinch has been visiting her friend, Marion Taylor, on Pleasant street this week.

— The Lexington Winter Carnival in aid of the Minute Men Memorial Armory is to be held on Jan. 7.

— Mrs. Hortense Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is entertaining her cousin, Mrs. Greenleaf of Maine, this week.

— Roland B. Dow, Professor in Miami College, Ohio, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow, in this city.

— Captain John P. Crane of Warren avenue, a retired leather maker, left here last week for his winter home at Camden, South Carolina.

— The 3 young men who, it is alleged, robbed one of Hart & Co.'s express wagons of $210 70 worth of goods in Boston just before Christmas, were arraigned in Court there last Wednesday and sent to jail for lack of bondsmen for their future appearance at a higher Court.

—Members of the Woburn C. E. S entertained 200 sailors at the Seamen's Home on Hanover street, Boston, last Tuesday evening with songs, readings, fancy dancing, etc., to their great delight. The artists were: Guy Marion, Irene Foster, Bertha Boutelle, May Wheeler, Edith Bezanson, Edna Felch, and others.

— The Ladies Charitable Society Alliance will hold their annual Supper, followed by speaking in the Unitarian church, Thursday, Jan. 5. at 6 30 P M Rev. Charles S. Dole of Jamaica Plain President of 20th Century Club will speak upon an "Alround Optimist." Mrs Martha E S. Curtis and Rev. William H. Osmond will also speak. The public cordially invited.

— The Woburn Woman's Club will hold its regular meeting on Friday afternoon, Jan. 6th. Lecture provided by the Tidd Fund, "Education and Life" by Prof. Charles Zueblin. Each member is privileged to bring a friend, as has been the custom on the occasion of the lecture provided by the Tidd Fund. Tickets for Gentlemen's Night will be on sale the afternoon of Jan. 6

— No token of rememorance and goodwill was received by the JOURNAL this last holiday season with greater pleasure than a bunch of beautiful chrysanthemums and a dainty card of Christmas greetings from the Sunny Circle of King's Daughters, per politeness of Miss Burbeck. It delighted the Editor to be thus thoughtfully and kindly considered by the Daughters and he returns his thanks for the same.

— C. E. Smith, the well known and successful real estate dealer of this city, is looking for a smarter and more active business in building and renting of property this coming season than for several years past. The signs, he says point that way and he is making movements to meet a larger trade than ever next summer. He is the chief dealer in real estate in Woburn, and his forecasts of business are generally reliable.

— As winter advances and travel falls off the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company haul in their horns and cut down trips on their numerous lines of road. Supt. Gray of the Chelsea Division has discontinued the Woburn and Salem service and sends cars, for the present, to Malden Square only. The Woburn & Reading has returned to hourly, instead of halfhour trips. Cold weather always operates that way.

— When the Old Year bids the world goodbye tomorrow night and the New Year takes the helm the length of days will have increased just 3 minutes according to Robert Thomas's "Almanack." This announcement may not appear to be of sufficient moment to warrant the writing and printing of this item; but in starting out on a new year, or anything else new, it is always a good plan for one to get correct bearings, especially, respecting the progress of time.

— Lawyer Grace L. Norris, member of the Law firm of Norris & Norris of this city, is now engagad in farming, gardening, and chicken raising at the Norris homestead on Bow street. She prefers cultivation of the soil to the practice of Law; and it gives more satisfactory health results, too. The Senior member of the firm is likewise a lover of the ground and its products, and handles a hoe with marked skill and agility, and thinks that, after a little more practice, he will be able to milk a cow.

— It did seem as though Christmas cards, books, booklets, and other highly prized tokens of love and esteem, were plentier than ever this year. They must have thought so at the postoffice, judging from the loads toted over the city by the carriers and passed out at the general delivery for several days before and after Sunday. Apparently our city ministers received fewer worsted slippers and smoking jackets than usual; but the returns show that the deacons and choristers were generously remembered.

— Mr. Herbert C Huntress, General Manager of the S. B Goddard & Son Insurance Agency of Woburn and Boston, one of the most prominent and prosperous in this section of the State, is heartily thanked by the JOURNAL for seasonable favors in his line. Likewise, the JOURNAL is pleased to mention the fact and give him credit for a generous donation of $25 each to the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association, and the Police Relief Fund a few days ago. Mr. Huntress is a good kind of a man to have for a resident, and we are glad to hear that he talks of establishing his permanent home here.

— The old saying is: "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard." Although derided, doubted and sneered at by nearly all the world, it is based on true philosophic principles. That being true, the present winter promises to be a sickly one, for its Christmas was decidedly "green." A hard and continuous rainfall for nearly 24 hours before the dawn of that day had carried off every atom of the thin coating of snow that covered the ground and left the grasslands as green as they are in the month of June. True, Sunday was a cold, windy day, and the ground was generally frozen; but that didn't alter the fact that the Christmas of 1910 was a "green" one, and if the old adage is true, sickness will follow it.

— Dec. 29 was a remarkable day. Nearly a summer heat prevailed. Rain and hot this morning, Dec. 30.

— Compliments of the season, etcetera were thankfully received at the JOURNAL office yesterday morning from Mrs. Annie B. Phillips of 16 Wyers Court this city.

— There were S S. concerts at all the Woburn churches last Sunday, and the reporters pronounced them excellent and eminently entertaining. The rooms in which they were held were beautifully decked out in Christmas colors and presented an appearance pleasing to behold. The ornamentations in all of them seemed to be more profuse and artistically arranged than ever before, if such a thing were possible. The programmes for the concerts consisted of subjects admirably chosen for celebrating "Merry Christmas," songs, carols and recitations by the pupils predominating. The singing and other exercises were highly enjoyed by a large audience at each of the celebrations. Fine weather prevailed; the Goose was tender and gravy thick and spicy; and everything was nice and lovely at Yuletide in this city.

A Silver Wedding.

Mr. Frank B. French, M. E., formerly Woburn's City Engineer and Superintendent of Streets, and Mrs French, nee Virginia A. Rickey of New Orleans, La., completed a quarter of a century of happy and contented life at their home on West street, N. W., Dec. 24, 1910.

Friends and neighbors (the elite of the city) of this worthy and highly esteemed couple considered that the 25th anniversary of their wedding, which took place at Ocean Springs, La., or the Silver Wedding, was eminently worthy of being celebrated, which was done in due form and Christmas spirit on Friday evening, Dec. 23, 1910, at the home of the bride and groom.

The pleasant French residence was filled with the company of visitors, among whom were ex-Mayors and Mayoresses, ex-Aldermen, and Pastor Tilton, Dr. Bixby and wife, school master Hong, Mr. and Mrs William W. Hill, and scores of others

A generous offering in silver coin was made by Ald. Frank Carter in behalf of the kind and liberal donors, and many other gifts, tokens of high regard, were presented to Mr. and Mrs. French.

In various ways, including a plenty of excellent refreshments, a delightful evening was passed by the large company and their entertainers.

Drowning of Miss Call

Miss Leola Call, aged 20 years, and Mr. Earl B Peterson, a young man of Oshkosh, Wis., two of a skating party of 8 young people on Charles River Basin, were drowned there near nightfall last Monday. Mr. Peterson was a religious worker in the Boston Y. M. C. A., and Miss Call was a student at the Deaconess Training School in Brookline. She lived with her mother and two sisters at 7 Reedsdale street, Allston, her father, Harry M. Call, being General Manager of a newspaper and job printing establishment at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he was when his daughter was drowned.

Mr. Call and family were residents of Woburn several years ago and have relatives and many friends here now, who extend to them profound sympathy in their great sorrow. He carried on the printing business on Walnut street in this city, and afterwards went to the Riverside Press in Cambridge, where he remained until he went West. The family were prominent in the Methodist church, and highly esteemed.

The sad ending of Miss Call's life produced a severe shock to this community.

Why Its Circulation and Influence Increases.

The persistent aim of the makers of the Boston Transcript is to conduct a newspaper fair to all, assuming that every story has two sides, each having rights to be respected. Nowadays a daily paper that is clean and wholesome in its news columns, and at the same time instructive from a literary point of view is not to be found in every city. Such a paper wherever found should be preferred to all others. In Boston, the Evening Transcript has the circulation of character. It is universally understood to be the best family daily in that city. It has been published with the same policy—in fact, by the same family—for eighty years. This paper is the only one in Boston that a man may take into his home with absolute certainty that it contains nothing that he would not have his wife and children see. If you want a clean, able, fair minded paper send for sample copy.

Electric Lights in Burlington.

VOTED TO HAVE EDISON SERVICE AT SPECIAL MEETING.

At a special town meeting held Monday evening, the 19th, it was voted to make a ten year contract with the Edison Electric Illuminating Company for lighting streets and town offices.

The Edison Company will extend their lines for commercial and power business so that Burlington people can now have modern illuminating. They have never had anything but old fashioned lights.

This now makes 35 cities and towns now using Edison service.

S. Edgar Kendrick.

The subject of this obituary, a former resident of Woburn, died at Olean, N. Y, on Dec. 24, 1910, and was buried in Woodbrook, this city. The funeral was held at the Methodist church, Rev. N. B. Fisk assisted by Rev A. H. Herrick, officiating, on Dec 28. It was attended by numerous friends and Masons who brought flowers.

The deceased was engaged in leather making here. He was once a member of the Woburn City Council, and prominent in business circles.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

The first week of the New Year at B. F. Keith's theatre will open with a splendid programme of strong comedy and novelty features. Nearly all are new to Boston. Dainty little Ethel Green, formerly of "The Rose of Algeria" and "Dick Whittington," will appear in a new act written especially for her, introducing some original songs and dances. Jean Bedini and Roy Arthur, the famous burlesque comedians, will make their first appearance here in several years in a screamingly funny act. These men are the best travesty artists now on the stage, and the mere announcement of their engagement is sufficient to guarantee plenty of laughs.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" has started on the most auspicious of careers at the Castle Square. Its second week begins on Monday, and there promises to be a continuance of the enthusiasm that has greeted it ever since its opening two days before Christmas. Mary Young has made an emphatic hit as Jack, and she plays the boy to perfection. Mr. Craig's Sinbad the Sailor is youthful and merry, and Donald Meek as the Fairy Queen is as comic a jester as anybody could wish. The scenic production, music, dancing, combine to make "Jack and the Beanstalk" the best of holiday productions It is apparently in for a long run at the Castle Square.

WINCHESTER.

Calumet Club are still on deck.

The public schools will reopen early next week after a good holiday vacation.

The rain last Saturday spoiled what little sledding there was and about as good as ruined the skating on Mystic Lake. But "still there's more to follow."

I feel some curiosity and desire to find out who the Democrats of this town favor for U. S. Senator, now that Col Gaston has backed out of the controversy. Who does Mr. Taft, the Democratic leader, go in for? The others will follow him.

Christmas Day passed off in fine shape in this village, and everybody appeared to be "merry." New Year's Day comes next Sunday, when, I expect, many new resolutions will be made, to be broken, as usual, before the "Ides of March."

If Brown & Gifford should slip up on their ice crop and fail to harvest one, I do not see how our people would get enough of it for their mintjuleps next summer. Mintjulip is the favorite tipple of our "400," and a loss of the ice crop would prove an awful blow to them.

"Law and Order" gets on his ear because the Selectmen fail to clean out the raging and roaring Aberjona, and make it navigabla. If it were not for the kickers what a poor old sleepy world this would be, particularly that section of it that includes this fair and lovely town.

In accordance with his usual custom Thomas W. Lawson of this town, the famous "Copper Ling," caused to be distributed among poor people here 125 big boxes of turkeys and other Christmas cheer, for which many a prayer was sent to the Throne of Grace for a "Long life and a merry one" to him for his generosity.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

French Official Red Tape.

Two men went to Nice lately from Italy to attend a funeral and took with them a wreath of flowers to which was fastened a silk ribbon bearing an inscription. They were informed at their destination that they would have to pay a duty equivalent to $25. The mourners protested, saying that the wreath was made of natural flowers on which there was no duty, but they were informed that the dutiable part was the silk and that, according to the tariff laws, duty must be collected on the gross weight of the memorial emblem. Then the men agreed to throw the ribbon away, but this could not be done on French soil, and so they journeyed back to the frontier, where they disposed of the ribbon, boarded a train for Nice with the ribbonless wreath and arrived too late for the funeral.

Keep In the Sunshine.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists, sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people. But, wherever they go, their characteristic is this—their shadows always travel on before them. These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

The Soul of the House.

There are big houses and small, handsome and plain, dear and cheap, but every house is like a suit of clothes in that it makes such a lot of difference who is walking around in it.—Life.

True enough. If she's there, it seems like home; if she isn't, it doesn't. No amount of elegance of edifice or furnishings can compensate for her absence. She is the indispensable factor to any home life worthy of the name.—Troy Press.

Look About You.

It is wonderful how much one can learn by cultivating the habit of observation. As you walk in the street or ride in the car you pick up a surprising amount of information. Our fellow beings are intensely interesting, and they are constantly teaching us something or other. Do not let your knowledge stagnate. Put it to some practical use.

Life on a Battleship.

To the landlubber one of the peculiar and ofttimes discomforting elements of life on a warship during target practice is the necessity for numerous baths. After each volley all the men on deck must take a bath. Sometimes there are four or five baths a day. This becomes quite monotonous. The Japanese inaugurated this practice. A bath is taken before and after shooting to guard against possible infection of open scratches and cuts from the flying powder. When the big guns go off the landsman on deck is thrown into consternation. A horrible, sickening wrench makes one feel as if each limb were separately grasped and pulled in various directions, and it is a long time until he gets his "sea legs" again. Life aboard ship is not the ordeal that rumor has characterized it. The hardtack legend is erroneous. The sailors are well fed with the best viands procurable, and their bread, far from being hardtack, is as good as that which is served in any high class hotel or restaurant. There is a spirit of good fellowship among the men below decks. Each man has his separate duties definitely designated, and there are no petty jealousies.—J. W. Alde in Leslie's.

Laughter and Death.

He can be said to have won the game of life who at the last can laugh. That final speech of O. Henry, the short story writer, was finer than any story he ever wrote. Just as he was dying he turned to the doctor and said: "Pull up the curtain, doc. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The speech had in it wide courage and a sense of values. One forgives the royal Charles much frivolity for the sake of his dying speech, "Gentlemen, I fear I'm an unconscionable time a-dying."—Harper's

A Spoiled Evening.

"Did she have a good time at the dance?"

"Not very. You see, nobody raised any fuss because her partner took more than five dances with her."—Detroit Free Press.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Prentice.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. "New Year's Service and Sermon."
12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Charlestown, Dec. 23, Mathew S. Daley of Woburn, aged 21 years, 11 months, 27 days.
In this city, Dec. 23, Mary Grant, aged 59 years.
In this city, Dec. 24, James L. Baker, aged 90 years, 6 months, 15 days.
In Olean, N. Y., Dec. 24, Simeon E. Kendrick, formerly of Woburn, aged 61 years, 10 months, 9 days.
In this city, Dec. 26, Mary A. O'Donnell, aged 80 years.
In this city, Dec. 28, Sarah Coyne, aged 35 years, 6 months, 15 days.

KIDNEY DISEASE KILLS.



Your health and life depend upon the Kidneys' working properly. When out of order you have pains in the back, brick dust deposits in the excretions, scalding pains, swelling around eyes, constipated bowels, drowsiness, fever, rheumatic pains. The best treatment for these conditions is **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.** It removes the uric acid from the system, the cause of most Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles. 35 years of success. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles $1.00 all druggists.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

CHELSEA DIVISION.

TIME TABLE.

ISSUED Dec. 27, 1910.

Woburn Centre for Malden Sq at 5 45 AM., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 AM., then every hour until 2 15 PM, then every 30 minutes until 10 45, 11 15 PM. SUNDAY at 8.15 AM., and every hour until 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 45, *11.15 PM. Return, leave Malden Square for Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 AM., then every hour until 3 15 PM., then every 30 minutes until †10.45, †11.15, †11.45, PM. SUNDAY at 9 15 AM., then every hour until 1 15 PM, then every every 30 minutes until 10.15, †10 54, †11.15, †11 45 PM.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem at 6 30 A M., and half hourly until 10 30 PM. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5 45 AM, then every 30 min. until 10.45 PM. SUNDAY at 8 30 AM, and half hourly until 10 30 PM. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8 45 AM., then every 30 min. until 10.45 PM. Return leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 AM., then every 30 min until 11 PM. SUNDAY at 9 AM., then every 30 min. until 11 PM.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoneham Square Only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abigail Blye, late of Woburn, in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George A. Blye, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTYRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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FOR YOUR
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A set of triple plated knives and forks makes a sensible present, and if they bear this trademark

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A CONCERT
WILL BE GIVEN IN
Lyceum Hall, Woburn
— ON —
Wednesday Eve'g, Jan. 11, 1911
Under the direction of Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY, at which the following artists will appear:
Frances Dunton Brown, Soprano
Paul March Brown, 'Cello
Clara Poole King, Contralto
Harlow Seeley, Dramatic Reader
Myrtle Walcott, Pianist
TICKETS 50 Cents.
On sale at A. W. Whitcher's Drugstore.
ALL SEATS RESERVED



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Season opens October third.
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pianoforte Instruction.
MISS MERTENA L. BANCROFT
WILL RESUME TEACHING
October 10, 1910
12 Franklin St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Daniel Y. Weldon to Sybil Shaw dated December 1st, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2703, Page 77, which mortgage has been duly assigned by Sybil Shaw Trull (formerly Sybil Shaw) to John G. Maguire by assignment dated December 8, 1910, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on SATURDAY, January 7th, A. D. 1911, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described substantially as follows:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of Plympton street containing five thousand (5000) square feet bounded and described as follows, namely: Beginning at a stake in the northerly side line of said Plympton street at a point where the easterly side line of Scott street intersects said line of Plympton street, from thence the line runs a little north of east by and with said Plympton street fifty (50) feet to a stake; from thence the line turns at nearly a right angle and runs a little east of south by and with said Scott street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Daniel Y. Weldon by Hannah A. P. Plympton et. als. by deed dated October 23d, A. D. 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2320, Page 162.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and municipal, liens if any, thereon. $100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of the undersigned, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., December 14, 1910. 16-23-30

NOTICE
Lost Savings Bank Book

Woburn, December 21st, 1910.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:

I, Bernard J. Golden, executor of the will of Margaret J. Mayes, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book No. 28078, issued by the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to Margaret J. Mayes has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Sec 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

BERNARD J. GOLDEN, Executor.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consent that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
by A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms, 397 Main street, Woburn, on TUESDAY, January 10, 1911, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 8, 1910.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Boston & Northern St. R'y Co.
Woburn Division

TIME TABLE

Issued June 27, 1910.

Leave NORTH WOBURN for **Sullivan Square Terminal**—5.12 a. m. and every 15 mins. until 6.12 a. m., 6.42, 6.57, 7.12, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 12 p. m. [Also cars leaving North Woburn at 6.27, 7.27 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9 27 a. m., then 1.57 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.27 p. m., then 9.27, 9.57, 10.27, and 10.57 p. m. connect at the corner of Winn and Pleasant streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.] SUNDAYS — 6.27, 6.57, 7.27, 9 12 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.12 p. m. (Also cars leaving North Woburn at 7.57 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10.57 p. m. connect at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets, Woburn, for Sullivan Square Terminal.]

Return—Leave **Sullivan Square Terminal**—6.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10 32, 11.02, 11.32, p. m., 12.02 a. m. (Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square, Medford or Winchester on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 7.52, a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.52 a. m., then 2.22 p. m., and every 30 mins. until 7.52 p. m., then 9.52 and 10.22 p. m., can connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.) SUNDAYS — 17.32, 18.02, 18 32, 19.02, 19.32, 110.02, 10.17 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 9.47 p. m., then 10.02, 10.17, 10.32, 11.02, 11.32 p. m. and 12.02 a. m. Also passengers leaving Sullivan Square Terminal, Medford or Winchester, on Lowell cars due at Woburn Centre at 8.22 a. m., and every 30 mins. until 10 22 p. m., connect with cars for North Woburn at corner of Winn and Pleasant Streets.)

Wilmington Depot and Perry's Corner, Wilmington—6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.52 a. m., then same as week days. **Return**—leave **Perry's Corner, Wilmington,** 16.45, 7.18 a. m. and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m. SUNDAYS—8.18 a. m., and every 60 mins. until 10.18 p. m.

Wilmington Depot and Billerica Centre—7.15 a. m., 12.15, 2.52 and 5.52 p. m. **Return** — Leave **Billerica Centre** for Wilmington Depot and North Woburn 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 and 6.45 p. m.

Leave WILMINGTON DEPOT for **Billerica Centre**—7.30 a. m., 12.30, 3.00 and 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00 M., 1 30, 3.00. 4.30, 6.00, and 7.30 p. m. **Return**—Leave Billerica Centre 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.45 p. m SUNDAYS—9.45, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 7.15 p. m.



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TIDES THAT RAGE

Queer Pranks Played by the Ebb and Flow of the Ocean.

THE RUSH INTO THE AMAZON.

Three Successive Waves, Each Ten Feet High, Fling Themselves In a Roaring Mass Upon the Great River. The Tides at Panama.

The highest ocean tide in the world is in the bay of Fundy, where it has been known to rise eighty odd feet. The second highest tide is found at the mouth of the English river the Severn.

The top of the Severn tide is at Chepstow, and when there is a gale behind a spring tide a rise of nineteen feet seven inches has been observed within a single hour. The result of this is a "bore," a tidal wave which sweeps up the wide channel at more than ten miles an hour and swallows the bare sands under a wild tumble of turbulent waves.

The cause of the gigantic Severn tide is interesting. It is not entirely due to the rapid narrowing and shallowing of the Bristol channel, but is chiefly caused by the fact that two tides enter the Severn simultaneously. The crest of the tide which runs into the Irish channel meets at the mouth of the Bristol channel another wave, twelve hours older, which has come round the north of Ireland. These two together run up the Severn.

A tide almost equal to that of the Severn is seen in the bay of Mount St. Michael, on the French const. At low tide carts drive across from La Vendee to the Isle of Noirmoutier; at high tide big ships sail across the road.

In stories of adventure one sometimes reads of the tide racing in over the sands faster than a man can run. This actually happens in the bay of Mount St. Michael.

At low tide there lies before one a wide plain of sand 150 square miles in extent, in the center of which rises the huge black mass of St. Michael's mount. The tide turns, and one sees it rushing in edged by a line of white. A liquid mass estimated at 1,470,000,000,000 of cubic yards comes pouring into the bay and in a very few hours covers the whole great plain. The distance between ebb and flood marks in the bay is nearly seven miles.

Centuries ago all this desolate gulf was a wide stretch of fertile land, protected on the seaward side by tall sand hills. A great tide with a heavy gale behind it burst through the barriers and stole 90,000 acres of farm and pasture.

While the French side of the English channel is daily visited by immense tides, England's side has comparatively small ones, and from Poole harbor to the Isle of Wight the very peculiar phenomenon of double tides is seen. These are caused by the interruption of the tidal wave by the Isle of Wight.

All over the world we find the tides playing the queerest pranks. At the port of Panama, on the Pacific end of the Panama canal, you may watch a tide of twenty-three feet rise and fall. Less than forty miles away, at the Atlantic end of the big cut, there is practically no tide at all.

We have spoken of the "bore" in the Severn. Imposing sight as this is, it is child's play compared with the tidal wave which rushes up the enormous estuary of the Amazon.

This rush of water, which, by the way, makes a terrific roaring sound, comes in three successive waves, each about ten feet high, and vessels navigating the estuary are in as great danger as when they are overtaken by storm in the open sea.

The Ganges has a dangerous "bore" at high springs, and the "mascaret" on the river Seine is also a source of peril to small craft.

The force of the currents or races produced by tides penned in narrow channels must be seen to be believed. Every one has heard of the famous maelstrom off the Norwegian coast, the terrible whirlpool which was supposed to drag down ships and grind them to pieces against the rocks at the bottom. The whirlpool as such does not exist, but the tide race between Moskol island and its next neighbor is almost as dangerous as the revolving eddy of the fable.

The sea here rushes through a rock walled channel at more than ten miles an hour. A sailing vessel caught in this race is perfectly helpless, and a steamer must have uncommonly good engines to drive her way through it.

Between Jura and Scarba islands, on the west coast of Scotland, is a tidal race which for speed and fury holds a world's record. The native name for this race is Coirebhreacain, literally "caldron of the spotted seas." Here the tide runs at no less than twelve and a half miles an hour, and when the wind is over the tide the whole strait becomes actually a boiling, foaming caldron, into which no craft of any kind could venture without certain disaster.

In December, 1902, an easterly gale created enormous difficulties for the shipping at Hamburg. It took the water right out of the Elbe, and where vessels drawing twenty-five feet had been accustomed to move easily there was not water enough to float those drawing fifteen feet. All the large steamers in the port were stranded, and some lay right over on their sides. The scene was a most curious and amazing one.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Where Money Buys Life.

The rich Chinaman if condemned to death easily procures a substitute. Some poor wretch, without money to secure his spirits from becoming wandering devils, with the price of his miserable life can purchase proper care for his spirit. Anything, in fact, can be done if you have the money. It is this belief that causes the Chinaman to commit suicide by taking his life on the premises of his enemy to take vengeance on him. His spirit, he believes, will forever haunt him. There is another reason also. He knows that as sure as fate the officials will under such circumstances come down upon his enemy and strip him of everything. Poor Chinese have been known to sell everything they possessed, tear down their houses to sell the timber, sell or rent out their wives and children and even sell themselves to procure money for the proper rites for the peace and comfort of the ancestral spirits. One thing alone a Chinese will not do—namely, sacrifice his son.—Kenneth F. Junior, M. D., in National Geographic Magazine.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

And the Cards Bret Harte Wrote Into His Flowing Sleeves.

Every one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," written in the early seventies at the time when the feeling on the Pacific coast ran high against the mild eyed Celestial and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to Ah Sin, as a crafty card cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proofs and which survived and still survives all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterward famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinee, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," sat in a game of euchre with Truthful James and Bill Nye.

At a crucial point of the game the artless Chinese plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me!" Where upon Truthful and Nye proceed to "go for that heathen Chinee." The damaging evidence disclosed by the rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication:

In his sleeves, which were long, there were
twenty-four packs.
Which is coming it strong, yet I state but
the facts.

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but already several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to the fugitive verses, which had merely oozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correction then. When, however, the eastern press enthusiastically copied it and publishers and illustrators rang all manner of comic changes in it he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinee" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Bret Harte wrote was:

In his sleeves, which were long, he had
twenty-four jacks.

Now, in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the jacks are of great value, and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor who set up "packs" instead of "jacks," still left enough of sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavor, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading.—New York Times.

Mule Riding In Portugal.

In odd contrast to the modern rush and honk of the automobile and the clang of the trolley cars are the salolos or small farmers of Portugal, who ride nonchalantly through the twentieth century hubbub on the back—the extreme back—of small, patient eyed mules. Though the country has progressed and the farmers are progressing toward prosperity, they have consistently refused to move farther forward on the mule's back in Portugal than the last fifth of his anatomy. Perhaps the custom arose from the time when the mule carried a large load just before the rider and the habit has not been broken.—Christian Herald.

The Mystic Seven.

The Rossel islanders in New Guinea hold the number 7 in great awe. A native policeman when asked what the numerals in the local dialect were "gave them readily enough, but hesitated at the number 7. You might not always say that number, he explained—sometimes it brought on thunderstorms if you did. And you must never say it at all when you went to Adele island to get cocoanuts or fish, because the most frightful results would undoubtedly follow." Miss Grimshaw vouches for the superstition in her book on "The New New Guinea."

When Wagner Died.

"Nearly all the visitors to Venice," says a letter from that city, "go to the Vendramin palace to see the place where Wagner lived nearly a year and where he died in February, 1883. We who were here on that glorious spring day when they bore the master away, who remember the long line of mourning barges, wish that the palace could have among other mementos a picture of that occasion. The great state barge contained Anton Seidl's orchestra, and after it came barges with singers, nobles, great men and women, all in deepest mourning. This is the scene which some artist should fix on canvas. But, alas, he who saw it could never know what it represented unless he had been here at the time. The music, under Seidl and Neumann, and its effect on the mourning throng no brush could portray."

Last Revolutionary Survivor.

The last survivor of the Revolutionary war was John Gray, who died in Noble county, O., aged 104 years, on March 26, 1808. He came to the Buckeye State early in its existence. For some years before he died he drew an annual pension of $500 from the government, General John A. Bingham having got a special act through congress for this. Gray's father was killed at the battle of Stillwater and he took his place in the army, being only sixteen years old then. He served through the remainder of the war. His military record is on file at the office of the state commissioner of soldiers' claims.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

CHEROKEE BALL GAME.

Preceded by Songs and Dances Which Last All Night.

The ball game as played by the Cherokees is as important to them as football or any other popular game is to other people. The eastern band of Cherokees live on the Qualla reservation, in western North Carolina.

The neighborhood in which I live, writes an Indian girl in the Red Man, is divided into four main sections—namely, Yellow Hill, Soco, Big Cove and Birdtown. The Indians living in one of these sections will challenge those living in another to a game of ball. They choose their players and agree upon the time and place for playing the game. It is generally played in an open field far different from the well graded field upon which the game of football is played.

The evening before the game the Indians, the women included, hold a dance in their respective sections of the country. These dances are held in the open air, usually near some small stream. The women do the singing while the men dance. In their songs they make all kinds of remarks about those of the opposing side. These dances continue all night long. From the time of the dances until after the game the players are not allowed to eat any food.

The following day the people from the different sections gather at the appointed place to witness the game. They either sit or stand around the edge of the field. The ball players each have two sticks similar to those used in the game of lacrosse, only smaller. The ball is tossed up in the center of the field, and the game begins. The object is to get it around two poles placed at each end of the field a certain number of times. They cannot pick up the ball in their hands. The players who succeed in getting the ball around the poles at the end of the field the greatest number of times win the game.

OUR NATURAL SAVAGERY.

It Will at Times Break Through the Veneer of Civilization.

It's a mighty short step from modern civilization to the natural impulses of ancient savagery. If you don't believe it just watch some time, and you'll see a small boy—or a grown man—discover a rabbit.

The first thought that comes into his mind is to kill the rabbit. Quickly he searches his mind to see where a weapon can be found.

The second thought is to secure a rock to throw at it, just as some cave man might.

A man finds a snake coiled in the road. It may be a harmless snake, but it's a snake, and therefore his primitive instinct calls upon him to kill it.

A weapon! He seeks about for a club, just as his ancient, skin clothed ancestors would have done, and, having secured the club, he dispatches the snake, his soul singing with triumph.

Modern civilization probably would have urged the man to cut a forked stick and catch the snake by the neck with it, then to secure 10 cents' worth of chloroform and kill it swiftly and painlessly. But he goes after the club just as naturally as if he had never seen a steam heated flat or ridden on a trolley car or seen an automobile.

Children roam in the woods and eat every variety of berry they can find. It matters not if they be poisonous. They taste them all from the looks, and the amount eaten depends on the taste. This is probably what the cave children did, and the modern infants show the same intelligent caution regarding what they put in their mouths.

It's that way all through. We may have acquired a more or less thick veneer of modern civilization, but let emergencies arise and we're as primitive as the most primitive of our ancestors.—Galveston News.

BRUISED FINGER NAILS.

A Simple Remedy That Keeps Them From Turning Black.

A young woman who was going to a debutante dinner the next evening bruised three of the finger nails of her right hand badly by catching them in a door. Visions of an unsightly hand, possibly one in a sling, drove her to the telephone to get in touch with her physician.

His advice was: "Get yourself a comfortable chair and an interesting book, set yourself by a stationary washstand in such a way that the fingers can be held upright under the faucet, then turn on the cold water and let it run over the bruised fingers for at least three-quarters of an hour, preferably longer.

"If the water gets too cold or chills you during that time turn it off for a few minutes, but never once let the hand get out of the upright position so the blood can run into the bruised finger and blacken."

The maiden's hand was unmarred for her dinner, and she was so delighted with the remedy she told it for the benefit of the guests, one at least of whom has tried this cure repeatedly since, being inclined to awkwardness and badly bruised fingers. No matter how bad the hurt, unless the finger is mashed the throbbing will not be followed with weeks of blackened nails.—Exchange.

VICE PRESIDENT KING.

Took the Oath of Office Abroad, but Did Not Live to Serve.

William Rufus King, born April 6, 1786, died April 18, 1853, was a vice president of the United States who never served in that capacity and one who took the oath of office on foreign soil, something which can be said of no other executive officer who has ever been elected by the people of this country. King was an invalid, but his friends urged him to take second place on the ticket with Pierce in 1852.

Both were elected, but Mr. King's health failed so rapidly that he was forced to go to Cuba some two months before inauguration day. Not having returned to the United States by March 4, congress passed a special act authorizing the United States consul at Matanzas, Cuba, to swear him in as vice president at about the hour when Pierce was taking the oath of office at Washington.

This arrangement was carried out to a dot, and on the day appointed, at a plantation on one of the highest hills in the vicinity of Matanzas, Mr. King was made vice president of the United States amid the solemn "Vaya vol con Dios" (God will be with you) of the creoles who had assembled to witness the unique spectacle. Vice President King returned to his home at Cahawba, Ala., arriving at that place April 17, 1853, and died the following day.

STEALING A BATH

Adventure of a Trio of English Tourists In Germany.

A PRINCE AND A PRIVATE TUB

His Autocratic Highness Was Shamefully Ignored and Enraged, and His Luxurious Bath Was Shamefully Appropriated and Abused.

Parker, Wilks and I had been "doing" Germany on the cheap, and I don't know which of us enjoyed it least. Parker grumbled the most, but then he always did, and, though Wilks and I tried to look on the humorous side of things, we lost flesh over it. We had happened upon a heat wave and swallowed a tremendous lot of dust and flies thrown in gratis, cheap though our tariff was. But we couldn't swallow the foreign titles that cropped up around us. We had too much British pride for that. And, as luck would have it, at the last town of our tour we were quartered on the top floor of a hotel where a German prince occupied a suit of rooms. In our opinion, three English tourists were worth more than thirty German princes, and we dropped our boots on the floor at night in the vain hope that he was underneath. But, alas, his suit was on the first floor, and we never even caught a glimpse of him, though once we heard his high pitched, arrogant, penetrating voice and the cozy fulsome rejoinders of his valet both articulating a language which Parker contemptuously described as "the limit."

It was the last morning of our stay. Parker and I had gone back to the hotel to pack our bags before departing for the station. The weather was hotter and dustier than ever, and Wilks, always energetic, had gone to the public bathing place on the river in search of a swim. I had a letter to write, and Parker wandered round the hotel to kill time. Presently he thrust his face in at the door. It had lost its familiar lowering look and wore a bright and alert expression.

"I say," he ejaculated mysteriously, almost under his breath, "I've just found a bathroom in this blighted hole—bath full of tepid water, with a thermometer in it—clean, warmed towels on the rail, and all that. What shall I do?"

"Do?" I replied. "Get into it, man, and let me know when you've finished."

He wasn't long and came back looking wonderfully young and clean. The mail had just arrived and I had spent a few minutes over my letters before I also found the bathroom, following his directions. It was without exception the best I have ever been in, and, to my surprise, the big porcelain bath was half full of tepid water, and a set of clean, newly warmed towels hung on the rail. I took what the gods gave and asked no questions, but I wanted more cold water and experimented unsuccessfully with various levers on the wall. As a last hope I attacked a cart wheel affair on the floor and after a stiff struggle managed to turn it. A flood of cold water gushed in along one side of the bath, and it was all I could do to wrench the wheel around and stop the flow. As I did so light came upon me in a flash. This was the prince's bath, prepared for him a second time by his obsequious valet. It was the glorious certainty of the fact that made me enjoy that bath as I have never enjoyed a bath before or since. The cheap English tourists were one up on his serene highness, after all. Still, I admit, when I had finished tubbing I lost no time in getting back to the fourth floor again. I told Parker the great news, and we were just discussing it with rapture when Wilks came in, looking supremely dejected for the first time on the tour.

"The bathing place isn't open," he snarled. "Had all the fag of going there for nothing. What dirty beggars they are!"

"Not all of them," I replied. "Don't you worry, old chap." And I described to him the position of the bathroom, and he was off like a hare. During his absence we thoughtfully packed our own bags and his. In ten minutes he returned, fresh as a mountain daisy and bubbling over with gratitude.

"What sort of bath did you get?" I asked carelessly.

"A clinker," he cried, "and it was all put ready for me, clean towels and everything. The only difficulty I had was with the cold water wheel arrangement on the floor."

"It was a bit stiff," I agreed.

"It turned on all right," said Wilks, "but I couldn't turn it off."

"What did you do?" we asked together.

"I left it," he answered simply.

"What time are we due at the station?" said Parker.

"Now," I replied, and we took our bags and went.

As we descended the stairs with studied calmness we heard electric bells continuously tingling on the first floor, a high pitched arrogant voice raised in anger, oozy, servile tones answering imploringly. We came upon the proprietor leaping up the stairs and a stream of water leaping down them, and a couple of hours afterward we crossed the border, with the secret satisfaction that we had "done" Germany at last.—London Punch.

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's.—Whately.

Disenchanted.

It takes a neighbor to disentangle a man from a handsome setting. A good many years ago, when Wordsworth was poet laureate of England, a worthy Cumberland yeoman walked many miles, in response to widely scattered notices, to hear the poet laureate address a meeting. When he discovered who held the high sounding title he left the hall in indignation.

"'Twas nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal, efter aw!" he said scornfully on his return to his family.

Her Three Husbands.

"Yes, she has had three husbands, and she alludes to them as the three P's. The first was such a fine fellow she called him a paragon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and the second was such a model she called him a paradigm."

"How interesting!"

"And the third was so difficult to understand and acted so different from the others she called him a paradox."—Chicago News.

JARRED THE BANK.

Sensational Plays That Have Been Pulled Off at Monte Carlo.

The big players have never succeeded in carrying away very much money from Monte Carlo. In 1905 a London newspaper published a story to the effect that an American from Chicago had won 500,000 francs there in one day and had taken the money home with him, but his name was not given. In the early nineties the sensation at Monte Carlo one season was the play of a Chicago youth of twenty-one, named Harry Rosenfeld, who made something like 500,000 francs in a week, playing during the day, but lost most of it at baccarat at night after the casino had closed.

The late David Christie Murray used to tell a story of a sensational play at Monte Carlo that he witnessed himself. "It was my fortune," he said, "to be in the casino on a Sunday night in 1899 when a French nobleman bearing a historic name entered the room with a fancy to play on No. 8. He was followed by a valet who was marked 'pugilist' from head to heel and carried a cash box which proved to be full of 1,000 franc notes. 'Numero huit,' said M. le Duc, 'et maximum par tout.' He was known, and his challenge was accepted before the cash box was opened. No. 8 turned up three times running. M. le Duc netted three times seventeen times 6,000 francs in about three minutes, and the bank was closed. What brought his historic dukeship there in the nick of time for that trifold piece of luck nobody can tell. He did not want the money, for he had just married a few odd millions, and he did not seem to care whether he lost or won, but stood impassive as a red Indian through the few minutes of that stupendous game. It was within a quarter of an hour of closing time, and there were not many people present, but the salle went mad."

The two biggest winners at Monte Carlo of recent years to figure prominently in the newspapers are Charles Wells, a Londoner, who won 750,000 francs in a few weeks and lost it back and considerable more, and a Yorkshire mechanic named Jaggers, who won 3,000,000 francs on a system and was rapidly losing it back by the same system when he had sense enough to quit the game. He got away with considerably more than 1,000,000 francs.—Frank Marshall White in Harper's Weekly.

Their Last Hope Gone.

When the minister praised the raspberry jam at Mrs. Green's bountiful Saturday night supper he could not imagine why Angie and Horatio, the twins, gazed at him so reproachfully. "Don't you like raspberry jam, my little man?" he asked Horatio.

"Yes, sir, I do, and Angie does," said Horatio in distinctly resentful tones, "and mother told us that she was afraid the last she made wasn't quite up to the mark and if you didn't praise it Angie and I could have it for luncheon on our bread, for Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Shedd never said a word when they ate it, and you've made the third. But now she'll use it for the church socinbles." And Horatio looked gloomily at his twin, who returned the look in kind.—Youth's Companion.

Catharine Parr.

Catharine Parr, the sixth wife of the much married Henry VIII., owed more to her intellectual than to her personal charms. She was not good looking, but had a pleasant face and a world of tact. So skillfully did she manage her troublesome husband as actually to turn him against some of the most trusted of his own officials. Once an order was made out for her arrest on a charge of heresy, but she got news of the matter and so cleverly flattered and soothed Henry as to effect a complete reconciliation, and when the officers came to serve the order he drove them out with curses and threats.

His Testimonial.

Lieutenant Colonel Sir Henry Smith, formerly commissioner of the city of London police, tells an amusing story in his book of reminiscences.

Earl Grey once complimented Sir Henry Smith on some of his testimonials.

"I say, my dear fellow," he remarked on coming to a most elaborate one, "this is the best testimonial I ever read in my life."

"I am very pleased, indeed, to hear your opinion of it," Sir Henry replied, "for I wrote it myself."

"What's that you're saying? What do you mean?" asked Earl Grey in astonishment.

"This is what I mean," Sir Henry answered. "If a man has not intellect enough to write a testimonial in his own favor and energy enough to stand over a friend till he signs it he's not fit for the position I aspire to."

A Pretty Busy Man.

When a man's business prohibits his caring for the chickens, when his affairs become so important that he can no longer shake down the furnace, help dress one of the children or tinker about the place with a hammer and saw, then that man's business had better be put into the hands of a receiver temporarily; his books do not balance, says Dallas Lore Sharp in the Atlantic. I know of a college president who used to bind (he may still) a cold compress about his head at times and, lying prone upon the floor, have two readers, one for each ear, read simultaneously to him different theses, so great was the work he had to do, so fierce his fight for time—time to lecture to women's clubs and to write his epoch making books.

Oh, the multitude of epoch making books!

Hugo's Practical Side.

It may not be generally known that Victor Hugo used to draft the advertisements of his own books, instead of leaving the task to his publishers. His correspondence with his Belgian publishers gives the following example of the great novelist's advertising style: "After the middle ages, the present time: Such is the subject of Victor Hugo's double study. What he did for Gothic art in 'Notre Dame de Paris' that he has done for the modern world in 'Les Miserables.' The two books figure in his scheme of work as two mirrors reflecting the whole human life." An encouraging example to those young authors who cannot make up their minds how much modesty is enjoined by the best literary traditions.—London Globe.

All Ready For the Show.

Orchestra Leader—All the orchestra players are drunk. Theatrical Manager—Well, drag 'em out. We advertised a full orchestra.—Lippincott's.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.—Mackintosh.

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☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

A Famous Miser.

John Elwes, who lived—we can hardly say flourished—in the eighteenth century, was a famous miser. When he, possessed of a million of money, walked the streets of London philanthropic people would sometimes thrust a penny into his hand, so beggarly and poverty stricken was his appearance. He would eat food that was in the last stage of putrefaction sooner than throw it away and would ride for miles out of his way sooner than pay a twopenny toll on the turnpike. By an accident in the street he received an injury to both his legs, and a doctor was called in. Elwes protested that the expense was quite unnecessary and that he was not much hurt. So he made an arrangement with the doctor. The doctor was to take one leg and treat as he liked. Elwes would take the other and do nothing to it. And he would bet the doctor the amount of his bill that the untended leg got well first. He used to boast afterward that he beat the doctor by a fortnight.



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The Bird Of Fortune

A County Fair Ended a Prolonged Wooing

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The county fair was in full swing. Everywhere there was bustle and laughter and merrymaking as well as color and music and light. Today was the day of days. Prizes had been awarded, and such was the wisdom and tact of the judges that no exhibitor had gone unrewarded.

Benjamin Dibble had taken first prize for his fine Holsteins and second prize for the mountainous Chester hogs. These honors meant nothing to Benjamin, for they were conferred upon his stock every year and had been even in his father's generation.

The fact that Dorinda Weed had captured all the first prizes in housewifely arts did not surprise Benjamin in the least. Everything Dorinda attempted was a pronounced success, excepting perhaps the capture of Benjamin Dibble, and that this had not happened was Benjamin's fault.

Dorinda Weed was sweet and fair and dainty. Her eyes were blue like the "ragged sailors" that bordered the dusty roadsides. Benjamin had worshiped Dorinda from his boyhood, but he had never dared address her beyond the merest commonplaces. There had never been but one thought behind his worship of her, and that was to ask her to marry him. Of the preliminary months of wooing he gave no thought. He knew he wanted Dorinda and he intended to ask her outright to marry him some day when his backbone felt a little more rigid and when his ears had ceased to redden at her approach. But no miracle had been performed, and Benjamin had lived wretchedly on, mentally cursing his shyness.

Now, Dorinda was thirty-two and Benjamin was forty. Their parents were dead, their lands adjoined, and their two houses, each one small and detached, might be moved to a new site on the apex of the dividing hill between the farms and thus become a large, comfortable farmhouse. This plan was Benjamin's sweetest dream, but there was no sign of its being realized.

Benjamin paused one instant in front of the domestic exhibit and furtively adored Dorinda's toothsome display.

From there he wandered out to the building where his cattle were quartered, and he arrived just in time to see Dorinda Weed timidly stroking the nose of one of his mild eyed Holsteins. From afar he watched her blissfully, and his heart rose exultantly when she passed on quite unobservant of the other exhibits.

Out in the open spaces where vehicles of every description were huddled in confusion, amid the cry of sideshow barkers, the conglomerate smell of quick lunch carts, the odor of fresh popcorn and steamed clams, Benjamin stumbled over the gypsy caravan. Here in a gayly festooned tent a gypsy crone was telling fortunes.

"Kind gentleman!" she hailed him eagerly. "For silver I will reveal the future! I reunite broken hearts! I make you successful in love!" She held back the tent flap invitingly, and under the spell of some sudden impulse Benjamin Dibble entered and sat down on a small three legged stool. The gypsy knelt before him and held out one brown hand, gay with silver rings.

"Silver!" she wheedled softly.

Blushingly Mr. Dibble extracted a silver quarter from his pocket and dropped it in her palm, then, embarrassed by her voluble thanks, he submitted his own hand to her grasp.

She bent her dark, disheveled head above its toil hardened surface for several moments and then scrutinized his good looking face with piercing eyes.

"You love," she said softly, "yet you are troubled. I see a fair woman—the one you love. A dark man comes between. You will find happiness through a golden bird. Wait!" Still retaining his hand, a film seemed to drop over her sharp eyes and her head bent over his hand. Again she spoke, but her words were mumbled, yet Benjamin's eager ear caught every syllable:

"As surely as comes up the sun
Two houses shall be made as one.
A golden bird without a nest
Shall lead the weary heart to rest."

The gypsy lifted her head and glanced sharply at him.

"What else?" demanded Benjamin eagerly.

The woman arose to her feet and looked toward the door, where a little crowd had gathered, waiting for an audience. "It is enough—the rest you must do—so it is written," she said hastily.

Benjamin thrust another quarter into her willing hand and pushed dizzily through the crowd, his heart beating riotously. The doggerel verse was emblazoned on his memory. He could have repeated it backward, forward—indeed, in almost any form. The reference to the houses to be made as one was as a direct prophecy from heaven itself. As for the mysterious "golden bird without a nest," Benjamin confessed himself perplexed.

Little River boasted golden birds of many varieties, from the Buff Cochins of the poultry yard to the yellow hammers and goldfinches of the woods and the captive canaries in cages. But one and all had nests of some sort, and the bird of Benjamin's fortune would appear to be as vagrant as the gypsy herself.

The prophecy of the united houses was good fortune enough for one day, and, emboldened by this certainty that his dearest hopes would be fulfilled, Benjamin rushed hastily toward the building where Dorinda Weed might be found. She who was to be his future wife had stroked the nose of his prize Holsteins. After these wonderful happenings it would be an easy matter to invite Dorinda to partake of ice cream and cake. When one was eating ice cream it was not necessary to talk much, and after the ice cream he might invite her to other amusements in the grounds. There were a loop-the-loop and a merry-go-round and—

Benjamin Dibble stood stock still, while all exuberance of spirit dissolved like mist.

In the distance he saw Dorinda, charming in her pale blue gown, but remote as ever from his approach, for she was talking earnestly to a tall dark man, a dangerously handsome stranger, and together they were bending over some object on a table between them.

Then it was that Benjamin Dibble remembered the gypsy's prophecy—that a dark man would come between Dorinda and him. And here was the dark man. The prophecy was fulfilling without delay.

Benjamin turned away and tried to satisfy the pangs of disappointed love with hot frankfurters, steamed clams and coffee. He drank ginger ale and pink lemonade to wash down huge segments of pie and sugary doughnuts. He spent money lavishly, buying everything that was offered. He purchased chances on all sorts of unknown articles and afterward found himself the embarrassed possessor of a pair of curling irons, a lady's work basket and a wax doll.

He bundled these treasures away in the back of his buggy with a certain elusive hope that they might prove useful some day. He stopped in the shed and stroked the noses of his cattle, as Dorinda had done, and derived a certain foolish satisfaction in the action. It was at that moment Benjamin received inspiration.

Back in the main building, Benjamin once more threaded the crowd in search of Dorinda.

Although she was still talking to the dark man, Benjamin pressed forward until he stood almost at her elbow. She saw him and smiled tremulously, her delicate face flushing a soft rose tint.

"Will you give me your advice, Benjamin?" she asked gently. "This gentleman is selling weather vanes. I want one for the barn. Our old one was blown off, you know. Shall I choose a fish or an arrow?"

The delicious sense of intimacy conveyed by this question cannot be described. Benjamin Dibble threw off his old mantle of timidity forever and stepped boldly forward beside Dorinda.

"Seems to me nothing looks so much like a weather vane as a crowing cock, Dorinda. Have you got anything else?" asked Benjamin of the dark man.

From the box of samples the man brought forth several weathercocks of different sizes. Each one was painted a dazzling gold, with crimson comb and wattles. He held forth the largest one, whirling it about the pivot as he did so.

"This is the handsomest one I've got, sir. I'd like to take your order for that—$10 on delivery in ten days. You'd like to wake up in the morning and see that weathercock on the cupola of your barn—eh?" He smiled ingratiatingly.

Benjamin Dibble was staring intently at the gilded cock, a queer expression dawning in his eyes. A certain line was running through his head:

A golden bird without a nest
Shall lead the weary heart to rest.

"Dorinda," said Benjamin in a ringing voice, "do you like that weathercock?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Dorinda graciously.

"We'll take one of those," ordered Benjamin Dibble authoritatively. "You can make out the bill to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble—Dorinda, that's all right; you know, we're going to move the two houses up on the hill and make one, and we're going to build a new barn with a cupola and put this golden bird on it."

"Why—why, Benjamin—I've thought sometimes that was a lovely plan—only how do you know it will happen?" Dorinda's eyes were very bright with sudden happiness.

"I had my fortune told, and the gypsy said all those things. When I take you home in my buggy tonight I'll tell you about the golden bird and how all this has come true, just as the woman said," explained Benjamin, talking faster and more eloquently than he had ever done in his life.

"It's all perfectly wonderful," murmured Dorinda on that homeward ride after Benjamin had related the gypsy's prophecy. "I knew you liked me, Ben, but it seemed somehow as if you'd never get up courage to ask me. It's been a long time—and then to come all at once like a surprise."

"I've been an awful fool, I guess," murmured Benjamin, his arm protectingly about her slim waist, his eyes on the round globe of the full moon. "My life's been like traveling over level ground year after year till I never expected anything else, and then waking and falling right over into"— He paused and groped for the right simile.

"Into what, Benjamin?" whispered Dorinda.

He looked down into her soft blue eyes and, bending over, kissed her lips.

"Into heaven, I guess," he murmured.

Progress.

"I notice a lady has received by wireless a prescription from her doctor at sea."

"What was it?"

"Told her to brace up and she would be O. K."

"Well, well. Here's a case of drugless treatment by wireless prescription for a sickless illness. What an age we live in!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Small Things.

We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things, but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—R. Cecil.

Marvelous.

He—There is no doubt that nature's works are indeed marvelous. She—Aren't they? Only fancy, even the tiniest insect has its Latin name.—London M. A. P.

Indispensable.

Knicker—Did he make himself indispensable to the firm? Bocker—Yes, so much so that when he left they set three detectives looking for him.—New York Times.

An Apostle of Repose.

First Bum—Writers say dat de secret of aristocratic appearance is repose of manner. Second Bum—Dat's me.—Chicago News.

He that sleeps feels not the toothache.—Shakespeare.

Rossini's Jealousy.

Rossini was intolerably jealous of all his musical contemporaries, and particularly of Meyerbeer. In 1836 he heard "The Huguenots," and on listening to the performance from the beginning to the end he made up his mind that Meyerbeer had excelled him and determined to write no more operatic music. He lived until 1868, but produced nothing for the lyric stage. His thirty-two years of retirement were spent in the pleasures of a voluptuary. He was particularly fond of good eating and drinking and assembled about him the youngest and gayest society he could attract to his house.

AN UNREAD REPORT.

The Methods of Barney Barnato in His Mining Ventures.

Barney Barnato before the tragic termination of his career was widely known because of his large fortune won in mining ventures. His rapid accumulation of wealth was popularly attributed to luck, but luck of the persistent variety usually rests upon a more solid basis than mere chance. An insight to Barnato's methods is afforded by an incident recently related by A. A. Blow, an American engineer once in Barnato's employ. After an exhaustive examination of a mine whose purchase was under consideration Blow prepared an elaborate and voluminous report. It was accompanied by maps and selections and was a piece of work of which the engineer felt that he could be justly proud. When it was handed to Barnato to read, however, the latter laid it aside unopened.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Blow proceeded to make an oral report.

Barnato dozed. Finally he exclaimed:

"I employed you because I think you know something about this business, and I do not. Now, I do not want to hear all of this scientific rot about this mine. All I want you to tell me is whether it is good business?"

Blow told him "No."

"Then that settles it," said Barnato. "You are willing to accept the responsibility of turning down this property at the price offered?"

"Yes," was Blow's reply, "but I want you to examine the reports, maps, assays, plans, etc., and see the reasons I have for my conclusions."

"Why should I do this?" Barnato inquired. "You tell me that it is not 'good business.' And as I cannot understand your report why should I waste my time on anything that is not good business?"—Moody's Magazine.

VOCAL TRAINING ABROAD.

The Handicap American Music Students Face In Paris.

"The American voice is better handled at home than abroad," is the conclusion that years of experience have led Mr. Savage to reach, "for here it is better understood than it is there. Vocal training acquired, Europe offers the advantage of generations of tradition and an opportunity to crystallize individual ideas of interpretation. Here the singer has his courses of technology; there he finds the Beaux Arts for polishing.

"One thing that must be keenly felt by Americans studying in Paris and who for years have spent their money and time there is the chauvinistic attitude of the French toward American singers.

"There are, it seems, 3,000 American music students in Paris. You can count on three fingers those in that number who will ever really 'arrive.' In many cases their people are slaving at home to meet constant demands for more money. Yet those students have no more chance of a Paris engagement than an icicle in regions ultra tropical.

"At the Paris Conservatoire, a most excellent institution, they bind native pupils on conclusion of study for years of appearances at French opera houses. In Paris there are the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique and the Lyrique, all signing them for engagements. From these they are in turn sublet to such outlying theaters as those of Bordeaux, Lyons and elsewhere in the provinces. The French do not want the money to go out of the country.

"And still the cry is: 'Go to Paris to study! Go to Paris to study!'"—William Armstrong in Ainslee's.

When the Press Was Restricted.

Many of the restrictions that hampered the influence of the press remained in force until the close of the eighteenth century in England. It was not till that period that newspapers obtained the right to criticise the policy of ministers and of the king. Mr. Waiter, the first editor of the London Times, was prosecuted for censuring the Duke of York. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $250, stand in the pillory for an hour, be imprisoned for a year and give security for his good behavior for seven years. The order with regard to the pillory was canceled, but he had to serve his term in jail.

Same Thing.

Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper. "Here's a Chicago man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud.

His wife glanced up from her knitting and commented, "In some low saloon, I suppose."

"No. The paper says he got stabbed in the thoracic cavity."

"Same thing. You'd think the police would close such a place up."—National Monthly.

Unfit.

Cadger—Old Highroller has just been telling us about a time when he was shipwrecked and all the survivors but he were eaten by cannibals. Badger—Why didn't they eat him? Cadger—I don't know exactly, but I suspect there was a pure food commission on the island.—Lippincott's.

Perplexed.

"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."

"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our generosity should never exceed our abilities.—Cicero.

Raving.

"John, the cook has been drinking again."

"Is she very drunk?"

"Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

In the Toils.

"I understand your cousin married a struggling young man."

"Yes, he struggled all right, but he couldn't get away from her."—Pittsburg Press.

Her Joke.

"Madam, your account is overdrawn, and we have had to send a number of your checks back."

"How perfectly funny!"—New York Press.

A Day Off.

Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobby? Little Bobby—No'm, not today. He's got the toothache.—Browning's Magazine.

A state is never greater than when all its superfluous hands are employed in the service of the public.—Hume.

WONDERS OF LAVA

This Molten Rock Is a Most Peculiar Substance.

REDHOT SNOW SANDWICHES.

Curious Effect on Mount Vesuvius Produced by the Lava's Amazing Properties as a Nonconductor of Heat—Deadly Volcanic Ashes.

Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world, with its mighty vomitings of lava and dust, is guilty of many queer freaks. Mighty rainstorms have set in motion the lava dust and lava cinders that lie on its sides, and torrents of muddy lava have overwhelmed towns and villages as it swept down to the sea. The resulting effect from this has been so great that it changed the face of the coast line by forming a new promontory.

Lava is one of the most curious of substances. It is simply rock melted by a heat so intense that it flows like thin gruel. When Vesuvius is in eruption thousands of tons of it are squirted up the "pipe" and out of the crater. As it flows out over the edge it soon cools and leaves a thick, ropy coating, which spreads over the entire countryside.

But it is only on the top that it really cools. A few inches below the surface of the lava is often red hot. Visitors are often invited to light their cigarettes in the chinks of a bed of lava that has been lying out in the open air for twenty years or more.

It is the most wonderful nonconductor of heat known. Borings made through some lava beds have shown that they are made up of layers of lava and layers of unmelted snow. As successive torrents of lava came pouring down the surface that lay on the snow cooled at once, and the surface open to the air also cooled at once. But between the two surfaces there was blazing heat; so if you bored down through some lava beds you would find a cool upper surface, a redhot inside, a cool layer, snow, a cool layer, a redhot one, a cool one and then snow again.

In fact, a layer of lava will let neither heat nor cold through. If you built a house entirely of lava on a scorching summer day you would still have 95 degrees inside when there was snow outside. If you built it in the winter ice would form in your parlor in July.

This clearly demonstrates what an extraordinary nonconductor lava is.

There is, indeed, on the slopes of Vesuvius a little lava hut into which summer visitors put bottles of wine to get them chilled.

When a volcano throws its lava out with such tremendous force that it jets high into the air it very often falls in the form of dust, owing to the explosive power of the high pressure steam that spurts out with it. It bursts into a fine spray and falls as dust—dust far finer than any other dust known.

It is so fine, indeed, that sometimes years elapse before it settles. When the mighty island volcano of Krakatoa blew itself nearly into bits in 1883 with a crashing sound of cannonading that smashed windows hundreds of miles away the lava dust was so thick in the air that for hundreds of miles round midday was as black as night. Volumes of infinitely fine dust sailed round and round the earth in the upper atmosphere and made England's sunsets of that year unusually splendid. It was three years before the upper air became quite clear again.

Lava dust has the same properties as lava. Shepherds on the slopes of Vesuvius sprinkle patches of snow in the winter with lava dust so that they may have it when the scorching days of summer arrive.

It was lava dust turned to mud by torrents of rain such as usually come with volcanic outbursts, that, nearly 2,000 years ago, destroyed the famous pleasure city of Herculaneum, and it was showers of volcanic ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii. Herculaneum still lies nearly forty yards from the open air.

There are rivers of lava mud that are blotting out towns and villages now.

A curious point has always been noticed when Vesuvius is in eruption, and that is the strong odor of washing day that hangs around the mountain.

One might wonder why the slopes of such a mountain are so thickly populated when there is always danger of eruptions and of avalanches of lava mud. Well, the reason is that volcanic soil is always very fertile. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from Vesuvian vineyards, and people are ready to take the risks.—London American.

Putting Him on His Mettle.

"The doctor says you have but an hour to live."

"Give me pen and paper," said the dying man feebly.

"To make your will?"

"No; I am going to give the doctor my note for thirty days. He will have to keep me alive at least that long to collect it."—Judge.

Helps Trade.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Sure. It boosts my business."

"How so?"

"I'm a divorce court lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Emerson.

His Brother Was Different.

A noted Philadelphia attorney tells one on himself. He left his native town in Tennessee years ago and located in Philadelphia to practice law. He has been uniformly successful. His brother, on the other hand, remained behind at the family homestead. Returning to his native town some time ago, the attorney met an old darky in the road.

"Hello, uncle!" he said. But the old man did not recognize the boy he used to know in the prosperous looking citizen who addressed him.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "how are the Blank family?"

"Oh, they're all right," said the old darky. "Jim Blank has gone to Philadelphia and done made a lot of money. He's a lawyer, sah."

"Is that so?" answered the attorney. "And his brother Tom, how is he? Has he made a fortune too?"

"Lawdy, no!" answered the old darky, shaking his head. "He ain't no lawyer. Marse Tom wouldn't take a dishonest penny from nobody."—Philadelphia Times.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—First Quarter, For Jan. 1, 1911.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xii, 1-24. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Prov. xiii, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Our last lesson in regular Old Testament studies was in December, 1908, and in connection with the dedication of the temple, and we asked special attention to the fact that the desire of the Lord was that through Israel and the temple all the people of the earth might know the Lord as the only God and put their trust in Him (I Kings viii, 43-60). It is the eternal purpose of God that all nations shall yet know Him through Israel and worship Him (Jer. iii, 17), and this was foreshadowed in the days of Solomon, when not only the queen of Sheba, but all the earth, sought to hear the wisdom of God through Solomon and brought Him gifts (I Kings x, 1, 10, 24, 25). There was another foreshadowing when the wise men from the East brought their treasures to Jesus as an infant and worshiped Him as the King of the Jews (Matt. ii, 1, 2, 17).

Perhaps the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart were never more manifest than in Solomon, of whom it is written: "There was no king like him who was beloved of his God. * * * Nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin" (Neh. xiii, 26). His wives turned away his heart after their gods, and therefore all the kingdom was taken from him except the tribes of Judah and Benjamin (I Kings xi, 9-13), for Jerusalem's sake, the city which He hath chosen, and for the sake of David, His chosen servant.

Canon Fausset thinks that the Song of Solomon represents his first love to Jehovah in youth, Proverbs his matured experience in middle age and Ecclesiastes the sad retrospect of old age, the latter giving probable evidence of his repentance. As to his son and successor, it may be that Solomon had him in mind when he wrote, "Who knoweth whether the man that shall be after me shall be a wise man or a fool? Eccl. ii, 18, 19; Ps. xxxix, 6, is always true of those who gather riches, "He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."

The way of man is not in himself. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Jer. x, 23), but the counsel of the Lord will stand, and He will do all His pleasure (Isa. xlvi, 10). Although all Israel came to Shechem to make Rehoboam king, the Lord had purposed otherwise because of Solomon's sin. When the ten tribes revolted under Jeroboam because of Rehoboam's threats of increased oppression by the advice of his young men and Rehoboam gathered Judah and Benjamin to fight against Israel and bring the kingdom back to himself, the Lord sent His messenger to forbid Judah to fight against Israel and said, "Return every man to his house, for this thing is from me" (verses 21-24). It is also written in verse 15 of our lesson that the king hearkened not unto the people, for the cause was from the Lord, that He might perform His saying which the Lord spake by Ahijah. Had the king listened to the counsel of the old men who stood before Solomon, his father, while he yet lived (verses 6, 7) the kingdom might have remained united, but it was not so to be.

Rehoboam therefore strengthened himself in Jerusalem and reigned seventeen years in the city which the Lord had chosen. The priests and Levites in all Israel, being cast off by Jeroboam, resorted to him, as did also some out of all the tribes of Israel who set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel and therefore came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers (II Chron. xi, 13-16; xii, 13-14). Yet Rehoboam did evil and prepared not his heart to seek the Lord. When we remember that those who reigned at Jerusalem were said to sit on the throne of the Lord as His representative (I Chron. xxix, 23) it makes their disobedience and misrepresentation of Him seem all the worse.

But what shall be said of us who are redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus Christ and who are here to represent Him and make His life manifest in these mortal bodies if we, instead of being separate and given wholly up to Him and filled with His spirit, become conformed to this evil age and walk in fellowship with it? As to the Lord working out His purposes in spite of people, good or bad, see how He defeated the counsel of Ahithophel by the counsel of Hushai, the friend of David (II Sam. xvii, 14).

We are on our way to a kingdom of peace and righteousness on this earth, when the Son of David shall sit on the throne of His father at Jerusalem and reign not only as King of Israel, but as King of kings and Lord of lords. We are offered a place with Him in His throne and to reign with Him (Rev. iii, 21; v, 9, 10); but, while our redemption, provided at infinite cost, is free to us and wholly of grace, our position in His kingdom will depend upon our faithfulness here.

The twelve apostles are to occupy twelve thrones with Him when He shall reign as King of Israel, but the privilege of the church, His body, shall be much greater, even as His bride, the true Adam and Eve over all the earth (Luke xxii, 29, 30; Col. iii, 4).

The Three Great Channels.

Every human being—man, woman and child, hero and convict, neurasthenic and deep sea fisherman, athlete and invalid—needs the blessing of God through three, and only three, great channels — responsibility, recreation and affection; work, play and love. With these any life is happy in spite of sorrow and pain, successful despite the bitterest failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself you try to give him responsibility, recreation and affection. If you want to put courage and aspiration into the gelatinous character of a street walker or the flickering mentality of a hysteric you labor to furnish just the same trio—work, recreation and affection. In every case the healing power which you want to give is real life, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us and the same all sufficing bounty is the supply if we can get and keep in touch with it.—Atlantic.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

How the Justices Prepare Decisions and Dissenting Opinions.

On Saturday evening each justice receives from the chief justice an envelope containing the names of the cases the chief justice has decided to allow the justice to write the opinions on, and the chief justice also notifies the justices of the hour of the conference on Monday morning. The conferences are usually held in the conference room under locked doors. The chief justice presides, and cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the justices or their readiness to consider them. Each justice is furnished with a lock book, in which he may enter the details of a case, the record of the vote on conference and the final disposition. On a case being assigned by the chief justice to a justice to write the opinion of the court the opinion when written must be agreeable to the justices. If not the dissatisfied justice will promptly write a dissenting opinion. In some instances four of the justices have each written a dissenting opinion, but the usual custom is for one to write it and announce that the others concur.

Before a case is reached for argument the justices familiarize themselves with its records and briefs, and when one is directed to write the opinion he makes a study of the case, long or short, as its gravity demands. This may take a few days or months. The opinion is dictated, and after being typewritten it is corrected, boiled down and revised; another copy is then made, further revised and sent to the printer. In order that the compositors who set the type may not know the decision of the case the foreman sets up the last few lines of the opinion, locks them in a safe, and after the opinion is set up he adds them to it, takes two proofs and forwards them under lock and key to the justice. It is again read and revised and sometimes completely altered and returned to the printer, corrected by the latter and nine revises sent to the justice.

If the opinion is now satisfactory to the justice a copy is mailed to each member of the court. These are returned to the justice with the notations of the justices, and the opinion is revised or changed, if need be, to conform to their views. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the majority opinion holds it until the dissent is completed.

Then on some Monday, the court being in session, the justice announces an opinion in the case, giving its number and title, and then proceeds to read it at length to the dozen people who may be present. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the dissent reads it and announces the names of the justices who concur with him. Afterward the official reporter of the court sends a verified copy of the opinion to the publishers of the United States supreme court reports, and the case finally becomes one of thousands in the law libraries to be read and reread if of moment or to be forgotten if mere detail.—Independent.

The Secluded Duchess.

The Duchesse du Maine, who held her court at Sceaux during the reign of the regent, was an imperious old lady. One day, according to "A Princess of Strategy," when she was ill she complained to the doctor that he was not curing her quickly enough. What was the good, she wanted to know, of compelling her to go without so many things and making her live in seclusion? "But," replied the doctor, "your most serene highness has at present forty people at the chateau!" "Forty or fifty people!" said the duchesse. "Well, for a princess that is practically seclusion."

Not a Chance!

A man told another man a few days ago how he had been buttoning his wife's dress for five years and finally, in order to even the account, he had a shirt made to order with sixty-five buttons down the back.

"Did you make her button it?" eagerly inquired the second party, with a glad smile.

"I tried to and fell down like slipping on a banana skin," replied the first party. "She promptly told me to button the top button and let the others slide, explaining that they would not show when I had put on my coat."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dialect Was There.

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee was once entertaining a northern guest who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of southern negroes. He thought it overdrawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded suddenly:

"Weh he?"

The negro blinked his eyes stolidly and then answered in a guttural voice:

"Wah who?"—Everybody's.

Found the Saint's Day.

One Russian peasant sued another to recover the sum of 50 rubles, the debtor having faithfully promised to return the money on St. Henry's day. But, having failed to do so for a long time, the lender discovered that the Russian Orthodox church includes no such saint as St. Henry, and the judge before whom the case was tried was much puzzled as to what verdict he should give. Happily the idea occurred to him that, saint or no saint, All Saints' day included even the most doubtful, so he gave judgment that the 50 rubles should be returned next All Saints' day.

Very Obliging.

"Sir," tartly says the lady of uncertain age to the floorwalker, "is there any way of getting one of these salesmen to pay me some attention?"

"Well," says the floorwalker confidentially, "I'll introduce you to any one of them you fancy, but I'll tell you now that all of them have their 'steadies.'"—Judge.

An Amiable Man.

"Why do you argue with your wife? Don't you know it doesn't do you a bit of good?"

"Sure I do. But I ain't got such a mean disposition as to deprive her of the pleasure."—Cleveland Leader.

His Preference.

"Let me give you a pointer," the interlocutor said to the end man.

"Don't give me a pointer," replied the end man; "give me a fox terrier."—Chicago Tribune.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m, then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m, then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

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SAVED BY QUICK WIT.

Clever Ruse of a French Peasant Called For Conscription.

Two young men of a certain French village were called on to draw for a conscription. One only was wanted to complete the number, and of the two who were to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the only child of a poor widow.

The farmer made friends with the official in charge of the ballot and promised him a handsome present if he would only prevent his son from going into the army. In order to do this the official put into the urn two black balls instead of one black and one white. When the young men came he said:

"There are two balls, one black and one white, in the urn. He who draws the black one must serve. Your turn is first," pointing to the widow's son.

The latter, suspecting that all was not fair, drew one of the balls from the urn and immediately swallowed it without even looking at it.

"Why have you done that?" asked the official. "How are we to know whether you have drawn a black or white ball?"

"Oh, that's very simple," was the reply. "Let the other man now draw. If I have the black he must necessarily draw the white one."

There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one.

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